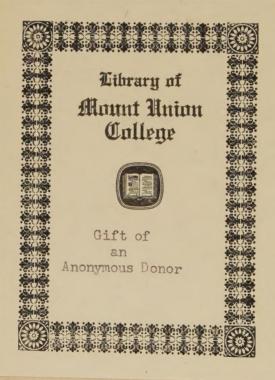


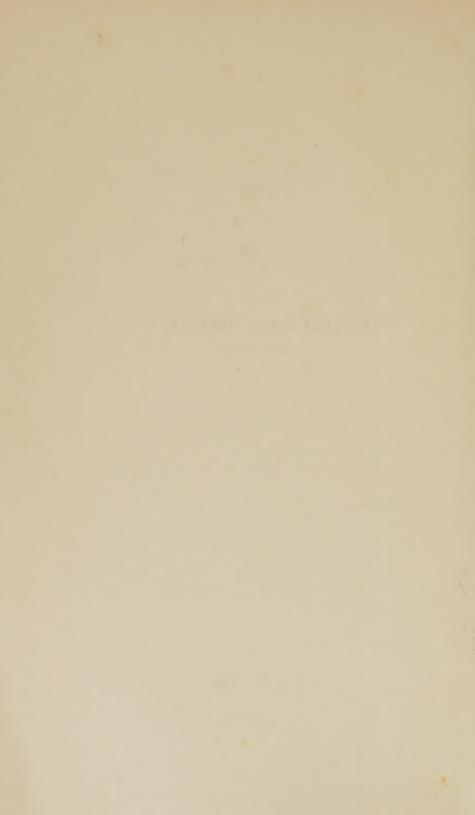
1 200 to 101:

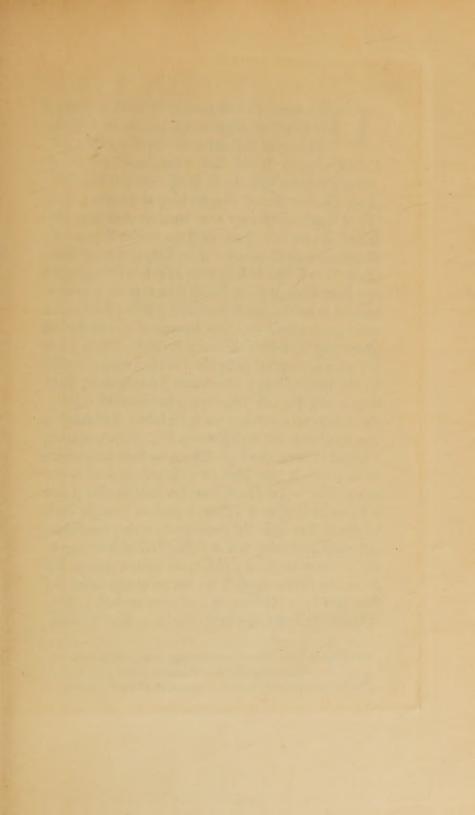






1475-1900





Ex enorth the book named the vides or saponais of the philosophhues enprynted, by me Billiam - Tapton at Bestmestre the pere of our loxon + M+ CCCC+ Loo bin+ Whiche book is late translated out of Franch into engly 1 + by the Mobile and puissant lord Lozd Antone Eale of Prupers lozds of Scales a of the The of Braft Defendour and directour of the fiege amf tolique for our foly Facez the Pope in this Lopame of England and Goueznour of mp lozd, Arpna of Bakes And It is so that at suche tome as he had accomplossio. this fapor Reckent liked him to sence it to me in certapn quarers to overfee Bhuke feeth Bith I fabe a fonce therin many grete, notable, and Dyle faponais of the philosophies (Moordyna) Into the bokes made in frensh Bhiche I had ofte afore redd obsut extapuly I had feen none in enalish til that tyme, And so afterward I com unto my sapor lotor a tolor him both I had ved a feen his book, And that he had son a meritory dede in the labour of the translas cion theref in to our engliss tunge. Blerin he had deservito a finguler lawe a thank at theme my fapt, lost, refired, me to ouezfee it and Bleve as I Pola fonce faute to cor; recte it Blevery Jan Berdy Anto his lord hip that Jouce not amende it But if I Bold so presume I might aprice it, for it Bas right Bel a connequely made a translated into right good and fapt engliff, (Not Bithstondyng & Billed me to ouerfee it a skidid me dpueza thinges Bhi the as him semed mouth be left out as divera lettres mis fines fent from Alifandez to darig and aristotle a eche to othez. Bhiche lettres Bere lityl amertinent Into to dictes

A Page of The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers, Printed by William Casclon, 1477. Reproduced by permission, from a copy in the British Museum.

1475-1900

A SIGNPOST FOR COLLECTORS

CHARLES J. SAWYER

AND
F. J. HARVEY DARTON

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I
CAXTON TO JOHNSON

PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER, MCMXXVII, BY CHAS. J. SAWYER LTD., AND ARE TO BE OBTAINED AT THEIR BOOK-SHOP, GRAFTON HOUSE, GRAFTON STREET, OLD BOND STREET, AND IN THE UNITED STATES FROM E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, 681 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

TWO THOUSAND SETS OF THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN PRINTED AT THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, EDINBURGH, FOR MESSRS CHAS. J. SAWYER LTD. AND MESSRS E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY.

THE WHOLE EDITION IS UNIFORM IN TYPOGRAPHY AND BINDING.

016.82 5271e 85783

DEDICATED WITH RESPECTFUL HOMAGE TO ALL COLLECTORS OF ENGLISH BOOKS



HERE comes a time in the evolution of every sport, pastime or hobby, when it degenerates or improves (according to the point of view) into a scientific pursuit requiring accurate knowledge as well as affectionate appreciation. Professional skill has to be summoned in aid as a matter of habit rather than of urgency.

Book-collecting has reached this stage. think it a decadent stage: we do not-no game was ever "what it was." We believe that the more minute and careful the study of bibliography becomes, the better the chance of survival of the greatest books in their original form—and that, in the long run, is the ideal of book-collecting and of collectors. Even if the original form is often less perfect or less beautiful than later presentations, it has the unique quality of creation about it. A turned letter or a misspelt word, corrected, maybe, after a few copies of a book have been printed and issued, is a human thing. Somebody made a mistake, or was in a hurry, or was ignorant, or had a good or bad second thought. Someone else saw a blunder and set the matter right. And so that touch of the vanished hand makes the original book

rare: to the book-lover, precious, and to the student of humanity, human.

It seems to us idle and indeed wrong-headed to express indignation at the high prices paid of late years for scarce books. A book has a life and an individuality comparable in the world of ideas only to a picture's. They are possessions. Music lives by being heard, not by being possessed. And if the money and the desire to possess are there, and the desirable objects are few in number, the market must react to the influence of competitive buying. The result depends upon the number of purchasers, the number of objects, and the money available. You can no more abolish high prices than you can abolish luxury; though we deny flatly that books, in first or any editions, are a luxury.

But the science of bibliography, of knowing which really are the first or best editions, and why, has, in the passing of the years, become enormously more complicated. Patient study has increased knowledge, even if it has not always conferred wisdom on those who buy and sell. It is very difficult, indeed even impossible, for the expert dealer to know all the "points" of every valuable edition of every rare book. He himself must rely upon the specialist in certain periods or authors. The collector is in a like, but usually rather worse, case.

There are, of course, many general guides to knowledge, apart from the specialists. Book Prices viii

Current, Book Auction Records, and American Book Prices Current will help the collector to decide on the rarity and value of any given work. But some books do not come up for sale, or do so seldom, and therefore their rarity is hard to estimate. Mr Luther Livingston dissected the chief auction sales from 1886-1904 in The Auction Prices of Books (4 vols., New York, 1905), and Mr de Ricci's Book Collector's Guide summarizes the chief auction prices of the most coveted books up to 1920 in a more convenient form. A collection of marked sale catalogues, which can be obtained from the great auctioneering firms, is also valuable, because some of them contain fairly full bibliographical notes. The last page of The Times Literary Supplement gives weekly a very useful current account (written, it is an open secret, by that very real expert, Mr W. Roberts) of the exchange of valuable books, and their chief features. The catalogues of book-dealers are also often a mine of information. But fascinating though these and other publications are to the collector, it is still difficult for him to know where to begin or what to "go for."

That is the excuse for this book. It is an attempt to show—chronologically, except for some pages on special subjects—which type of English book and, within strict limits, which books are to-day considered desirable by the book-collector; and, so far as is possible within the limits of our space, why

they are desirable. It will probably surprise bookreaders, as well as book-collectors, to observe, when the matter is treated thus, how closely rarity and costliness wait upon good literature.

We have followed more or less consistently the same plan in most of the chapters. We try to indicate something of the spirit in which and the reasons for which, in successive epochs, various types of book are now appreciated by collectors. We mention briefly as many as possible of the authors whose works are chiefly sought for, with the prices collectors now pay or recently have paid for them. In respect of the more important or costly books we give some bibliographical details; and in a few instances, where published information is meagre, we have ventured to treat certain books rather more fully, from our own knowledge and investigations, and also from our being in possession of or having had access to certain unique volumes and MSS. that have not yet been made public property.

The exceptions to the chronological order are the chapters which deal with specialized branches of collecting important enough to stand outside a defined period.

We have not attempted to enumerate all the precious works that fill the collector with joy or envy. A treatise which did that would run into many volumes. We have simply tried to set up, as it were, signposts for each period of English litera-

ture; and it may be added here that we treat only (with a very few obviously necessary exceptions) of books in the English language printed and published in Great Britain. For the benefit of those who wish to study more closely particular authors or periods, we have mentioned in many places the chief bibliographical works which they might be glad to acquire. We need hardly say that we are greatly indebted to those works ourselves. Collectors and libraries have placed many works at our disposal, and full acknowledgment of our gratitude, elsewhere than in the text of this book, would not only be lengthy, but might seem to break the laws of this commonwealth of letters, where courtesy is rather a habit than a virtue. We owe, however, a special debt to the British Museum Library and Sir Thomas Bodley's, for most generous facilities in the matter of the illustrations (which, for obvious reasons, are in a few instances reduced in size), as well as for their ever-ready lore and aid in behalf of all scholars. We are happy also to acknowledge here the great help we have had from Mr J. F. Newham, who gave freely from his extensive knowledge, to Mr Algernon Bathurst, and to Mr Lawrence H. Dawson, who guided these volumes through the press.

In passing the final proofs of *English Books* for the press many prices have had to be altered—in every case upwards—a striking testimony to the remark

often made in its pages that prices were inevitably rising higher and higher. It is, perhaps, necessary to say that our earlier chapters were written a few years ago. The work was suggested early in 1919 during an Atlantic crossing by a well-known citizen of the United States, who asked: "How does one get into this book-collecting game? Why not write a book on it?" This is the book! It is the fruit not only of this chance remark but of forty years' experience in buying, selling and collecting books in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent of Europe, and of twenty-five years' close friendship between the authors, the last six spent in enjoyable collaboration.

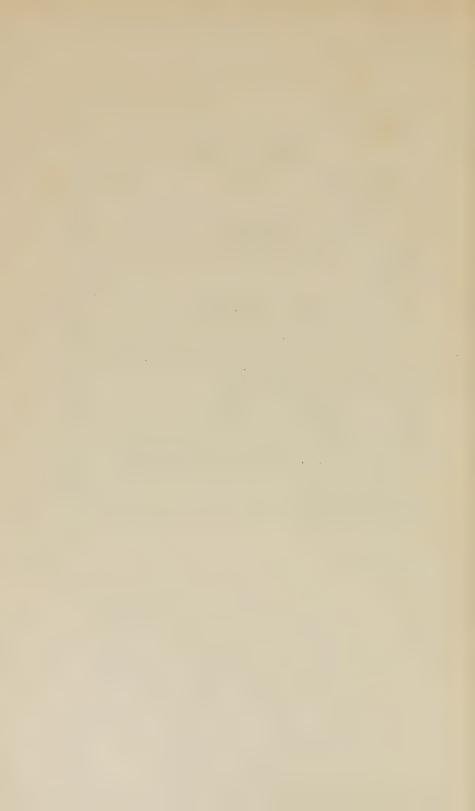
"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are." We believe that great saying of a great writer to contain the true spirit of the book-collector, in spite of sometimes discordant or discrepant manifestations; and it has been our endeavour to write with those words always in our minds.

C. J. S. F. J. H. D.

GRAFTON HOUSE, GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

CONTENTS

											PAGE
		DED	CATI	ON							v
		PREF	ACE						•	•	vii
		LIST	OF I	LLU	STRA	TIO	NS	•			xv
	I.		2				•				1
	II.	WHA	T ?								21
I	II.	THE	EARI	LY E	NGLI	SH	PRI	NTERS			35
I	v.	THE	RENA	AISSA	ANCE						63
	V.	" A P	IECE	OF '	THE	WOI	RLD	DISCO	OVEREI	O".	111
1	VI.	WILL	IAM	SHA	KESP	EAR	E				141
						_			•		
									VANTA		
	X.	THE	GREA	AT C	HAM						285



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A page fro	om Caxton's Dictes or Sayings of the Ph	ilosoj	phers,	
1477		٠	Frontis	piece
Title page	of Thomas Bastard's Chrestoleros, 1598			PAGE 2
29	"Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, 159	3.		7
,,	" Marlowe's Tragedie of Dido, 1594			22
A page fro	om Watton's Speculum Christiani, from M	Iachl	inia's	
press,	1480			36
A page fro	m Caxton's Game and Playe of Chesse (c	. 148	3) .	47
Title page	of Skelton's Why come ye nat to courte?	(c. 1.	545).	57
22	" Skelton's Colyn Cloute (.c 1545)			57
,,	" Gawin Douglas's translation of the A	neid,	1553	58
22	" Willobie his Avisa, 1594 .			64
22	"Greene's Pandosto, 1588 .			70
"	" the first volume of Spenser's Faerie Qu	ieene,	1590	77
,,	" Bodenham's Belvedere, 1600 .			84
,,	"Sidney's Arcadia, 1590 .			88
,,	" Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579			99
,,	" Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566			104
,,	" Chapman's Seaven Bookes of the Iliad	es, 15	598 .	107
33	" A Myrroure for Magistrates, 1559			112
29	" Warner's Albions England (1586)			116
33	" Jonson's Masque of Queenes, 1609			127
,,	" Jonson's The Fortunate Isles, 1624			128
99	., Nash's Cavaliero Pasquill, 1589			138
	eaf of the MS. play, Sir Thomas More, wit	h tex	t Facing	g 143
	of Shakespeare's Midsommer nights dr			
issue,				154
Title page	of Shakespeare's Midsommer nights dream	e, Pa	vier's	
anteda	ated (1600 for 1619) issue.			156

T.	TS	T	OF	IL	LU	S'	TR	A	TI	0	N	S
	- L	_							-			

Title nege	of Shakespeare's The Passionate Pilgrime, 1599		159
Title page		•	160
2)	"Shakespeare's Sonnets, 1609	•	163
"	,, Arden of Feversham, 1633	•	
22	"Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, 1667	•	174
,,	"Bacon's Essayes, 1597.	•	178
"	"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 1678.	•	180
,,	"Bunyan's Book for Boys and Girls, 1686	•	183
The first a	nd second title pages of Paradise Lost, 1667		185
Title page	of Herrick's Hesperides, 1648		198
29	"Wither's Fidelia, 1615		204
,,	" Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621.		214
"A Well V	Wishing" (from the Roxburghe Ballads) .		218
Title page	of Pope's Essay on Criticism, 1711 .		236
"	"Robinson Crusoe, 1719.		239
,,	,, Gulliver's Travels, 1726		261
,,	" Volume I. of Fielding's Tom Jones, 1749		275
,,	" Volume I. of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 174	8	279
"	" Volume I. of Sterne's Tristram Shandy, 1760		279
,,	" the Miscellany (1731) containing Dr Johnson	's	
first p	oublished work		286
Title page	of Johnson's Life of Savage, 1744		293
,,	" Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 1766.		320
,,	" The Deserted Village, 1770		326
"	" Johnson's London, 1738		339
,,	" Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes, 1749	•	341
,,	Talan 2 D 2 O 14 Times	of	OFI
	espeare, 1756		344
	of Volume I. of Johnson's English Dictionary, 175	5	348
"	"Johnson's Taxation no Tyranny, 1775.		357
	Volume I. of Johnson's Prince of Abissinia 175		950

CHAPTER I

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. JOHN MILTON: Areopagitica.

CHRESTOLEROS Seuen bookes of

Epigrames written by T B.

Hunc nouere modum nostri seruare libelli, Parcere personis: dicere de vitiis.



Imprinted at London by Richard

Bradocke for 1. B. and are to be fold as

her shop in Panles Church-yarde at the
figne of the Bible. 1 5 9 8,

CHAPTER I

WHY?

HE Reverend Thomas Bastard, vicar of Bere Regis, Dorset, published in 1598 a volume of reasonably good epigrams, under the title of *Chrestoleros*. One of the subjects with which he dealt was his own poverty. He puns, for instance, on the old name of the mole, the "want." He tells how he met a mole-catcher, and bade him catch more "wants." Vain were the trapper's arts, "for all the wants were crept into my purse." Bastard elsewhere complains that he could not make a hundred pounds, of which he was sorely in need, by his books. He died destitute and insane.

At the sale of the second portion of the Christie-Miller library from Britwell Court, in February 1922, a copy of the first edition of *Chrestoleros* was bought for £155. Only five or six copies of that edition are known to exist: one is in the British Museum. A copy changed hands in 1911 for £50; but a generation or more ago the record of older prices stood only at such sums as £17 17s., £2 3s., and £7 7s.

The whole philosophy of book-collecting lies behind that simple statement of facts. *Chrestoleros* is still readable, even if one is not specially interested

in Bastard's epoch. It has a certain importance in the history of English literature, for it is one of the earliest uses of a then new literary form to express personal idiosyncrasies. But those who desire to read the epigrams for pleasure or profit would probably prefer to do so in the excellent modern edition prepared by Dr Grosart at a modest price. Why, then, pay so much for the first edition—not a specially beautiful one—and why do the prices fluctuate so strangely?

The answer to the second question depends to some extent, though not entirely, on the answer to the first; which is, that high prices are paid by book-collectors solely because the particular edition of a particular book is rare, and they desire exceedingly to possess it, and will strive to do so to the limit of their financial power. Of the reasons for fluctuation we will speak later, after considering the attributes which make for rarity.

Rarity, in all respects save one, is a relative thing. Absolute rarity—or uniqueness—exists only when it is definitely known that but one copy of a book was ever printed, or that but one contains a certain feature—an author's inscription to a friend, for instance, like that of Keats to Shelley in *Endymion*.

The nearest thing to this type of absolute rarity is a notable book of which only one or two perfect copies are *known* to exist. The most famous

WHY?

instance is perhaps the copy of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis (bound up with one of three known copies of The Passionate Pilgrim) which in 1919 fetched the highest price ever paid at auction for a single volume—£15,100.

It is not often that a work of such varied interest and importance comes into the open market. The great majority of such books are already at rest in public libraries or in private collections which (it is an open secret) will eventually be bequeathed to public institutions. It is worth while to look a little more closely at the causes which led to that astonishing price, and at the history of the early editions of *Venus and Adonis*. It will be seen that even uniqueness, while it is the determining factor, may not be the only condition of desirability.

Venus and Adonis, Shakespeare's first printed work—"the first heir of my invention," says his dedication to the young Earl of Southampton—was published in 1593. Richard Field—Shakespeare's friend, formerly of Stratford-on-Avon, and afterwards Warden and Master of the Worshipful Company of Stationers—printed it at some time not later than June in that year. It was to be bought of John Harrison at "The White Greyhound" in St Paul's Churchyard.

The only known copy of that quarto edition will never be for sale. It was bought by Malone in 1805 from William Ford, a Manchester bookseller, for what

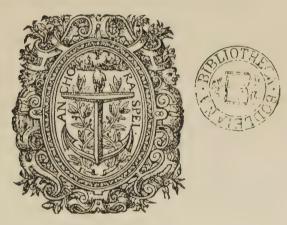
Malone considered the high price of £25. Ford's friend Bindley had advised him "not to give a preference to anyone but to put it up to Auction." But Ford chose what for those days, and happily also for ours, was the better course. Malone bequeathed the copy to Bodley's Library. He had previously advertised for the book, offering a guinea for a copy.

With the next edition (1594), Field transferred his copyright to Harrison, according to Sir Sidney Lee. But though that little touch of intimacy in the association of the Stratford man with Shakespeare vanishes, this second edition has other features of its own. The great book-collectors (trustees for posterity then and now) next come into the story. Four copies of this edition appear to be known to exist. One of them was bequeathed to Bodley's Library in 1833 by Thomas Caldecott, who had bought it in 1796 for a few shillings. One was acquired at the Daniel sale, in 1864, by Mr Huth. for £240: this is the finest copy known. From the Huth Collection it passed to the Elizabethan Club at Yale. The third was bought by Thomas Jolley for "a few pence," acquired by Grenville for £116, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum in 1846. So these three precious volumes have ceased to wander. The Holford Collection contains a copy. But the Grenville copy has, so to speak, an important appendix. Grenville seems to have had for a



VENVS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flauus Apollo Pocula Caftalia plena ministret aqua.



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be fold at the figne of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard.

1593.

short time a fourth copy, which Sir Sidney Lee believes he sold when he acquired the Jolley volume: and this fourth copy has not been definitely traced since then.

To continue the poem's history. These are quarto volumes. There is an octavo edition on record (the "third"), conjecturally dated 1595, which is now in the Folger Collection. It was not known to Sir Sidney Lee, who describes the third edition as that of 1596. The two known copies of this are in the British Museum and Bodley's Library respectively. The Bodleian copy is interesting because it appears at one of the earliest and most famous book sales—Dr Bernard's, in 1698, when it fetched 1s. 3d.; Thomas Warton, the scholar and critic, bought it in "a rubbish lot" in 1760: his brother gave it to another great scholar, Malone (who thought it could be sold for as much as two or three guineas); and Malone bequeathed it to the Bodleian. The British Museum acquired its copy in 1864, by purchase, at the Daniel sale, for £315.

The next edition (1599) is the one which at present holds the record for costliness and rarity. The copy which sold for the huge sum already mentioned is perfect and is bound in vellum. It was discovered in 1867 in a lumber-room at Lamport Hall, and sold in 1895 to Mr Christie-Miller, from whose collection it has passed to Mr Huntington, of California. Almost immediately after this sale a second copy (wanting

WHY?

one leaf) was found, which passed by private treaty in March 1920 to an American collection at a very high price.

Right up to the thirteenth or fourteenth edition, of 1675, Venus and Adonis maintains its rarity and its value to a buyer: only one or two copies of each edition have been traced. The Bodleian possesses three unique copies of other editions than the first.

There are, then, in this book all the qualities of definite rarity, and, at the same time, in addition, preciousness based on other considerations. *Venus and Adonis* will never cease to be valued for its intrinsic interest. It is the first published work of the greatest of all writers. It is dedicated to the patron over whose share in his life argument still continues. It was first printed by a man from Shakespeare's own birthplace. Even if it were a worse poem than it is, and by an obscure author, it would still be important as an example of a then new and fashionable literary form.

Those qualities it can never lose. And that mentioned last is one which those who are aghast at the high prices paid for apparently trivial books often overlook. Why should a volume of rather feeble sonnets, *Emaricdulfe*, by an unidentified author—E. C.—bound up with three other of the scarcest books of the period, be purchased at the Britwell Court sale for £3600? It may be (as is said) the only perfect copy known: but it surely cannot be really

worth that sum? You could pay someone to write better verse more cheaply to-day? No doubt. And better verse is written daily. You could not—and this is the point—you could not to-day pay anyone to write one of the earliest series of sonnets in the English language, and to introduce, by an echo of a phrase, the suspicion (almost equal to a certainty) that in 1595, when *Emaricdulfe* was definitely published, some of Shakespeare's own sonnets (not published till 1609) were in private circulation.

Literary value, therefore, is a definite factor in commercial value. It is in reality almost the sole final determinant of price. If mere scarcity, unaccompanied by any other quality, were the only consideration, such a book as The Ten Pleasures of Marriage (London, 1682) would be worth more than the £100 or so which a perfect copy of the first edition (only one is known; two imperfect ones exist as well) can fetch.

This point may be enforced by considering the great value attached by collectors to almost all early editions of works which have a definite place in literary history. Gammer Gurton's Needle, for instance, is accessible to scholars in various modern editions or reprints; but copies of the first edition of 1575 can be counted on two hands (with an extra thumb or so), and they cannot now be bought—if they come into the market at all—for much less than £2000. But if the comedy were not a literary

WHY?

portent, it would certainly command no more than the prices-high, but not towering-paid for other Tudor literature. So, too, with The Pilgrim's Progress, which has been republished as many times as perhaps any book except the Bible. It is a monument of plain English: its characters and phrases are part of the fabric of our everyday speech. So it was at once widely read and exposed to infinite wear and tear. It could be bought for sixpence when it came out; but a man who walked into Sotheby's with a nearly perfect copy of the first edition, in June 1922, and hoped for a few shillings for it, received far more pounds—£2010—than he expected pence. There are only nine known copies, and only four of them are perfect. Five of the nine are in America, and one of the present writers has seen them allwhich not many people can say. Yet Bunyan wrote other works, not all as rare, and many of them not of high commercial importance: but his Book for Boys and Girls (later known as Divine Emblems) changed hands for forty guineas in its passage in the 'eighties to the British Museum, when it was deemed unique. Another copy turned up in 1926 and cost its buyer £2100!

It would be foolish, on the other hand, to deny the great value of scarcity. And that brings us to the greatest of all uncertainties in the book-collector's

¹ Written before the discovery of the first edition, second issue, sold at Sotheby's, June 1926.

world. That fortuitous *Pilgrim's Progress* did not affect the market-value of the book materially, because of its scarcity. But suppose ten or twelve more turned up: suppose someone found, in another lumber-room or rubbish heap, a couple of dozen copies of the suppressed *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*, or a dozen good First Folios? Most of the rare volumes known to exist are already identified as being in such-and-such a collection or library. When a stranger appears out of the night of uncharted private houses, old farms, dusty lofts, worm-eaten chests, what welcome will he get?

The answer is fairly simple. The book will be welcomed, and paid for, precisely in the ratio of known copies to covetous collectors. Suppose fifty rich men all desire to possess a Venus and Adonis of 1596. There are but two copies known, both unobtainable. Fifty buyers compete for the next copy that turns up, and their standard of value will be the length of the purse of the two or three richest and most eager. There are x collectors of Shakespeareana in the world, and y known objects of their desire. Making y into y-plus-one will not diminish the market-value of the object appreciably until you get an equation something like x=y: which in the case of certain precious works is unlikely to happen at all. And x, the number of collectors, tends to grow more rapidly than y, because private collectors and public institutions all

WHY?

over the world are increasingly desirous of competing with the long-established collections of Europe, and the knowledge and study of great literature are growing by arithmetical progression. That is a reason for the ever-rising price of rare books.

But when you know the reasons for costliness you still have to identify the desirable object. What are the stigmata, the marks of genuine rarity, or of genuineness, in a rare copy? That is what this work is intended to state, in a general way, by means of examples selected from each of a number of periods in which collectors tend to specialize. They can be classed under two main headings-marks of good production, which gives a book an æsthetic value in addition to its intrinsic merit and its rarity, and marks or peculiarities which show a certain stage of printing, a mistake, a change of intention or execution, an addition made in the course of printing, and so on. It may be useful here to mention a few typical instances of each type of special feature, before considering, in the next chapter, some of the, so to speak, historical conditions of book-sales.

For beauty of production alone the work of Caxton himself, even apart from its other interest, would be held precious. The productions of the Kelmscott and Doves presses, books printed by Baskerville, or at private presses like the Ashendene or the Daniel, or engraved by Pine, owe their value to the collector almost entirely to æsthetic

considerations. There are, it is true, changes in the estimation of beauty: a mode is liked now, derided then. But, in the long run, a thing of beauty does become a joy for ever.

It follows that, if beauty of appearance is appreciated, perfect condition must be important; and it is important even in books not prized for their loveliness alone.

That was one factor which made the books from the Britwell Court Collection, sold gradually from 1919 onwards, reach prices previously undreamed of. Many, indeed, were exceedingly rare, and would have been coveted even if they had been less perfect. But in addition they were nearly all in the very finest condition, tall, clean copies beautifully preserved. The Pilgrim's Progress of June 1922, again, was in the original half-sheepskin binding and exceedingly well preserved, though slightly imperfect: it was what is called an "unpressed" copy, and very large, as originally published— $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.; about £100 a square inch of its surface, on its sale price. Had it been as perfect in text as it was in state, the value per inch would have been even higher.

A well-known Milton Collection was sold in 1921 for prices so low as to startle those who had not seen the actual volumes. It had been expected to exceed previous records in costliness. But when the books were "viewed" it was seen that few of them were

WHY?

free from blemish. Cleanness, freshness of type, fullsized ("uncut") edges, completeness, and, if possible, original binding—these are the essentials of "good condition."

Original binding, it may be said, is more desirable, from a collector's point of view, than beautiful rebinding. It sometimes happens that a printer is a binder too, as in the case of Berthelet, Henry VIII.'s printer and binder, and then, of course, the entire book is doubly valuable in its "first state." On the other hand, it is useless to pretend either that bindings endure for ever or that beautiful binding is not a virtue in itself. The desire to possess a book in what may be its ugly original binding rather than (for instance) in leather richly tooled is, at bottom, a testimony to the author: the collector seeks to possess what the writer himself saw when he first uttered his thought into the world. But binding is an art, and a fine one at that, and it is one of the "peculiarities," as we have called them, which may increase the rarity and value of any book.

It may be well to emphasize this fact that many first editions have an æsthetic value as well as a sentimental one. Not everyone realizes how clearly the quality of fineness in first impression belongs, as a rule, to type. Broken letters, blurred "tails" or "serifs," intrusive "spaces," dropped letters, all come into books in the ordinary course of mortality, if the type still stands in use. And in the case of

illustrated books—a category of collection in itself—the disadvantage of deterioration is even greater. You can never—by any process of any kind—obtain the same effect from a wood block when once it has begun to yield to age. Lewis Carroll desired certain copies of Alice to be withdrawn for that reason. And if the artist has made—as Bewick and Tenniel did—original drawings on cardboard or paper, you still cannot recapture, even by the most refined photography, the delicacy of an impression from the engraver's careful cutting of the drawing direct on perishable wood.

A second peculiarity is what may be called a printer's or publisher's idiosyncrasy. The best example of this is perhaps in Milton's Paradise Lost. There used to be, so to speak, three or four "first editions "-volumes indubitably printed as part of the first issue of the poem, but differing in typographical detail, because, apparently, the printers or the publishers or the author changed their minds in the course of printing. In what is called the "First Edition, first title," the author's name was in a large italic capital fount of type; in the second in a smaller fount; and there are many other small variations. The result of these facts is that eight versions of the "first" edition are now recognized. ranging in value from £460 (Britwell sale, 1919, in original binding), for the real first, to £30 or so for good copies of the variant firsts.

The same sort of idiosyncrasy can be observed in innumerable books. A comma, a turned letter, a missing apostrophe—as in some copies of the original undated Indian edition of Kipling's *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* (Allahabad, 1888)—may make a difference measurable in many pounds. Yet here again the sentiment logically at the back of the collector's mind is really a desire to discover what the creator's own mind first meant—if possible. Did Kipling want the apostrophe, or did the printer?

The typographical errors or alterations that constitute this sort of rarity are of different kinds: actual variation (as in the dedicatory sonnet to England's Parnassus, 1600), omission of portions of text or of whole leaves (as in The Faerie Queene, 1590), or differing inscriptions on a portrait (as in Gulliver's Travels, 1726), or of errata (as in Dryden's The Hind and the Panther), change of pagination, difference in "registration" (accurate imposition of type upon the page) of a plate or page of type, alteration of the publisher's or printer's title ("imprint"), and printer's errors (wrong letters, letters upside down or sideways, omissions). There are also to be considered variations of size even in uncut copies (some may be on large paper), and variations in the material used-paper of different qualities, and vellum or parchment.

Plates, illustrations, and the like give collectors wide scope for mistakes or triumphs. If you buy a first

17

edition of Gulliver's Travels (which incidentally contains most of the other typographical peculiarities), you must see that the inscription under the frontispiece is underneath it, not round it. In that state it sold in 1918 for \$1425: the Syston Park copy fetched £400 in 1923, and the MacGeorge copy, in 1924, £725. All these were large-paper copies. Pickwick must contain the Seymour plates not retouched, and must be in the authentic wrappers, if it is to be a veritable first issue in parts and worth from £1000 to £1500.

Pickwick, indeed, supplied many other disparate peculiarities, as will be noted later. For instance, it must have the advertisement matter in full, if it is to be a first issue of the first edition in perfect condition. You are closest to Dickens himself if the contemporary wares are puffed in the issue. All such extraneous matter is vital to perfection.

Then there is the peculiarity of suppression. Books have been suppressed for all sorts of reasons—by authority as well as by authors. One of the rarest of suppressed works—only three copies out of the original 1400 printed have yet been discovered—is Shelley's Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. A suppressed work which does not seem to be recorded is George Bernard Shaw's Press Cuttings. It was published at 1s. net; but in its first issue the word "net" on the paper cover was omitted, and that meant untold confusion in booksellers' shops. The

WHY?

copies sold on the first day of its appearance were hastily recalled, but a few had got into circulation. It has no particular market-value now; but when Shaw has been dead as long as Shakespeare . . .

And, lastly, there is a peculiarity of popularity, as in the case of Bunyan and Lewis Carroll. Popular books vanish, but are almost always valuable. Few eternal works remain eternal in their first form. It would be difficult to name any great work, still read, still to be for ever read, which is not rare in its first edition. By a queer irony one such work was issued by one of the greatest of all book-dealers, whose name is honoured wherever printed matter changes hands—Bernard Quaritch. He published 250 copies of FitzGerald's Rubáiyát in 1859, but it was not well received. Some years afterwards the stock was available in the box outside his then premises at fourpence each. The highest price recorded for an original copy was paid in America, £650 (1927). Alas, poor Quaritch! However, he and his firm have survived triumphantly this and many other shocks which a book-dealer—as well as a bookcollector-must inevitably meet.

There, then, is the collector's science, briefly outlined: his motive, his guide to action. He starts, one hopes, with love: love of beautiful things, love of great ideas worthily promulgated, love of the human soul, which is in even the meanest book. He comes to a stage where subtle knowledge and sheer

covetousness and pride enter into an unholy alliance. He fights in the arena of the tapping hammer—savagely, furiously. He stalks his prey through noble shops, poor wheelbarrows, by scent, by the bait of a good catalogue, by mere chance. He emerges, at last, into a peace where pride and covetousness are no longer deadly sins, but the austere restrained virtues of the true lover of good books.

CHAPTER II

Your supercilious critics, grammatical triflers, note-makers, curious antiquaries, find out all the ruins of wit, amongst the rubbish of old writers. . . . I will generally conclude they are a kind of madmen.

ROBERT BURTON: The Anatomy of Melancholy.

Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage:

Queene of Carthage:
Played by the Children of her
Maiesties Chappell.

Written by Christopher Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

Actors

Impiter.	Ascanius.
Ganimed.	Dido.
Venus.	Anna.
Cupid.	Achates.
Іяпо.	Ilionens.
Mercurie,00	Iarbas.
Hermes.	Cloanthes.
Ancas.	Sergestus.





Printed, by the Widdowe Ormin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his shop, in Paules Church-yeard, at the signe of the blacke Beare. 1594-

CHAPTER II

WHAT?

66 GOOD book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit "said one who was certainly a master-spirit himself. A rare book -whether a good one or not-has within itself a life-blood of its own. It has lain perhaps on the old shelves of some Tudor manor-house, unread for a century or more. The old family fell. Some inquisitive antiquary in the early eighteenth century begged or bought a few books from the collection. He too could not withstand death, and the book passed to one of the growing class of collectors who loved literature, or fine type, or a good binding, or a first edition, and who could afford to pay for his tastes. He may have been a man famous in literature or in the larger world. He may have got the book as a bargain, or he may have paid its then marketvalue: he may have desired it for æsthetic reasons, or for utility, or for mere pride of possession. At any rate the book is thenceforth one of a "Collection." Sooner or later the Collection is inevitably dispersed. And now the book is passing into recorded history. It appears in the auction-rooms and is sold for a considerable price; low, doubtless, by to-day's

standard, but much above its former worth. When it appears again, as it inevitably will, it is known to have been in (say) the Rawlinson Collection; and then maybe in the Askew Collection, and then in Heber's, and perhaps in the end at Britwell Court. There may be other copies of it in the British Museum, or in some university or college library, here or in the United States; those copies have won their peace—they journey no more. But the private collector's copy must go a-wandering every few generations of man's life (so much shorter than its own), at each remove growing more precious, hunted more avariciously, scrutinized more closely.

It is a strange thing, the transference of a precious book. It is a romance in unexpected language. When Andrew Lang wrote his erudite and charming book, The Library, he spoke of the "excitement" at a great sale which he himself remembered. But. in spite of all the vivacity of book-collecting, all the collector's pathos and strange frailties, a more modern sale is apt to be a calm affair. Some bidders are there to buy certain books for what they deem to be a fair market-price; five pounds one way or the other may settle the price between rivals. Some have been commissioned to acquire a book at all costs. For some poor volumes no visitor waits eagerly. But all the buyers sit in the decorous saleroom with an impressive air of detachment—as impassive as the auctioneer's own. They are all apparently as void

WHAT?

of enthusiasm as an English eighteenth-century parson.

"Lot 412: what will anyone say for this?" The opening low bids soon reveal the personality of their buyers, the tricks by which they maintain their nonchalance. Often only the auctioneer's voice announces a fresh bid. He has seen a well-known figure make a tiny gesture to show he bids his customary advance. The buyer has but twirled a pencil, or lifted one finger, or nodded ever so slightly; but the movement has been seen, the bid accepted. Meanwhile a bored attendant walks inside the horseshoe of the table, handling rarities to be looked at as if they were cheeses. Then at last two alone will be left bidding, and one begins to hesitate. In the end he too shakes his head, and the vagrant book has found a new home. Save for a little hush when high prices are reached, or a faint rustle when the great prize is to be offered, it is all very restrained and discreet. A butcher's shop in a London street on Saturday night is much more exciting.

Yet that still, unemotional battle of experts often—almost always, in fact—marks an epoch in the history of a book, in the science of book-collecting, and in the ultimate fate of much good literature. The great historic sales have more than a financial value. They give books a pedigree, which is a romance in itself. Take, for instance, Marlowe's Tragedic of Dido ("Printed by the Widdowe Orwin,

for Thomas Woodcocke, 1594"). Mr De Ricci says three copies are known. One is in the Bodleian, bequeathed by Malone (bought by him for sixteen guineas in 1787). One is in Mr Huntington's collection (the Bridgewater copy). The third belonged, till recently, to Mr Herschel V. Jones. He obtained it from Mr Huntington, who acquired it from the Duke of Devonshire's collection. The 6th Duke of Devonshire had acquired it in 1821, with the great collection of plays for which he paid John Philip Kemble, the actor, £2000. Kemble had bought it for £39 from Heber, whom it reached through Sir Egerton Brydges, who had purchased it for £17 17s. at the Roxburghe sale in 1812. The Duke of Roxburghe had obtained it from Steevens for £17. Steevens got it as a gift from Isaac Reed, and before that it had been with Henderson and Yardlev. Where it had lain for two hundred odd years before that no one knows. But in 1923 Mr H. V. Jones disposed of it for \$12,900. And this book once changed hands at 4d.!

It is partly with envy, partly with admiration, that one must regard the great collectors of the past: envy of their opportunities, admiration of the way in which they used them. They were men of all ranks of society, from monarchs downwards; rich and poor, generous or greedy or secretive. There are not many good or bad qualities in human nature that do not crop up in the lives of the book-collectors.

WHAT?

There is poor Dr Dee, the astrologer, having his house upset and his books destroyed because of his alleged necromancy, and in the end selling the precious volumes "to buy his dinner with." There is George IV. "giving" his father's great library to the nation—and secretly getting something out of the nation to pay for the gift. There is Robert Burton, the melancholy "devourer of books," bequeathing to friends and beloved institutions the selected possessions he deemed most precious. There is the ex-shoemaker, Bagford, going about the country tearing title pages out of valuable books for a history he never wrote—the "wicked old biblioclast," as Blades calls him. There are great nobles like the Spencers, the Herberts, the Howards; statesmen like Grenville; scholars like Steevens and Burney; bankers, civil servants, antiquaries, booksellers, bishops—everything but original men of letters of the highest rank, unless Pepys and Walpole and Beckford can be included under that title.

And there are people like Ford, the Manchester bookseller, whose annotated copy of Dibdin's Library Companion, now before us, is a psychological document of the highest interest, and through whose hands many treasures passed. William Ford, the son of a tinman, migrated from the cotton to the book trade. His first catalogue (1805) contains the Malone Venus and Adonis already mentioned, and made him notable among collectors. But the real

interest in his career, as recorded in his writings and contemporary works, is not in his remarkable purchases and sales, but in his character. His observations on Dibdin, whom in spite of his services to bibliography and his familiar repute it is difficult not to consider rather pretentious and shallow, show the expert's private thoughts about the amateur. He annotates Dibdin's Library Companion with remarks like "Fudge! Was Mr D. thinking of preferment, or dreaming of a bishoprick at the time he penned this?" (Poor Dibdin! He never got the comfort even of a fat Georgian living.) He is angry (he himself being no mean scholar) because Dibdin does not mention a good edition "of an old satirist. Pierce Plowman," or notice an early bibliographical account of Froissart. He loves another bibliophile. Thomas Thomson, of Edinburgh, for his "uniform urbanity of manners and communicative disposition." He hated, for some obscure reason, a bookseller of Bedford Street, Strand—so much as to note specially his bankruptcy, and to record (apparently in a draft for a catalogue) the delinquent's "sacrifice" of a copy of Pennant's History of London by a device still not obsolete—patching an imperfect copy from another. He notes the death of Cracherode. the great benefactor of the British Museum. He rates Dibdin for not being aware of the existence of Las Casas' Tears of the Indians, a then rare, and now rarer, piece of Americana, and for having some

WHAT?

doubts about a certain engraving in a book often rifled for "Grangerizing" purposes: no one could hold such a view, says the sturdy bookseller, "who is not half gone with the portrait mania." He notes prices now preposterously small, and he has this comment on Dibdin's assertion that Malone gave £25 for the unique first Venus and Adonis 1—an assertion based on Ford's own words: "Not true. for it was mine, and contained another poem of equal rarity, which I estimated in my valuation of the volume at Ten Pounds." And, among other things he bought at the sale of James Bindley, a collector whom he respected, a lot of "Old Plays," including Middleton's A Mad World, my Masters (\$450 in America, £30 at the Huth sale of 1916), and Chapman and Shirley's The Ball (\$100 and £11). They cost Ford £1 5s. His resale price is not stated; but to judge by the other notes it must have been four or five times as much. Even so . . .

But the real lesson of his self-revelation is not his profit, but his enthusiasm. Dibdin was to him a trifler: Bindley was not. Ford knew his own job, and was keen on it, to put it in modern slang: and that is what makes the real collector. He must not be—and the great collector never has been—a

¹ Presumably the bibliographers, whom we have followed in Chapter I. (p. 6), for the sake of a tradition which is well founded, had not seen this contradictory entry by Ford, but took Dibdin's statement for granted. The copy valued above by Ford is almost certainly the Britwell copy.

dilettante: least of all to-day, when collection is almost an exact science.

That "Science" is what is behind the silent emotion of the saleroom. "Here," the unexpressive faces say, "is the Daniel-Heber-Christie-Miller copy of the poem which proves that Shakespeare was in London in such-and-such a year: here, and in only two other places. We know. We know because Ford and Dibdin, Lowndes and Hazlitt, Gordon Duff and Book Prices Current have, one after the other, traced it and marked it down." We know. we all know, and the auctioneers, who have dealt in these lovely and precious things for a hundred and fifty years, and have seen them returning to their transitory hands so often in that time, know too. There may seem to be few bargains now: there is competition for "pedigree stock." So the experts might say. And then a garret is ransacked—and pedigrees be hanged! The good books of vestervear were nearly all bargains, and the chance of finding a prize to-day has not diminished, but increased.

The history of auction sales is a romance in itself, even if to-day the romance is not visibly displayed. So far as books are concerned, they first came under the hammer in England in 1676, when the library of the Rev. Lazarus Seaman was sold "in the house of the defunct in Warwick Lane" (the catalogue title is in Latin). The practice had sprung up on the Continent, but, the catalogue observes, "it

WHAT?

hath not been usual here in England to make Sale of BOOKS by way of Auction, or who will give most for them." The bookseller proposed to start the habit "for the Encouragement of Learning." Most of the books in the catalogue are ponderous Continental treatises and theological works, which to-day would not command any more than the few shillings they fetched in 1676.

The practice found favour, and two years later as many as nine book sales were held. Thereafter to the present day the evolution is steady. The great sales, from which the pedigrees are derived, are many in number, and to enumerate them would be to give a dictionary of collectors. The earliest sales of real note are Sir Kenelm Digby's (1680) and Dr Francis Bernard's (1698), to which many famous books trace their lineage: among the most celebrated were the Heber, the Huth and the Roxburghe, at the last of which great excitement prevailed: a dinner was held in honour of it and the famous "Club" founded. Any notable book from the Daniel, Jolley, Hoe, Ashburnham, Christie-Miller (Britwell), or Locker-Lampson (Rowfant) collection is almost certainly of value.

But it is not all a matter of eagerness, acquisition and a recorded past. It is difficult to over-estimate the book-collector's service to the mind of mankind. Private collections are a joy to their possessor, and often enable scholarship to perform work more

congenially than is possible in a public institution. David Laing, for instance, was in a position through his own collection to do invaluable antiquarian work, as also was John Brand. Walpole's own private press brought previously unprinted MSS. to type, as well as his own work and new editions now of great rarity. By placing their fine possessions at the disposal of scholars and learned societies, many collectors have enriched literature, not only by the opportunity of textual criticism, but often by the very text itself. By their public spirit they have glorified public collections, as can be realized in England when the association of Grenville, the Harleys, Pepys, Cracherode, Capell and Rylands with the nation's libraries is remembered. Of these the first-named, Thomas Grenville, the statesman to whom was entrusted in 1782 the task of arranging the Treaty with the United States, left his library of over 20,000 choice and beautifully bound volumes to the British Museum in 1846. The books-there were few MSS.—were valued then at over £50,000; it is impossible to say what they would fetch to-day, but the reader who notes the extraordinary advances recorded in our pages will have little difficulty in believing that an estimate of £500,000 would not be a long way out. The Harleian Collections originated about 1705, when Robert Harley, 1st Earl of Oxford, turned his attainments from statecraft to book-collecting; he acquired the MSS. of John

WHAT?

Foxe (of the Book of Martyrs), Stow, whose Survey of London is still a valuable source-book, and others, and when he died in 1724 his son, Edward, the 2nd Earl, inherited some six thousand volumes, besides many thousand MS. charters and statepapers. Edward was also a great collector, but his generosity tended to outrun his purse, so that after his death, in 1741, his collection of 50,000 books and 350,000 pamphlets, to say nothing of thousands of prints, portraits, coins, medals, and what not, were scattered, the nation securing the MSS. only, for the altogether inadequate sum of £10,000. Pepys' library of about 3000 volumes came in 1726 to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where-in the original presses—it is still at the service of any respectable person who wishes to consult it. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode's collection of 4500 books, with large numbers of prints, drawings, coins, and gems, passed to the British Museum by bequest in 1799; and the better part of Edward Capell's collection of Shakespeareana and Elizabethan rarities to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1781. The magnificent collection of incunabula and other most desirable books (including the Althorp Library, bought from Earl Spencer in 1892), that forms the Rylands Library in Manchester, was his widow's public memorial to John Rylands, the Lancashire cotton-merchant and philanthropist, who died in 1888.

The same tradition holds in the United States. Mrs Widener gave the wonderful library of her son, Harry Widener—who went down on the *Titanic* with a valuable copy of Bacon's *Essays* in his pocket¹—to Harvard to preserve his memory. The Lenox Library in New York is another great gift. Most munificent of all is the bestowal on the State of California of the most precious collection of English books ever gathered together by one man—the famous library of Henry E. Huntington at San Gabriel, California. Subject to the donor's life-interest it is destined, in the hands of self-perpetuating trustees, to be available for the benefit of scholars and students all the world over for ever.²

Sooner or later, at long last, these children of the human mind are destined to become the indefeasible property of a people, not of a man; but so long as human nature and money remain what they are, most books will sail into their last harbour only through the channel of a private collector's munificence, zeal and knowledge.

¹ Not, however, the very rare first edition, as was commonly rumoured: we have the authority of the librarian of the Elizabethan Club of Yale for contradicting this legend.

² Since the above words were in type, Mr Huntington has, alas! been taken from us. One of the present writers met him on several occasions between 1912 and 1922, in places as far apart as New York City and San Gabriel. Tall and spare, gentle and refined, a courteous American gentleman, whose passing, lovers of art and lovers of books the world over will regret. His art collections and his great library will preserve his name from generation to generation as a benefactor to learning second only to Sir Thomas Bodley.

CHAPTER III

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

FRANCIS BACON: Essays.

Of hyndring e mansking vetk isouk e vodg Of fouk lust e kekerge pauily and apræly Of these auegn e Exwicion pkynly Of sals Vitnes verng Betingly e Vilsuly Other memsehly dirly thurch sine etwekery Of godds biddly of the baking boldlye

In this Borl& What see We But Butchidnesse & Amitee A place it is of temptinge & of gute opussion Of stinke of filtse & moche wrupaon Of grete fook thinketh is se That maketh his seven in such a wuntue for all the uches & Beltse of this land Schall turns to errie and mult stinkand

The Wiseman forsothe Wil nat sett his krie. On thingthat may not longe stank i querte But on the een the bath myn ke Mudnothig settes before that schulo be behit Lest he for stells lust ramte a sprine. Lose keuen blisse a skill pure Bynne.

Eccl. vij. Memorare nouissima tua e t eternii non peccasis Nouissia diae ptr 18 est

A PAGE OF WATTON'S "SPECULUM CHRISTIANI," FROM THE PRESS OF WILLIAM DE MACHLINIA, LONDON, 1480

CHAPTER III

THE EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

IVILIZATION is communications. The whole history of mankind is the chronicle of development by exchange of thought. Thought can be exchanged either by personal interview and speech or by symbols—that is, by the written word.

That is of course a platitude, but it is one which must be borne in mind when the work of the earliest printers is considered. The invention of printing —so simple, so desperately obvious an idea that it never occurred to Greece or Rome, even when papyrus and wax tablets were in use—brought men's minds together in a way impossible before. Just as the railway, the steamship, the various forms of telegraphy and telephony, and the motor-car are changing the whole cast of thought to-day, so printing altered the human mind: the Renaissance itself, without printing for a nurse, must have had a far longer period of gestation. And if only for that reason, apart from their natural scarcity after the adventures of four and a half centuries, the first books printed in England from movable type must

always have a unique place in the affections and desires of a book-collector.

Now it is quite easy to see from a few examples that the three main elements of preciousness dealt with in the preceding chapters—sheer scarcity of numbers, intrinsic literary merit or historical importance, and beauty of presentation—are inherent in very much of the work of the earliest English printers. In the work of the first of them, William Caxton, there is also the interest of a remarkable personality.

He was an Englishman, born in the Weald or Wild of Kent, probably about 1422, perhaps at Tenterden. He learned his "broad and rude English" there, and a manor there still bears his name. young man he was apprenticed to a mercer in the City of London. Business eventually took him to Bruges, where he rose to the position of "governor," or chief administrator, of the English trade in the town. On 1st March 1468 he began his first piece of literary work—the translation of The Recuyell of the Hystoryes of Troye. He finished it at Cologne in 1471, by which time he had become a member of the Duchess of Burgundy's household. At Bruges, apparently, he came into contact with Colard Mansion. Mansion was one of a group of printers in the Low Country town who seem to have set up presses at about the same time—early in the 'seventies of the fifteenth century.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

The earliest products of the European printing press do not concern us here, because they were not printed in England, nor for England, nor in English.1 It is true that Caxton's first book was also not printed in England, but it was in English and for the English market. It will be sufficient to say that Germany and the Low Countries dispute the honour of first discovering and using movable type in Europe,² and that this device was rivalling its predecessor, the solid page-block of xylography, by the middle of the fifteenth century. Anyone fortunate enough to acquire even a page of a printed book of 1460 or of a "Gutenberg" Bible of 1455 may feel assured that he has a possession of the highest historical importance and rarity. Single leaves of the latter work have recently been offered for £30 or so apiece, and have been greedily bought.

It is worth while to quote Caxton's own words about the *Recuyell*, the first book printed in English: it is bound up closely with his own career. The *Recuyell* was "drawn out of divers books of Latin into French by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul Le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble and glorious and mighty prince in his time Philip Duke of Burgundy." It was

^{1 &}quot;The earliest specimen of European printing from movable type known to exist was printed at Mainz in 1454. . . . This is the famous *Indulgence* of Nicholas V. to such as should contribute money to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks" (Early Printed Books, E. Gordon Duff, London, 1893).

² It was probably used in China much earlier.

"translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the City of London, at the commandment of the right high mighty and virtuous Princess his redoubted lady, Margaret, by the Grace of God Duchess of Burgundy. . . . Which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders the first day of March the year of the Incarnation of our said Lord God a thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the nineteenth day of September the year of our said Lord God a thousand four hundred sixty and eleven." He was not certain that he ought to have gone on to the third book, because "that worshipful and religious man Dan" (dominus, master, Mr) "John Lydgate, monk of Bury," had already translated it. Nevertheless, "because I have now good leisure, being in Cologne, and having none other thing to do at this time, in eschewing of idleness, mother of all vices," he continued the work, though "age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body." And furthermore "I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be." He prays his Duchess "not to disdain the simple and rude work," which she had "well accepted and largely rewarded me."

Thus spake the Father of English Printing. He

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

wrought better than he knew in his "simple and rude work."

The book, a folio volume of 352 leaves, was printed by Caxton and Colard Mansion at Bruges, in 1475.1 The type is that known as Type 1, thirty-one lines to a page. Blades, whose standard work cannot be superseded as regards the main facts, records sixteen extant copies, of which eight, when he wrote, were in public collections; only one was known to be really perfect. The highest price he chronicles was £1060 10s., paid by the Duke of Devonshire for the Roxburghe copy. This copy is now in a famous American collection, which will not be dispersed—Mr Huntington's. Since then twenty-five copies (including five fragments) have been traced. That already mentioned as perfect is in the Pierpont Morgan Collection. Four copies known to have existed cannot at present be traced, sixteen (apart from fragments) can now be traced, and eleven of them are in, or destined to find a home in, public collections. It is an interesting proof of the permanence of rarity that out of the sixteen definitely known to Blades in 1861, fifteen were traced by Mr de Ricci (A Census of Caxtons) in 1909. One —the Beriah Botfield copy—has vanished as such. It is described by Blades as wanting the eleventh

¹ Mr Gordon Duff does not definitely accept, but also does not reject, de Worde's statement that Caxton's first book was printed at Cologne (where he was in 1471), and was Glanville's *De Proprietatibus Rerum*.

and twentieth leaves in Book I., and five leaves in Book II., all supplied in facsimile: "upon the original calf binding was 'Agnes Cole, 1518'"; the size was 10½ in. by 7¾ in. The addition made by Mr de Ricci to those he has traced, to make up his sixteen, is in the library of the College of Physicians. Of the three other untraced copies recorded in the Census two appear—undescribed—in old sale catalogues (1698 and 1776), and so may have passed "unbeknown," by steps not now discernible, into the company of the described copies. The third is reported—vaguely—to have existed at Guildford Grammar School in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The net result of this summary, then, is that (apart from those which have presumably found a final home) copies of the first printed English book clearly existed recently in the collections of the Marquis of Bath, Mr Pierpont Morgan (three), Mr Pforzheimer and Mr Fitzroy Fenwick: four others may be floating about the world, but it is not by any means certain; and in nearly half-a-century only one previously unrecorded copy was discovered. The Ashburnham copy changed hands for £950 in 1898; the Pembroke copy (now Mr Pforzheimer's), imperfect, for £500 in 1914.

The Recuyell has been mentioned because it is the first book printed by the first English printer, and because also it illustrates the accuracies and

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

the uncertainties of the bibliographer in a striking manner. But it is not the rarest English book, so far as numbers are concerned. All Caxtons are rare and valuable: that may be taken for granted. It may also be taken for granted that they are all beautiful and desirable in themselves, and that they are likewise almost all good literature. A man who at once could write such English as Caxton's, and could print for the first time the works of Chaucer, and could leave a lucrative appointment on the wealthy Continent to set up a new art in a comparatively poor country like England, was not likely to produce rubbish, nor to produce good work badly. By the best present-day standards, mutatis mutandis, Caxton's work would be indisputably desirable. We can be proud of our "Father" for his own sake, not merely because he is our father.

Caxton produced one hundred and three works, so far as is known, at Bruges and Westminster, and used, apparently, eight types: other eight volumes were printed for him or with his type. It is essential to know his types, his type-spacing, and his page arrangement generally. Though there is no real chance of serious error, small differences are important in dating the book and determining the state.

As regards the types, they have been reduced to a standard test which only the appearance of a

book hitherto unknown and unsuspected is likely to modify.¹ Caxton and Mansion apparently commenced with two types, which, like all the early founts—and, by a curious irony of literary history, like the "script" handwriting now being taught in modern schools—was based upon manuscript writing. The clear, separate letters were "block"—strongly, beautifully and individually formed, like the work of one man whose personality is in the work, and who is not following nor copying, with variations, a stock pattern. It is seldom—until we come to the special presses of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—that such marked personal character appears in the printer's art.

Blades enumerated seven distinct types used by Caxton; but the later writers on the subject turn them into eight. As they are fully described in the standard works on incunabula, they need not be enumerated here. Nor is it necessary to give more than a bare mention of a few notable books. All books printed in England or in English before 1557—the date of the incorporation of the Worshipful Company of Stationers—are interesting and valuable. While money lasts and collections are made

¹ Mr de Ricci sums his *Census* thus (he includes "transition" books—see p. 49): Caxton's known and traced, 621; reported but not traced, 348; fragments, 125: total, 1094—nearly double the number known to Blades. It is the "fragments"—odd leaves used to form part of ancient bindings of other books, and so on—which perhaps give to-day's collector his chief opportunity. The 348 untraced copies are not likely to remain obscure if and when they reappear.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

there will always be collectors eager to possess one of the 1049 Caxtons; and if the number rise to 2000, the hunter will still seek his prey. The interest in these early works in fact is of a special kind. It is that of one who wishes to possess, not a singular rarity, nor a piece vital to literary history, but an example of the childhood of communicated thought—an utterance of the earliest printed work. It is a romantic as well as a covetous desire.

It will be enough, therefore, to record here a few books eminent for particular features, and to give an outline of the earliest developments.

Now as to the appreciation of Caxton's work. Intellectual appreciation, to use the word in one sense, means in the long run—to use it in the other sense—financial appreciation. But in the case of Caxton the "run" was at first curiously slow. At his death, for instance, he bequeathed fifteen copies of The Golden Legend of James de Voragine-possibly of the second edition, which to-day is scarcer than the first—to St Margaret's, Westminster. church authorities sold only three copies in about six years, and five more in the next two years. In 1496 a copy was disposed of for 6s. 8d.; another in 1500 for 5s. Again, a certain Dr R. Johnson, in 1510, bought five Caxtons for 7s. 8d. in all—they are now in the Cambridge University Library—so that a comparison of their value to-day with that average

of about 1s. 8d. is impossible.¹ So late as 1678 three volumes were sold for 7s. 10d. It was not till the Fairfax sale, in 1756, that the value advanced from shillings and pence to pounds: at that sale nine volumes fetched £33 4s. Fourteen years later the average price was a little over ten guineas a volume. It was at the Roxburghe sale of 1812 that men's eyes were opened: the average leaped to over £200, and fourteen copies were bought for £3002 1s. By 1897 appreciation had gone further: in the first part of the Ashburnham sale ten volumes sold for £5622, and in the second part, six for £4264.

It illustrates the rarity of these books, the difficulty of identifying them and their demonstrable value, to consider the case of an early sporting book. A work commonly called The Book of St Albans, or The Book of Hawking, Hunting and Blasing of Arms—attributed, not at all certainly, to Dame Juliana Berners—was published at St Albans in 1486. Several copies of this exist. It did not contain a section on fishing—A Treatise of Fishing with an Angle. This appeared in an edition of 1496, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in a type unique in English printing: several copies of this also are known. The Treatise of Fishing, however, was printed separately at a later date. Mr Duff, in his Hand-list, cannot date it, and can cite no copy of it, but attributes it to the

¹ The actual prices were: Godfroi de Boleyn, 2s.; Encydos, 1s.; Chastising (see note on p. 50), 8d.; Fayts of Arms, 3s. 8d.; Book of Fame, 4d.

The thyrd chamitre of the first tractate tretch Wherfore the playe Bas sounder and made? Capitule in



He auses Bkrfore this playe Bas souncen ken in tech first Bas for to correct and represe the kyng for Bhan this kyng enylmewach sake this playe (And the knone knyghes and gentilmen of his court playe Byth the phylosopher, he meruspiled greety of the keaste and noueltee of the playe. And after to playe agapust the philosopher The philosopher and Berd and sayd to hym that hit myght not ke don, but yf he first kenned the play The knyg sayd hit Bas reson and that he Bold put hym to the payn to kerne hit. Than the phylosopher kegan to

A PAGE FROM "THE GAME AND PLAYE OF CHESSE," PRINTED BY WILLIAM CAXTON, AT WESTMINSTER, ABOUT 1483

fifteenth century, at the same time asking for further information. He believes that no fifteenth-century separate issue really exists. The earliest traced (printed by de Worde: only one copy is known) was in the Britwell Court Library, is tentatively dated 1530, and was sold at that sale in 1919 for £1700.

Other Caxton prices (apart from those quoted already) fetched at the same remarkable sale—the records of which may see a diminution for a brief period, but will certainly at last, unless the world changes, attain more than the old altitudes—were the £2980 paid for Caxton's edition (1484? Five copies traced) of Alain Chartier's Curial, the £1600 for his Game and Playe of Chesse (1483—second edition: two copies traced), the £1900 for his Cordayle, or The Four Last Things (seven copies traced), the £1880 for de Worde's Gospel of Distaves (the only perfect copy known), the £5900 for the first edition (five copies only known, one alone in private hands) of Reynard the Fox (1481), and the £2900 for the first edition (1477) of the Dictes or Sayings.

The rarest volumes are perhaps the Ars Moriendi, mentioned on p. 49, and Malory's Morte d'Arthur, 1485, of which only two copies are known: of Wynkyn de Worde's later editions of Malory (1498 and 1529) only one copy of each is known, that of 1529 being in the British Museum.

Caxton's types were probably all made of wood.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

The first illustrated book issued by him was a translation from the French of Vincent de Beauvais—
The Myrrour of the World (1481). All his books save two, apparently, were printed on paper, the varieties of which Blades describes fully: two only on vellum—a copy of Speculum Vitæ Christi (1488), in the British Museum (exhibited), and de Roye's Doctrinal of Sapyence (1489), at Windsor Castle. The Britwell copy of the latter work—sold for £1400 in November 1919—is possibly one of the few books (still in its original binding) bound by Caxton himself and bearing his monogram.

The first book known to have been printed by Caxton in England is probably The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers (1477), though it may have been preceded by one or two undated works. At any rate it is the first to be fully identified by its maker with its English birthplace and date of production—"enprynted by me William Caxton at Westmenstre the yere of our lord MCCCCLxxvij." The type used is that known as Type 2. A fine copy is worth between £2000 and £3000. It is not certainly known which was the last book published in his lifetime. It may have been, by an odd irony, the Ars Moriendi, of which the only known copy is in Bodley's Library. His final translation was of St Jerome's Vitas Patrum, which he finished "at the laste daye of his lyff."

That fact is recorded by his assistant and successor, Wynkyn de Worde. He took over Caxton's VOL. I.—D

house, types and business.1 After two years of comparative lethargy he enlarged his output, and his publications became very numerous. He was perhaps more of a business man than Caxton and less of an artist: his types are not so good as his master's. By his death, in 1534 or 1535, he had issued, according to Mr Grant Duff's Hand-list, about six hundred and thirty works. They were of very various character, ranging from what we should now call prayer-books and theological treatises to the text of those fantastic mediæval romances—like Bevis of Hampton, Valentine and Orson, and Huon of Bordeaux—which well-nigh ended their days, by an obscure decadence. in the chapbooks of the eighteenth century; and from the precious Polycronicon, of Ranulf Higden, to the Chronicle of England. His Castell of Pleasure, a unique volume of only eighteen leaves, left the Britwell Library in 1923 for £860, after having lain in the Roxburghe and Sykes collections.

The mention of *Polycronicon* suggests a brief digression with reference to music books, the acquisition of which is a specialized branch of bookcollecting. The technical side of the subject is fully treated in the Bibliographical Society's Monograph No. XI. The *Polycronicon* is the first English printed

A good instance of overlapping is *The Chastising of God's Children*, of which only nine perfect copies are known. It contains no printer's name, no date and no place of issue. It is in Caxton's No. 7 type, but for technical reasons is attributed to de Worde's press. It is the first English book with a title page, and a complete copy would be worth about £800.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

book in which musical notation occurs: the notes, it is true, are not printed, nor is the stave—they are put in by hand-but they were part of the conception of the book, for they are filled in by hand in spaces designedly left blank for them. Only two copies of this very rare work are known—in the British Museum and the University Library at Cambridge. The text refers to Pythagoras' alleged chance discovery of the diatonic scale; it is quoted here in modern spelling: "Here wise men tell that Pythagoras passed some time by a smith's house, and heard a sweet sound and accord and the smiting of four hammers upon an anvil, and therefore he let weigh the hammers and found that one of the hammers weighed twice so much as another; that other weighed half so much as another, and the third part of another. . . . When these accords were found Pythagoras gave them names, and so that which is called in number double, he cleped (named) diapason, and that which is called in number other half he cleped in sounds dyapente. . . ."

De Worde, Notary and Pynson issued missals early in the sixteenth century, but otherwise the first book with music printed from type is *Twenty Songs*, issued by de Worde in 1530, a unique copy of which is in the British Museum. Other early works are John Day's *Certain Notes* (1560), with woodcut initials, also in the British Museum. These copies are often on exhibition. John Cosin's *Music*

of Six and Five Parts (1585; British Museum); Coverdale's Ghostly Psalmes (n.d.; Queen's College, Oxford); Thomas Whythorne's Songs (1571; only a few copies are known, the best of which fetched £120 at the Britwell sale in December 1919), and the early works of William Byrd, who came into his own in 1923 with the discovery of the unknown MS. of The Great Service; John Case, and William Daman or Damon. Byrd's Songs of Sundry Natures (1589) changed hands for £90 at the Britwell sale, Case's Praise of Musicke (1586) for £94, Daloney's Strange Histories (with musical notation, a unique copy of 1602) for £305, and Damon's Former Book for £250. The music-books most frequently produced in the sixteenth century were versions of the Psalms (chiefly Sternhold's), which, with some exceptions -Day's, for instance, of 1563, which cost an American buyer £370 at the Britwell sale—do not at present attract the general collector's more eager desires.

It is with the approach and birth of the seventeenth century that native English music—both the music itself and the songs written for it—reaches its height—a height not rivalled anywhere. The collector may buy the printed works of Playford, Dowland (whose First Book of Songs—Peter Short, 1597—passed from Mr H. V. Jones' Later Library for \$2300 in 1923), Forbes, Thomas Campion, Orlando Gibbons, John Bennet (his Madrigale of 1599 fetched

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

£98 at the Britwell sale), Lawes, Morley (especially the Canzonets of 1597, the Madrigals of 1594, and The First Booke of 1611), John Farmer (Madrigals, £60, Britwell), Francis Pilkington, Kirbye, Thomas Weelkes and John Wilbye, with the assurance that he will acquire three excellent things for his money: good music or verse, a piece of typographical interest, and a very rare book. It is not impossible that anyone who cared to become intimately familiar with the minute details of such works, and who possessed that queer collector's sense which leads one like a terrier to a secret rabbit, could still discover unknown treasures—æsthetic as well as commercial treasures, for the English madrigal and part-song are a glory of music. The number of collectors is limited, but it will assuredly grow; music will be a world-language yet. There may be copies of these rare human and lovable publications lying hid in many parts of the English-singing world - overlooked, forgotten or hidden in the lumber-rooms of the mind as well as in those of the house, as the folksongs of England were hidden in the Appalachian mountain valleys till Mr Cecil Sharp revealed them a few years ago.

Enough of this lyrical digress, introduced only

¹ The editions of 1593 and 1595 seem to exist only in the British Museum. But if unknown copies emerge . . .? The Balletts of 1595 appear to be equally rare. It is worth while to note here that in the 'forties of the nineteenth century the Musical Antiquarian Society reprinted, in seventeen volumes, all the available airs from these very scarce works. Full sets are now extremely valuable.

because the earliest printed books prove that England always has been—and still is—a musical country.

The other printers whose work gives their production value in this early period are Lettou; his sometime partner, William Machlinia; Machlinia's successor, Pynson; the Faqueses; and Julian Notary. A few books produced at Oxford, St Albans, York, and some other provincial towns, are likewise precious, if printed before 1556. The next generation after Pynson gives us the names of Berthelet, Wolfe, Day, the Coplands, and others. But the field of incunabula -books printed before 1500-is likely to be rather barren from a collector's point of view. The number of known volumes not yet anchored in public or semi-public collections is small indeed; so also must be the number of those yet uncharted or at all likely to meet the eye of the lonely voyager in the book world. You may find, as Ford did, a tinker with a Caxton in his wallet. But the chances are all against it, and they are also all against the owner being ignorant of its worth and withholding it from the market if he is not a collector.

The work of Caxton and his followers consisted to a large extent in printing (often translating also) books of established merit, rather than new literature. But within the period before the Stationers' Charter there are a certain number of original productions, and these, as the first flush in England of that literary dawn which we call the Renaissance,

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

have the excellence of human interest as well as of scarcity. Gawin or Gavin Douglas's own work, The Palis of Honour (1553), as well as his translation of the *Æneid*, is very rare: the few known copies of the Palis are unlikely to reappear, though one changed hands so recently as the Herschel V. Jones sale (1918, \$1210). At the same sale the Eneid brought \$560, and a second copy—in fine, tall condition, with the leaf against "detractours" and the ninth leaf in signature X-was sold in 1923 for \$460. This was an early step in the education of the brutish Scot in the English tongue, and in his introduction to the great classics of the world. Douglas informs us that he was the first native writer who applied the name of "Scottis" to the language he employed, and he informs us that he had, to the best of his ability, "written in the language of the Scottis nation." His translation attests his accurate knowledge of Latin; while the request of Lord Sinclair, that he would also translate Homer, shows that he was considered as well acquainted with Greek. The characteristic of the original *Æneid* is a sustained loftiness, but Douglas's translation is written more in a homely and familiar style. Its author had it in view to make his favourite classic easily understood by his countrymen. In one or two instances he has modernized the ideas of Virgil—for example, he describes the sibyl as a nun, and makes her admonish Æneas to count his beads.

Gower's Confessio Amantis is in a like position of scarcity. John Skelton, that vivacious and attractive writer who was England's first Poet Laureate, is deservedly prized and unfortunately rare. His works appeared in the Britwell Court sale. Here are a few of the prices: Philip Sparrow (two copies by different publishers. Veale and Toy, about the middle of the sixteenth century), £350 each; Agaynste a Comely Coystrowne, £1780—the only copy known, bound up with two other works, now in the Huntington Collection; The Death of Edwarde the Fourth, £330; Why come ye nat to courte? (two copies), £240 and £350 (three copies only are known of the first edition). The last to appear at public sale was the Ashburnham-Hoe-Huntington-Clawson copy; it realized \$3700. In the same sale Colyn Cloute (second edition, five copies known) sold for \$2000. Of one of his alleged books, The Nigramansir (1504), no copy is known; of the rest the British Museum has a goodly collection of unique copies. The Skeltonicall Salutation, with its rhyming title. has become very precious. It was published by Toby Cooke in 1589 in small quarto. The prices recorded for it are: Inglis sale (1826), £3 13s. 6d.: Bindley (1818-1821), £4 4s.; Heber (1834-1836), £3 13s. 6d.; Christie-Miller (1922), £160; Powys (1923), £205. There is a very rare edition of the same date printed by Joseph Barnes at Oxford; the Mostyn copy of this was bought for £160 in 1920.



finatic affice

why come ve nat to courte, why come ve nat to courte, compyled by anaptice Anaptice Anarcate.

SHAN KINKA KINK

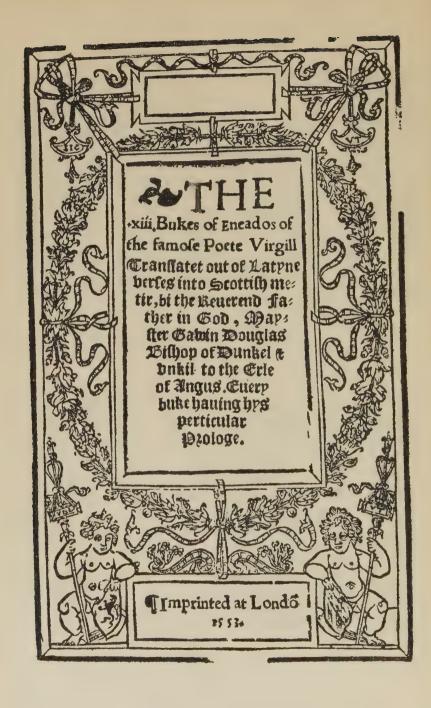


THE THE LEGISLAND OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

boke called ColynCioute comppled by maylee Astlem pace Laureice. Laureice. THE STATE OF STATE

Quis cosurgat meca aduentus maliganantes. aut quis stabit meca aduentus operantes iniquitatem, Nemo domine





EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

Most of these rare books have aristocratic pedigrees, but one lonely volume is described as "found in a farmhouse" so recently as 1878. Skelton's life was a fairly long one. Pynson published some of his books; but other known copies of his separate works published even after his death are very valuable. His Works (1568) sold in 1923 for £250.

Of other writers there is not even a transfer of possession to be recorded in many cases—Robert Henryson, the Scottish poet, for instance (his Robene and Makyne is said to be the earliest Anglo-Scottish pastoral poem), or John Heywood, whose earlier interludes are mostly known only by single copies in public collections (Thomas Heywood's almost equally rare works come into the next period). His Proverbes in the Englishe Tongue (1546) fetched £410 at the Powys sale in 1923. His Pardoner and the Frere (1533) is known by only two copies, and has not occurred at auction for many years. The Foure PP. (n.d.—circa 1555?) was sold for £151 in 1907; The Spider and the Fly (1556) for \$950 in 1911, but has since changed hands twice for only \$500. The Workes (1562) realized \$310 in 1912 (Hoe sale), \$455 (Hagen, 1918), and \$490 (H. V. Jones' Later Library, 1923). Alexander Barclay's Ship of Fools (Pynson, 1509—a translation of Sebastian Brandt's Stultifera Navis, famous for its woodcuts) is almost unknown in its first edition. Even the edition of 1570 (Cawood) consistently realizes about £80. It is the book

"wherein is shewed the folly of all States . . . very profitable and fruitful for all men":

"Where as ye knowe" (the final "exhortation" runs) "that ye be of this sorte,
Amende your life, and expell that vice away."

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret. The ship of fools may still be in full sail.

In fact, the scarcity of extant copies of books published in the reigns of the Tudors is curiously proportionate to their literary interest. They are heralds of the sunrise, who, having uttered their message into the expectant world, withdraw, and are no more seen. Roger Ascham (whose Schoolmaster, when it last appeared in public, cost its buyer \$360), Sir Thomas More—of whose Utopia in the very rare English-printed edition only one sale seems to be recorded 1—Tusser (A Hundred Good Points of Husbandry), are all in their different ways prophets of the new England.

Of another New England a book of the period is significant. The explorer from whom America is named, Amerigo Vespucci, died in 1512, and his earlier works in various languages are all rare. Perhaps the rarest of all is the English translation printed at Antwerp in 1521—the first book in the English language about America. The inevitable British

 $^{^1}$ Mr John Burns has a very fine collection of More's works. The Utopia, which sold for £49 in 1905, fetched 4d. at the Bernard sale in 1698.

EARLY ENGLISH PRINTERS

Museum has one copy, Mr Huntington another, and the Bodleian two leaves. Since America has now become the greatest book-collecting country, it is difficult to say what heights of value might not be reached if ever another copy of Of the New Lands and of the People found by the Messengers of the King of Portugal named Emanuel . . . published at Antwerp, by Jan Van Doesborch, 1521, quarto, came into the open market.

It should not be forgotten that in this period the earliest English versions of the Bible appeared. The first English New Testament was Tyndale's, of 1525, of which only a fragment seems to survive (in the British Museum). The first entire Bible was Coverdale's (1535). Both were printed abroad, and no completely perfect copy is known. The Ashburnham copy of the Coverdale sold for £820 in 1897. The collection and study of versions of the Bible is a special subject, upon which many useful volumes have been written. Certain editions are valued for their peculiarities, their rarity or their beauty of production, but not, from a collector's point of view, so highly or so often as the amateur who possesses an old volume believes.

The Prayer Books of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, in their original form, are hardly less scarce than the rarest Bibles. So also are the earliest Bibles printed in America. Eliot's Bible in the Algonquin tor.gue, 1661-1663, printed at Cambridge

(Mass.), has realized from £370 to £580, and the second edition was sold by the Governors of Christ's Hospital for £265 in 1920.¹ But it is for some special feature in a very limited number of editions and copies that these works are prized by collectors; they have never had the opportunity of becoming rare through neglect or disappearance.

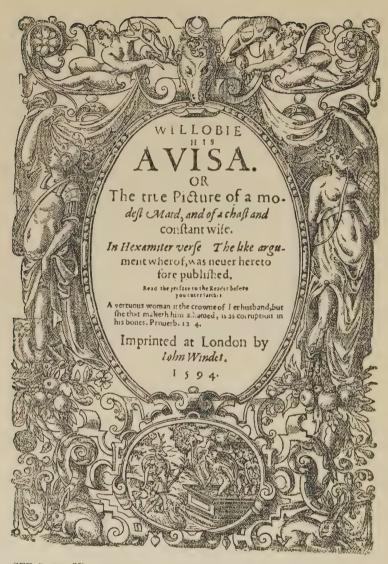
So, in a little less than a hundred years, the mind of England was transformed, and the great commerce in ideas opened, with all that it means of enlightenment, beauty and cupidity.

¹ Christ's Hospital, commonly known as the Blue Coat School, has eminent literary associations, since Lamb, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt were among those who wore in Newgate Street the picturesque costume of an Edward VI. apprentice—still the costume to be seen near Horsham, whither the school has removed. But a Bible in the Algonquin tongue is not much use to a school library, and it is no reflection on the governors of an honourable and self-supporting foundation that they sold it. The sale, however, is an interesting example of the way in which rare books may suddenly be procurable.

CHAPTER IV

Let us now praise famous men, and our Fathers that begat us. The Lorde hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning.

Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1, 2.



SEE PAGE 67. THIS VOLUME CONTAINS THE FIRST MENTION IN PRINT YET DISCOVERED OF THE NAME OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CHAPTER IV

THE RENAISSANCE

HEN the Renaissance at last reached England from France and Italy it produced that spacious literature which for convenience we call Elizabethan; and books of the period, of almost any kind, have of late changed hands at enormous prices, as a rule to pass into the hands of American collectors.

The real truth about this tremendous advance in the sale values—apart from the economic point of view which the man in the English street understands readily enough—is to be found in an admirable preface to the Grolier Club of New York's Catalogue of Original and Early Editions. The American libraries, wonderful though they have become, do not, or did not, possess "the vast treasures" of English public libraries. They were not, and never could have been, in a position, as the Bodleian was, to sell a First Folio in 1664 and to replace it by the more up-to-date Third at the same time; and to buy back their own First two and a half centuries later. They have all that leeway to make up. We in England need not grudge their generous-minded efforts. The British Museum, the Bodleian and the

65

Cambridge University Library are between them to books in England what W. G. Grace is to cricket. Players to-day may do prodigies under more advantageous conditions, but "W. G." has almost always done it first. The Burdett-Coutts First Folio has gone to America to join its many brothers in Mr Folger's splendid collection; but the Grenville copy is in the British Museum. Most of the known copies of Meres' Palladis Tamia are in America; but the British Museum has one. Marlowe's Tamburlaine is in Mr Huntington's collection; but the Bodleian has the other known copy. And so ad infinitum.

It has often been said (and we have implied it already several times) that for every rarity which goes "to the United States or elsewhere abroad, there are a dozen would-be buyers, public and private, in England." But England is rich enough and proud enough not to regret their crossing the Atlantic for public collections, younger than our own, but formed in a great public spirit.

It must not be thought, however, that only the great literature of this period is valuable. On the contrary, volumes which to an average well-read man would appear trivial as literature can now be procured, in the original editions, only at prices for which it might be said Shakespeare alone should change hands. £410 for John Marston's Scourge of Villanie, and £660 for it with his Metamorphosis of

Pygmalion's Image, £340 for Samuel Rowlands' Betraying of Christ, £1950 for Willobie his Avisa all Britwell sale prices: why?

The reason is that these books are the real beginnings of English literature as we know it, written in the English we to-day understand, written also in the English spoken when America was first discovered. They are of immense value to the student of English literature, and in very many cases not more than two or three copies are known to exist.

The significance of such work may most readily be seen by considering two typical authors, neither, from a purely literary point of view, of absolutely the first rank, but both, from the collector's point of view, of high importance. Their writings are a searchlight on Elizabethan culture, the typical products of which are as interesting and valuable as much greater literature. They are Robert Greene and Anthony Munday.

Greene, who died in 1592, probably alone and in poverty, is of course the better known of the two, if only by reason of his famous outburst against his young rival, William Shakespeare, in his posthumous Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a million of Repentance (1592). He was nearly everything

¹ This volume itself is an extraordinary example of the difficulties that beset a bibliographer. The *Dictionary of National Biography* (reissue, 1908) says: "The earliest extant edition is dated 1596 (Huth)." One of the few known copies sold in 1913 for £220. A Britwell copy of the same date went to America in 1919 for £820; it was then catalogued as "the second edition." But in 1909 the British Museum acquired from a provincial bookseller, at a very low price, the edition

a literary man could be, and, by his own account, was in his private life "wholly addicted to all graceless endeavours." He knew (and usually quarrelled with) almost all the men of letters of his day—the day when letters really were born in England. He lived a full, extravagant, concentrated life, and he translated most of it into some form or other of book—now and then, as in the lovely poems, "Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair," and "Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee," into imperishable literature. If it were only for his human frailty Greene's works, all very rare in their original state, would be highly valued by collectors. But they are so scarce that few can even try to acquire them.

licensed (in the Stationers' Register) in 1592 but not known to the national biographer; and in 1917 a 1592 copy was exhibited in New York, the possession of Mr W. A. White. What another 1592 copy would now fetch at auction can be only dimly conjectured. The book is of the utmost interest. It is more than a landmark in literature. It is true that it contains the most celebrated and earliest allusion to the "upstart crow," Shakespeare. But that very allusion reveals the other side of the book—the forlorn, desperate humanity of the fallen star. Hungry, thirsty (for he drank hard), diseased, penniless, he who had once been a popular dramatist and a popular poet and a popular novelist broke into impotent rage against himself, against the rival new-comers, against his own old friends, against Time, whom he could not stay:

"O that a yeare were granted me to live,
And for that yeare my former wits restorde:
What rules of life, what counsell would I give?
How should my sinne with sorrow be deplorde?
But I must die of every man abhorde."

The letter "found with this book after his death," addressed sorrowfully to his wife, is not unworthy to stand by the last letters of Raleigh and Sir Edward Dering. £820 is not too much to one who loves men as well as books.

In the way of what may be called literary-social criticism, apart from the Groatsworth, he wrote an account—probably true in the main—of his own life: The Repentance of Robert Greene. It is in the Bodleian, but has not appeared elsewhere of late. Greenes Vision: Written at the Instant of his Death (1592), was bought in the Britwell sale for £620, for America: the British Museum has a copy. Just before his death his various pamphlets on London life appeared - invaluable social documents: for instance, A Notable Discovery of Coosnage (1591; £460, Britwell, 1919, for America; in the British Museum); A Disputation betweene a Hee Connycatcher and a Shee Conny-catcher (1592; £400, Britwell, 1919); Greenes Farewell to Folly, first edition, 1591 (did he ever really say farewell to it?), £920 at the Britwell sale, where it was catalogued as unique but for the Bodleian copy; Morando, the Tritameron of Love, 1584; Edward White — the Heber-Freeling-Britwell copy, which fetched \$3200 at the second H. V. Jones sale and dropped back to \$2800 at the Clawson sale, 1926. (The exception proves the rule, for this is one of the few instances of a really rare book dropping back in price.) Other books by Greene, if they are of the sixteenth-century issue, are rarities of the most unusual kind, and are not now likely, except by the happiest chance, to fall into the hands of any collector.

PANDOSTO The Triumph

of Time.

VV HEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spight of fortune it is most manifest by renealed.

Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton passimes, and bringing to both a defired content.

Temporis filia veritas.

¶ By Robert Greene Maister of Artes in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.



Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwinfor Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere wnto the North doore of Paules,

1588.

Greene clutches at the skirts of Fortune in all his writings, for his Pandosto (1588)—sometimes described as The History of Dorastus and Fawnia¹—is the foundation of Shakespeare's Winter's Tale. It is in the British Museum, but does not appear to have been exposed to the collector's eye for long past. His Philomela was sold in 1923 for \$1060, and his Arcadia, or Menaphon for \$1100. His Alcida, a collection of stories about women, is equally scarce: an imperfect copy of the 1617 edition was bought in 1913 for £19.

He wrote likewise plays, which are chronicled in the usual books of reference. Even the second edition of his Historie of Orlando Furioso, published in 1599, was worth £100 in 1918, and £112 in 1919. What the first edition is worth cannot be estimated, because it has not been offered for sale, if it exists; it was issued five years earlier. The first part of The Tragicall Raigne of Selimus (1594) has been sold for £750; it should have, to be perfect, a blank leaf marked A before the title, and another, unmarked, at the end; but it is not certain that Greene is the author of this play.

Greene did not write philosophy or theology, nor, except incidentally, is he interested in sport. But he touched almost everything else, and it is quite probable that he was even one of the great Tudor borrowers or translators. It is impossible here to

¹ Not Favonia, as it is misprinted in the index to Book Prices Current.

enumerate all his works; they number between twenty-five and thirty, according to the taste and fancy of the expert literary critic.

Anthony Munday (1553-1633) was, as the Dictionary of National Biography says, "an epitome of his age"; but he was not, like Greene, occasionally a great poet. Like Greene, he was connected with the stage—he acted on it, he wrote for it, he was hissed off it, he wrote against it. He was engaged in religious controversy, which now, as a rule, is but a mote in the collector's eye. He was by way of being a politician: he wrote ballads, pageants for the city—he was styled laureate of the City of London—and translations. novels, pamphlets; he contributed to miscellanies like Hakluyt's and Bodenham's. He was a workaday journalist, at heart and in fact, and worthy of record even if his books were not now exceedingly scarce. And, like Greene, he is in the train of Shakespeare: Fedele and Fortunio (1585, quarto; £3020 in 1919—the only copy known; another edition, n.d., of which two copies are known, both imperfect, commanded \$3400 in 1923), which was the substructure of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, is commonly supposed to have been translated by him. admirable catalogue describes Munday as "printer's apprentice, Protestant, pamphleteer, pursuivant. Government spy, actor, playwright, poet, romancer, pageant - writer and city chronicler." Munday is connected with the play of Sir Thomas More, to

which reference is made below for its relation to Shakespeare. His play, The Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington (W. Leake, 1601), was worth £120 in 1921. and £155 (unbound) in 1919; his Mirrour of Mutabilitie (in its substance an echo of Gascoigne and in its title an echo of Spenser), £95 in 1922 (Britwell). His Watch-woord to Englande (Thomas Hacket, 1584), which contains curious particulars relating to the history of Queen Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower during the reign of her sister Queen Mary, with the rare dedication leaf to the Queen (a point to note), was catalogued at £65 in 1923. No copy was in the Hoe Library, and the Huth copy lacked the dedication. It contains a laudatory verse by R. W. on the verso of the title page. R. W. was Robert Wilson, who collaborated in the pseudo-Shakespearean play of Sir John Oldcastle (V. S. for Thomas Pavier, 1600), and was the author of the pre-Shakespearian Three Lords and Three Ladies of London, published by R. Jones, 1590—a copy was sold in 1919 for £320.

And finally, he probably wrote the play most debated in Elizabethan literature — Sir Thomas More. The MS. is in the British Museum, and the play is interminably discussed because at least one passage is alleged (to our minds, convincingly) to be in Shakespeare's own handwriting. Whether that be so or not, the differing hands in this precious document illustrate our very point—the community of knowledge and interests, the readiness to take a

hand in any form of what would now be journalism, which are characteristic of the age.

Few original printed copies of any of Munday's works are extant. He is pure Elizabethan: versatile, eager, productive—or, rather, eruptive—and engaged always in translating life into print. There was nothing he did not touch, even if he did not always adorn it.

These two have been chosen as typical. All the writers of the day, with few exceptions, were closely interrelated. Munday knew Stow, the chronicler, intimately. He writes of Chettle, he is written of by Nash, he is mentioned by Ben Jonson and Webbe and Middleton, to name only a few of his contemporaries. Greene, as has been said, was in the thick of every literary controversy. And both of them represent the concentrated, multifarious life of their day, not at its noblest nor necessarily at its basest, but at a typical mean. No student of that strenuous Elizabethan life can neglect them. But only a few students can ever see their books in the form in which they themselves saw them. That is why they are so costly. They are the intimate personal life of a great epoch. And that is the true key to the present appreciation of the copies that sometimes change hands—change hands, it may now well be, for the last time.

¹ As literary executor, he produced the 1618 edition of Stow's Survey of London.

It is probably simplest to group the more desirable books of the time under categories of the literature to which they belong—pure poetry, fiction, history and travel, social or literary documents, and translations. Greene and Munday between them illustrate all the types. It will be convenient also, while mentioning the chief names under these headings, to deal specially with what may be called obscure books—books historically interesting though not great literature—and, through rarity, valuable. Shakespeare and the drama, and books of certain special types are, of course, treated separately.

If one starts with pure poetry, there is no need to excuse the high commercial figure placed upon the works of Edmund Spenser when the few known copies of them come into the market. The poets' poet, as Lamb so nobly called him, claimed kinship with those Spencers who, as Dukes of Devonshire, were afterwards fain to collect his and a thousand other works.¹ To the collector they all live, but, as Gibbon wrote: "I exhort the Spencers to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

That great work - which, it may be recalled

¹ In what degree he was connected with the Althorp Spencers has not been ascertained, it does not seem to have been a close relationship. From the *Prothalamion* we learn he was born in London, probably in 1552. His father is said to have been "a free journeyman in the arte and mysterie of clothmakynge." Of his mother nothing seems to be known, except that her Christian name was Elizabeth. He died in a London tavern, homeless and destitute—through no fault or vice of his own—in the last year of the sixteenth century.

incidentally, contains an allusion to King Lear which Shakespeare must almost certainly have seen-is exceedingly scarce in any of its early forms; the British Museum and the Bodleian contain it, however, with the rest of Spenser's productions. first volume of the Faerie Queene was published in 1590. Page 332 should have a blank space for the insertion of Welsh words, in the earlier copies. It should also contain Spenser's "Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh" describing his intentions, and the original complimentary sonnets, sometimes two leaves, numbered 601-604, at other times four unnumbered leaves. Later issues contain the Welsh words. The second volume appeared in 1596. The Britwell copy sold in 1919 for £400; even in 1904 the volumes fetched £240, and they are rare enough to exceed that level as fresh copies appear: as can be shown. the first edition can still provide matter for surprise and conjecture.

Even as we write—it is a common happening in the literary world, as in any branch of science (a cancelled leaf has just been found in a Shakespeare First Folio)—what we believe to be a unique copy of the Faerie Queene is before us. It proves that in the course of publication the Faerie Queene underwent minor but very human changes. It contains the stigmata mentioned above, but has in addition the following peculiarities. All other recorded copies are dedicated to "the most excellent and glorious person

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Disposed into twelue books,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.

1 5 9 0.

of our soueraine the Queene," to whose Majesty Spenser was presented by Sir Walter Raleigh. The quotation comes from the "Letter expounding his whole intention," addressed to Raleigh (page 591, vol. i.). The actual dedication runs: "To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth." This dedication is entirely wanting in the present copy; it should appear on the *verso* of the title page.

Now Spenser began this glorious poem about 1579; but he was not presented to Great Eliza till 1590, when the first three "books" were published and must have been in type for some little time. The letter to Raleigh is dated 1589. The inevitable conclusion is that the dedication was an afterthought, a new step towards fortune in happy fulfilment of a wish which he could hardly have dared to express before his appearance at Court. After publication Spenser was granted a pension of £50 a year.

The importance of this copy is further shown by the fact that sheet E is partly duplicated. In addition to the ordinary or regular pagination another "half-sheet," wrongly imposed, is inserted. The pagination runs thus:

Corrected sheet: 67 to 74 continuously; incorrect (proof) half-sheet, 67, 72, 73, 70, 71, 68, no folio, 74; corrected sheet, 75-78 continuously; 81 (Sig. F, 81 misprinted for 79), 80, 81.

It seems obvious that a faulty proof sheet got into this first issue, with a pull of the undedicated title page.

In passing it is interesting to note that many desirable copies have the Welsh words, and only ten sonnets on four pages instead of fifteen on eight pages; indeed, the famous Grenville copy in the British Museum is of this issue.

The Shepheardes Calender (1579) was sold in 1919 for £1280, and resold at the Clawson sale (1926) for \$17,700. Only five copies are known; not all of these are perfect, and the Britwell copy of the second edition, of 1581, fetched £240 in 1922. Later editions—1586, 1591, 1597—are all precious, and most of the few known copies have a pedigree.

Colin Clouts come Home againe (1595), with its famous allusion to the "gentle shepherd," William Shakespeare, though fairly scarce, is known to exist in many collections: the Britwell copy was bought for £105, the Clawson for \$450. The volume was dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh; it should have woodcuts in the text. So should the scarcer Complaints (1591), which also mentions Shakespeare, and is valued up to £200. At least one large-paper copy is known; it was formerly in the library of Bishop Gott.

The Amoretti and sonnets describing Spenser's courtship, with the glorious Epithalamion that celebrates its happy ending, left the Britwell Collection in 1919 for £1200, and passed to the United States, and was resold for \$8600 in 1923. In fact, anything Spenser wrote is in its first edition very valuable.

So is a work formerly attributed to him, but not by him—Brittain's Ida (1628). It is exceedingly rare. The Britwell copy sold in March 1923 for £570, the previous highest price being £115 in 1918 for the Huth copy. The Prothalamion and Daphnaïda are not less scarce and valuable.

From a literary point of view, again, there is no fault to be found with collectors for the value they attach to the works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, which, criticism apart, are not only important but even bewildering from the point of view of book-production. They appeared first of all as Songes and Sonettes (1557), in a volume published by Richard Tottel or Tottell, whose productions, it may be said in passing, are almost all of value. Only one copy of that edition is known to exist, and it is in the Bodleian. book is attributed on the title page to Surrey "and other." The "other" were Thomas Wyatt, with forty poems—the son of the man who was sustained by a pussy-cat who brought him a pigeon every day to his window in the Tower of London: however, unlike his son, he was not decollated on Hay Hill, a few yards away from where these words are written-Nicholas Grimald or Grimoald (forty poems), and some writers not identified (ninety-five

¹ Dr Grosart, in a vivacious and combative essay (1869), gave very strong reasons for believing that it was by Phineas Fletcher; and this ascription was proved true in 1923 (*Times Literary Supplement*, XXII. iii. 23).

poems). In the second edition (also 1557) Grimald has only ten poems, and thirty-nine new poems of unknown parentage appear, while Surrey is represented by four additional poems and Wyatt by six (both these authors, it should be remembered, were dead-Surrey beheaded on Tower Hill on a flimsy charge of treason). In the later editions up to 1587 —all scarce, but all in one or other of the English public collections—there were no changes in substance, but many slight typographical variations. The very rare second edition, for instance, varies in itself: one copy (Trinity, Cambridge) has a ¶ reversed before the title, and part of the colophon in Roman type; the British Museum copy has the colophon in italics and no paragraph sign. There are other slight differences. Both bear the same date, 31st July.1

The book is also known, perhaps better known, as Tottel's Miscellany. It is the first splendid outburst of the time when England (as perhaps she is again to-day) was a nest of singing-birds. It was published in the year of the Stationers' Charter. It presents a number of curious human problems in respect of editorship and publication and copyright. Copies of all the known first eight editions must always be valuable. A famous catalogue offers the 1574 edition for £84; three or four other copies are known. The Britwell copy of the second 1557 edition, apparently

81

¹ Mr W. W. Greg gives collations of all the chief editions (1557, 1559, 1565, 1567, 1574, 1585, 1587) in *The Library* (New Series). vol. v., 1904.

identical with that at Cambridge, passed to America in 1919 for £2400. There is a slightly confusing difference in the bibliographical style which records the book, because the two simultaneous issues of 31st July 1557 are by some treated as separate editions. The fifth (1565) and seventh (1574) editions realized £600 and £650 respectively at the Britwell sale in 1922.

This very popular anthology was followed by others, most of which can be mentioned only briefly here. Richard Edwards (who also wrote a very rare comedy, Damon and Pithias, 1571, the Corser-Britwell copy of which changed hands in 1923 for £1250, only three copies being known, one in the British Museum) edited and contributed to The Paradyse of dainty devises (1576; £1700 at the Britwell sale, 1919; the only other known copy is in the British Museum). All the many editions of the sixteenth century are scarce. The 1578 edition varies the author's name on the title page, as well as the poems; and there may still be copies extant, recorded and untraced for long, or never recorded at all. The Britwell third edition copy (1578) was sold for £250, and the fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth for prices which amounted in all to £2690. The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions (1578), edited by Thomas Procter - whose Triumph of Truth, if ever it appears for sale, would be very eagerly sought for-is, in a perfect state, known

by only one copy. Anthony Munday's Banquet of Dainty Conceits (1588), full of his own bad poetry, is equally scarce, and so, almost, is Clement Robinson's Handful of Pleasant Delights (1584). And from them we come to treasures incomparable. We have mentioned the Britwell Venus and Adonis (p. 5); it was bound up with The Passionate Pilgrim (1599), a collection of pirated lyrics (how did William Jaggard, the publisher, get them? Anyone who finds out can ask his own price for any documentary evidence. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Raleigh . . . they are all there). Trinity College, Cambridge, has a copy; three are known. And The Phanix Nest, edited by "R. S." (1593) 1—Lodge and Breton appear in this, and possibly Greene, and it is the gold dust of poetry. The Britwell copy was bought for £510.

And, finally, two otherwise almost unknown names echo down the dark corridors of time: John Bodenham and Francis Davison. Bodenham helped to produce *Belvedere* (1600; Munday may have had a share in it) and the ever-famous *Englands Helicon* (1600), in which Shakespeare, Raleigh, Spenser, Sidney, Greene, Drayton, and many others appear. The Huth copy cost £130 in 1913, the Hoe copy \$1500 in 1911, and the Clawson copy—apparently an indifferent example—\$400 in 1926. *Belvedere* owes its value, apart from scarcity, to the fact

¹ Phillis and Flora, by "R.S.," 1598, was sold in 1922 for £660, rising to that price from a first bid of £60.

Belvedere OR THE GARDEN OF THE MVSES.

Quem referent Muse vinet dum robora tellus, Dum calum siellas, dum vebet amnu aquas.



Imprinted at London by F.K. for Hugh Afthy, dwelling at Saint Magnus corner, 1600.

that it contains two hundred and thirteen quotations from Shakespeare, as well as other literary allusions of value. It mentions Shakespeare, and it is alleged that one of the complimentary verses is by a relation of the wife to whom he left his second-best bed. The Grolier Club collated a 1600 copy. Signature A is described as ten leaves. But the Britwell copy has only nine leaves in that signature. Yet it sold for £280 to an American bidder. It is not stated whence this copy derived. The second edition (1610) is entitled The Garden of the Muses. The British Museum has not quite perfect copies of both these anthologies. It also has a copy, annotated by the editor, of Halliwell-Phillipps' (J. O. Halliwell) reprint of the Shakespeare songs from Englands Helicon: of this twenty-five copies were printed (1865) and ten preserved, the rest being destroyed.

Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) last appeared for sale, apparently, in 1891, when one of the two known copies (the other being in the Bodleian) cost £60. £600 is perhaps nearer its present-day value, if it reappears.

And lastly, there is *Englands Parnassus* (1600), now generally ascribed to Robert Allot, though credit is occasionally given to Robert Armin, a hack actor of Shakespeare's theatres, whose four known works are very scarce.¹ There are nearly a hundred

Only one copy—in America—of the first edition of his Fool upon Fool (1600) seems to be known. An altered version of it, under the

quotations from Shakespeare's earlier plays in this precious book. The Britwell copy sold in 1923 for £50.

Mr Slender, the celebrated cousin of Mr Justice Shallow (in his cups an expert in balladry), lent his Book of Songs and Sonnets to Alice Shortcake. We know nothing of his relations with her, nor who she was, nor why she wanted the volume, save that Elizabethan England was addicted to song and dance, as well as to "conny-catching," in which Bardolph and Pistol were experts. But Mr Slender's book can hardly have been other than one of those just mentioned. That is their preciousness. They were popular: they have vanished. They are on the edge, sometimes in the middle, of all that is greatest in the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

And in that great literature there are also great men. Sir Philip Sidney, splendid in his death as in his life, was typically Elizabethan in the versatility of his writings. His noble sonnets appeared under the title of Astrophel and Stella, in 1591. The Huth copy of one of the varying first editions went to America in 1918 for £580. Both this and An Apologie for Poetrie (1595; a work of the highest importance in the history of criticism) are very rare. The Apologie also appeared twice in 1595, and the retitle A Nest of Ninnies (1608), seems also to be unique. Armin is a good example of an obscure author, historically interesting, whose works have almost vanished.

issue was named The Defence of Poesie. His Arcadia (The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia), one of the earliest (and at times most tedious) of Elizabethan romances, was published in 1590. Only four or five perfect copies are known. It is very valuable (\$4900 and £1000 in 1919, and \$7700 in 1926, are the highest prices recorded), but there are a fair number of copies of early editions in existence. All these works, like those of Surrey and Wyatt, remained unpublished till after their author's death.¹

The name of Fletcher is prominent in the literature of the day. John Fletcher, the dramatist, is dealt with in the next chapter. His cousins, Phineas and Giles,² were rather of the Spenserian school, as has already been noted in connexion with Brittain's Ida. Giles' Christs Victorie (1610) was not immediately popular when it appeared, but it is a rare book now. They were robust fledgelings from the unfailing Kentish song-birds' nests. The Fletchers were born and bred within a few miles of the place where William Caxton learned his English. Phineas wrote an amazing account of the human body and mind, under the romantic title of The Purple Island (not

¹ A memorial volume upon his *Life and Death*, published in 1586, was sold in 1922 for £360.

² Not to be confused with his father, Giles Fletcher, whose suppressed account *Of the Russe Common-wealth* (1591) is rare. Like Turberville, the elder Fletcher was one of the many Englishmen who sought Russian trade after Elizabeth had come to an understanding with Ivan the Terrible. His *Licia* (love poems) is also rare. The Britwell copy was sold for £620 in 1921.

COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA,

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIPPE SIDNEL



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.

Anno Domini, 1590.

published till 1633, but probably written much earlier, during Elizabeth's reign).

A better and less diffuse poet was Samuel Daniel, whose lovely sonnet, beginning "Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night," is in every good anthology. He links together a number of literary names. He was tutor to Lord Pembroke's son at Wilton; but there were none of his books in the sale of the famous Wilton Library in 1920. He was Poet Laureate for a short time before Jonson entered upon that office. He was a friend of Chapman; he addressed a panegyric to Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton; he celebrated the "creation" of Henry, Prince of Wales, a royal book-collector cut short untimely; and he wrote not merely the sonnets (Delia, 1592, a very rare volume), but a defence of rhyme (against Campion's advocacy of blank verse —Campion, who could write "There is a garden in her face," one of the best lyrics of his or any other time!).

A poet not less typical of the heroisms and the intellectual inquisitiveness of the Elizabethan age is Michael Drayton, who put into his *Poly-olbion* (first part, 1612, second, 1622) a rhymed inventory of England, full of value to the local historian to-day. The two parts in one volume (1613-1622) are now worth from £30 to £80 or so, according to condition. The first issue had no date in its original state, and the title page was engraved. Probably Drayton's

earliest work, if it ever appeared in its original form, would be of great value in the saleroom. It was The Harmonie of the Church (1591), a metrical version of part of the Scriptures, and was destroyed by authority, save for forty copies ordered to be kept at Lambeth Palace, where there are none now. One copy is known to survive—in the British Museum: where are the other thirty-nine (they might possibly bear the title The Triumphs of the Church, which appears in the Stationers' Register)? A reissue, A Heavenly Harmonie of Spiritual Songs (1610), known only by the unique Britwell copy, The Heber-Christiewas sold in 1922 for £620. Miller copy of A Pan Triumphall, London, printed for John Flaskett, 1604, brought \$1475 in 1926. His Idea passed from Britwell in 1923 for £830. His Peirs Gaveston (?1594) fetched £210 at the 1922 sale: To the Majestie of King James: A Gratulatorie Poem (1603), £50; The Legend of Great Cromwell (1607). The general bibliographies record his chief other first editions (except Mortimeriados, 1596: Moyses in a Map of his Miracles (1604); Ideas Mirrour (1594, £910 at the Britwell sale in 1923) and Matilda (1594, £160 at the same time). And the British Museum possesses practically all of them.

An author almost as versatile but less diffuse was George Gascoigne, who wrote *The Steele Glas* (1576), the earliest English satire; the first English prose comedy, *The Supposes*—used by Shakespeare in

The Taming of the Shrew—which does not seem to be known in any separate early edition outside the Works—and A Hundreth sundrie Flowres bounde up in one small Poesie (1573)—and it is important that the pagination should be irregular; Jocasta, a very early tragedy, which is in like case; Notes on verse-making; and poems under the title of Posies, corrected 1575. Like many Tudor writers, he deplored the parvenu town-dwellers of the day; but he himself, of good birth (a descendant of the famous judge), wasted his substance, and had to fly to marriage and Holland to escape his creditors.

It is impossible, without writing an encyclopædia, to enumerate all the poets of that wonderful period. And time, and the Great Fire, as well as little fires and all the mishaps of mortality, have wrought such havoc with the books of great Elizabeth that almost all not fortunate in lodging in some really well caredfor collection have perished. They are therefore nearly all rare. And as the known copies of the first editions of the greater writers have nearly all come to a final home in public, or ultimately public, collections, the collector, except by some happy chance, must now see what he can secure of the lesser men's work. Even such work is scarce and valuable. Here are a few names and recent prices among the poets: Thomas Churchyard, Come bring in Maye with me (1570), £310; A Feast full of Sad Cheere (1592), £460; Henry Chettle, Englandes Mourning Garment

(1603), £148 and \$1000; William Barksted, Mirrha (1607), £755; Nicholas Breton, Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591-only one copy known), £755; The Mothers Blessing (1602-five copies known, only two perfect), £400; Olde Mad-cappes new Gallymawfry (1602), £600; A Merrie Dialogue Betwixt the Taker and Mistaker (1603—in the British Museum and Bodleian), £520; Thomas Watson, The Tears of Fancie (1593), £100; Richard Lynche, Diella (1596), £300: John Dickenson, The Shepheardes Complaint (1595?), £300; Barnabe Barnes, A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets (1595), £175; Richard Barnfield, The Affectionate Shepheard (1594), £620; Cynthia (Lownes, 1595; two other copies known-one in the Bodleian), £1550. Barnfield's rare Encomion of Lady Pecunia (1598) mentions Shakespeare.

The religious poets of that time of persecution and counter-persecution form a small but interesting group, and many of their works are of great rarity and value. The most prominent, perhaps, is Robert Southwell, priest and Jesuit, who, after long imprisonment and the severest torture, was hanged at Tyburn in 1595. His chief work appeared after his martyrdom, under the title of *St Peter's Complaint* (1595) printed by I. R[oberts] for G. C[awood]. It is in the British Museum, which is rich in early copies of this author's works. Another edition was published in the same year by John Wolfe. The bibliography of the book is contradictory, and it may be useful to

go into it rather fully. The Wolfe edition of 1595 is recorded as changing hands in 1918 for £66 (the Huth copy) and £50 (Mr H. B. Wheatley's copy); but Book Prices Current speaks of them as the first edition. William Leake produced an undated edition which Sir Sidney Lee attributed to 1596, Book Prices Current to about 1602, and the British Museum catalogue conjecturally to 1610. The copy of this edition from the Britwell Library, with Mæoniæ and The Triumphs over Death (1595, John Busbie), was sold in 1923 for £350; the Huth copy of the Complaint in 1918 for £27. There were other editions issued by Cawood in 1597 (£160 at the Britwell sale in December 1919), 1599 and 1602. Robert Waldegrave of Edinburgh produced an undated edition (attributed by the cataloguer to 1595, and conjecturally to 1600 by the British Museum); a copy went to America in 1922 for £90. Even the seventeenth-century editions are valuable. The second Douai edition (1620)—containing (as the first of 1616 did-they are absent in earlier versions) the author's initials, and his prose work, Marie Magdalen's funerall Teares 1—was sold for £20 in 1922.

Mæoniæ, another volume of religious poems, was printed by Valentine Sims for John Busbie in 1595.

¹ The separate editions of this are also rare. They appear to be 1602 (Printed by I. R. for W. L., *Marie* being omitted from the title) and 1609 (*Printed for W. Leake: Marie* included). The 1609 Huth copy was sold for £35. The first edition (1591, Cawood) seems to be unknown.

A copy changed hands in 1907 for £4 15s., but the Huth copy fetched £38 in 1918. Other editions of the same year may be in existence. Other poems appeared in A Foure-fould Meditation, of the Foure last things (printed by G. Eld for Francis Burton; 1606). Only one perfect copy is known.

The names of Barnabe Barnes and Giles Fletcher have already been mentioned. A hack writer of more than ordinary ability, about whose life little more is known than his books reveal, but whose works are scarce and highly valued, as well as numerous, was Samuel Rowlands. His Betraying of Christ 1 (1598, Adam Islip) is in the British Museum (two copies) and the Bodleian; the Britwell copy went to America for £340. At the same sale a less pious work—Looke to it; for Ile stabbe ye (1604; W. W. for W. Ferbrand)—departed for America for £140: the Bodleian copy is by E. Allde for W. Ferbrand and George Loftus, and is dated 1604, but was licensed in 1603. The twelve-line epigrams of which it chiefly consists are vivacious and sometimes witty sketches of everyday types of the day which it took a Shakespeare to translate into living characters. They are in the authentic succession from Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, but only poor relations. On the other hand, as specimens of the epigram form

¹ The Huth sale, it has been observed, affords a fairly full Rowlands bibliography; but this and other works in the Britwell and other collections—most of them enumerated by Sir Sidney Lee in the Dictionary of National Biography—were not in the Huth Collection.

they are early and important, and they contain many curiously intimate references to the social life of the time. A scarce facsimile reprint, limited to fifteen copies, and very well printed, was produced by the Beldornie Press in 1841.

Before we speak further of Rowlands and leave the religious poetry, a few other names of "religious" poets may be briefly mentioned: Alexander Hume, whose Hymnes or Sacred Songs of 1599, published by the Waldegrave who issued Southwell also, was sold for £145 in 1922 (Britwell); Thomas Este (his own publisher), whose Passions of the Spirit went for £130 at the same time (there may be other editions, possibly earlier); various works identifiable only by their titles or an author's initials, like Mary Magdalen's Lamentations (Adam Islip for Edward White, 1601; £75 in 1922) or Saint Peter's Ten Tears (Gabriel Simson for William Jones, 1597; £175, 1922). It should be remembered that these works are collected not for the theology in them-theology either of Elizabeth's day or of any other day strikes no spark in the collector's heart now, though in the early book sales it was important—but for the contemporary life in them, and (if they have it, as have Southwell and occasionally Rowlands) the Even those two qualities, literature in them. however, must have a third and fourth added unto them-perfection of condition, and clear evidence of authentic primogeniture. The high prices

mentioned were paid for perfect or almost perfect copies, preserved intact (and perhaps glorified and yet better preserved by a fine binding) through the zeal and insight of generations of wise collectors.

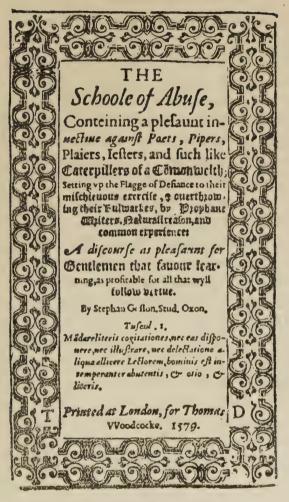
Rowlands, like Greene and Munday, was a multifarious writer, ready to turn his bitter pen to anything. He borrowed barefacedly from Greene, for instance, in his Greene's Ghost-haunting Conie-catchers (R. Jackson and I. North, b. I., 1602—£85 at the Huth sale for a copy with the original blank at the end, and \$1650, New York, 1926). He gave the old mediæval romance of Guy, Earl of Warwick, a fresh lease of the life that was to continue in the later chapbooks. The earliest edition is said to have been issued by Elizabeth Allde in 1607, but no copy is known; a 1667 edition (Huth) was sold in 1918 for £17, and is now catalogued at a considerably higher price; a less fine copy went for £20 at the Britwell sale. Elizabeth Allde did another edition in 1632. Rowlands likewise joined in controversy with Dekker, and was clearly an expert in the manners, morals and current slang of London. He is dealt with very fully by Sir Sidney Lee, and it is hardly necessary to catalogue all his works here. Some probably have never been in a saleroom. If they appear, even the Britwell prices may well be rivalled. The chief high prices hitherto, other than those already mentioned, were for Martin Mark-All (a criticism of Dekker; 1610, printed for

John Budge and Richard Bonian)—£81 at the Huth sale, £120 at the Britwell, and \$625 at the Clawson sale; Humors Ordinarie (between 1600 and 1603: a reprint of a suppressed work called The Letting of Humors Blood, 1600, of which four copies are in British public collections)—£58 at the Huth sale for a 1607 edition, £110 at the Britwell for the pre-1603 edition, both printed for William "Firebrand"; The Knave of Clubbes (a reissue of A Merry Meeting, licensed in 1600, also suppressed, and unknown to exist in its first form)—£84 for the 1609 edition (same publisher, but spelt Ferebrand), and £290 for the Bindley-Heber-Britwell 1611 edition, bound up with two similar pamphlets; Hell's Broke Loose (W. W. for G. Loftus, 1605)—£310 in 1923; and the Night-Raven—£56 for the Huth copy of 1634 (printed by W. I. for Thomas Baily), £160 for the Stevens-Heber-Britwell copy of 1620 (G. Eld for John Deane and Thomas Baily).

It is that omnivorous interest in life which is the fascination of minor Elizabethan literature. The sixteenth century not merely discovered a New World; it was living in one, and it was pleased with it, on the whole, and desired to tell everyone about it. It is not surprising, therefore, that the literary criticism, social satire and essays of the age are of immense value in every sense. Such works as those by Rowlands just mentioned have many rivals. Stephen Gosson provides some. He was an actor,

97

playwright (his plays apparently have not survived), poet, satirist and parson; and he attacked the practice of all these professions save Holy Orders. (Sidney and Lodge answered him.) His few extant works are of the greatest rarity. The Schoole of Abuse sold recently for £720; it was printed for Thomas Woodcocke in 1579. The Wilton copy sold for £490 in 1920. The 1587 edition (same printer) sold for £70 at the Huth sale in 1913. The Ephemerides of Phialo (T. Dawson, 1579) is described by Sir Sidney Lee as 12mo, the British Museum call theirs 8vo. The 1586 copy from the Huth Collection (£55, 1913; same publisher) is also 8vo. Playes Confuted is now in the British Museum, not absent, as it was when Sir Sidney Lee wrote Gosson's life in the Dictionary of National Biography. There is also a copy in America, which apparently is dated 1592: the English copies are undated, but ascribed to 1582. It was published for Thomas Gosson, probably Stephen's brother. It is a valuable document for stage history, and answers Lodge on the theatre. Pleasant Quips for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen (anonymous: imprinted by Richard Iohnes, 1595) is also interesting in its bibliography. The Huth copy was sold in 1913 for £180, and a similar copy changed hands in the 1922 Britwell sale for £315. A second edition, also scarce. appeared in 1596. The 1596 edition was reprinted ("a very limited number," and expurgated at that) at Totham in 1847, and at that time only one



copy of each (1595 and 1596) was known. Mr Rimbault also did a reprint in 1841—twenty copies only, less expurgated. Sir Sidney Lee says the Percy Society suppressed this vivaciously indecent work in that year—evidently not quite successfully.

Gosson is only one of many. Francis Meres' Palladis Tamia—of the utmost value to Shakespearian students—is well known. Wm. Webbe's Discourse of English Poetrie (John Charlewood for Robert Walley, 1586) is not. The only known copy outside the Bodleian went to America in 1922 for £1100. It contains an honest and early appreciation of Spenser. Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie (Richard Field, 1589—Field was Shakespeare's Stratford acquaintance), which should have, for perfection, four cancelled or extra leaves between signatures N and O, added in a (rarer) second issue of the first edition, was bought (with these leaves) for £320 at the Britwell (1922) sale, and the Steevens copy (apparently without the four leaves) for £140. The highest price previously recorded is \$760 (1919). in America.

It was not only in poetry and the drama that the Elizabethan interests lay. They were influenced by European literature, and they translated it. They imitated it, and produced the first English novels. They were likewise interested in their own past and in the men of action of their own day, and in travel generally. A typical travel writer is Thomas Coryat

(he falls just outside this period so far as publication is concerned, but is otherwise in it), who put together various collections of odds and ends ("Crudities hastily gobbled up," as he himself called them) drawn from his adventurous career of self-advertisement. He went as far as the court of the Great Mogul in his zest of life. A first edition of any of his works is valuable as well as interesting. The greatest of all English epics, Richard Hakluyt's Principal Navigations (1589)-" principal navigations": quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?—if it contains a map of the world and a chart of Drake's voyages, may be worth \$850 (1917), and in the three-volume edition \$3400 (1911, the very fine Hoe copy).1 Purchas, neither so good an editor as Hakluyt nor so early a writer, but of great interest, is less precious, and much depends on the details of the copy (Hakluytus Posthumus, 1625-1626-W. Stansby for H. Featherstone). A copy in the original vellum was sold for £114 in 1920. The historians like Holinshed (Chronicles, 1577, and 1586-1587, each in two volumes), Stow and Camden are all worthy of the collector's as well as the reader's attention.

^{1 &}quot;For the bringing of which into this homely and rough-hewn shape, which here thou seest; what restless nights, what painful days, what heat, what cold I have endured; how many long and changeable journeys I have travelled . . . what expenses I have not spared; and yet what fair opportunity of private gain, preferment and ease I have neglected; albeit thyself canst hardly imagine, yet I by daily experience do find and feel."—From Hakluyt's Preface to the Reader, 2nd ed., 1598.

The novelists were as a rule also of some eminence in other branches of literature, in which their works are frequently no less scarce to-day. Lyly's Euphues resounded through Elizabethan literature. It set a fashion and passed into history, with its conceits, its exuberance, its balanced antitheses, the most famous of which, perhaps, Shakespeare echoes in 1 Henry IV.: "The camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows"; and The Return from Parnassus parodied: "A polecat, the further she is from you the less you smell her." Its bibliography is uncertain. It was licensed on 2nd December 1578, and, according to Sir Sidney Lee, published in 1579. Miss Bartlett attributes the only perfect copy of this to Bodley's Library, but probably she means one of the editions of 1579. But Mr de Ricci records a Cambridge copy (Trinity College, Capell Collection) of 1578, and this edition the British Museum also possesses, with the conjectural date 1578. It was printed for Gabriel Cawood, like the sequel of 1578. At any rate, all the early editions are rare and precious.

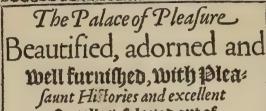
In passing, the high value of Lyly's other works may be mentioned: Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes (Cadman, 1584) was sold for \$4350 in 1923, and an undated copy in 1922 for £360; Midas (Thomas Scarlet, 1592), \$2100; Sapho and Phao (T. Orwin for W. Broome, 1591), \$3450; Mother Bombie (T. Creede, 1598), \$2250; The Woman in the Moone (W. Jones, 1597), \$2300—the previous

"record" being \$1320. These works came from Mr H. V. Jones' second collection in 1923. In the Clawson sale (New York, 1926), Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes resold for \$3250, Midas brought \$3000, Pappe with an Hatchet (no author or date, but the work of Lyly, who championed the bishops in the bitter Martin Mar-Prelate controversy) sold for \$275, The Woman in the Moone (Britwell copy) for \$1900, and Mother Bombie (the Jones copy) for \$1800.

Lodge's Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie, the splendid foundation of the yet more splendid As You Like It, is apparently known in its first edition by two copies only, both now in America (£210, 1901; £960, 1922). It was printed by T. Orwin for T. G. and J. Busbie in 1590. Editions of a few years later are also very scarce and valuable.

Sidney's Arcadia has been mentioned; it was a serious rival in popularity to Euphues. So was William Painter's Palace of Pleasure (1566-1567, two volumes: H. Denham for R. Tottell and W. Jones), the Britwell copy of which went to America in 1920 for £1400, and was resold in the Clawson sale (1926) for \$16,000. From this come many Shakespearian allusions and the substance of plays. Nash's Unfortunate Traveller, the first English picaresque novel, has not yet soared to those financial heights, but is a rare book (T. Scarlet for C. Burby, 1594).

Some of the novels of the period were translations, like Broke's Tragical History of Romeus and



faunt Histories and excellent Poutlies, selected out of divers good and commenpable Authors.

T By William Painter Clarke of the Ordinaunce and Armarie.



HAPRINTED AT London, by Henry Denham, for Richard Tottell and William Iones.

Juliet (1562: "imprinted... by Richard Tottell"; another edition by R. Robinson in 1587). This was from the Italian of Bandello, by way of French, and on it Shakespeare based the magical rapture of Romeo and Juliet. Happily for the world that royal borrower lived in an age of great translations. One of the greatest (as well as one of the rarest) was John Florio's version of Montaigne's Essays (1603; V. Sims for E. Blount). The British Museum, out of its three copies of the first edition, has two which contain respectively the autographs of Shakespeare (possibly that of "another gentleman of the same name") and

¹ Probably "John" was Giovanni originally: Florio was of Italian birth. A perfect copy of the Essays should contain two pages of errata; apparently very few known copies do so. Florio's other works are also rare. His Firste Fruites (1578; T. Dawson and T. Woodcocke: the British Museum has only an imperfect copy) sold for £10 5s. in 1906—not a really fine copy—and for £58 (also not a really perfect copy) at the Wilton sale in 1920. Florio was patronized by the Lord of Wilton, the Earl of Pembroke, and bequeathed books to him—perhaps this very volume. His Second Frutes (1591; Thomas Woodcock) has been called very rare indeed by an American bibliographer; but a copy, not perfect, changed hands in 1913 for £2 18s., and one bound up with the Firste Fruites for It is alleged (by high authority) that a dedicatory sonnet— "Phaeton to his Friend Florio"—is by Shakespeare. If so, it is his first printed work, and his worst sonnet. Florio also made an Italian-English dictionary, first, in 1595 and 1598, called, A World of Words, and later, Queen Annas New World of Words, this being a revised and expanded edition. It was indubitably used by Shakespeare. But this 1595 edition sold in 1913 for £4 2s., and the 1598 edition (A. Hatfield for E. Blount) for £3 3s. His Giardino di Recreatione, printed in Italian in England, appeared (T. Woodcock) in 1591, and in 1580 (H. Bynneman) he translated a work of great American interest and much rarity (perhaps half-a-dozen copies are known)-Jacques Cartier's Navigations and Discoveries to the North-west Parts called New France—which is worth £250 or more.

Ben Jonson. Such finds as these are unlikely for any collector now.

Florio has been mentioned at some length because his works may not only have a financial value but may still exist in out-of-the-way corners; as also may his manuscripts, which he desired to have preserved. Other translators of the day—Hoby, Philemon Holland, North—are all now valuable or are likely to become so: the latter's Plutarch (1579; Thomas Vautrollier) is at present offered for sale for £100. Chapman's Homer in various forms is perhaps the most desirable of all in good condition. The Seaven Bookes of the Iliades (1598) has sold for £500. Only four copies are recorded, but there may be others. This is the first edition of Chapman's first book. The Iliads [and Odysses] (1611-1614), 2 vols., is worth £50, and The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, a small folio volume, published in the year that Shakespeare died, is desirable. being the first complete edition. It is frequently offered at £100 or so. His Batrachomyomachia (1624) with the two unnumbered leaves of "Epilogue" was worth £80 in 1925. Even the minor writers -like Arthur Hall (Iliad, 1581), Thomas Drant (Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567), Thomas Phaer (Vergil's Eneid, 1558 and 1562), and the various translators of Ovid-are now highly valued. Adlington's noble translation of The Golden Asse of Apuleius is very rare in all its early editions: the first (1566:



SEAVEN BOOKES

OF THE FLIADES OF HOMERE, PRINCE

OF POETS,

g Translated according to the Greeke, in iudgement of his best Commentaries

by

George Chapman Gent.

Scribendi recte, lapere est & principium & fona



LONDON.

Printed by Iohn Windet, and are to be solde at the signe of the Crosse-keyes, neare Paules wharsfe.

1598.

b. I.) has not appeared for many years. The anonymous first English translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron* (two volumes in one, but with two title pages—Isaac Jaggard, 1620) has changed hands (in 1923) for \$2400 (in the original calf), the previous prices rising by stages from £63 (1902) to £185 (1919).

The reason for such value is clear. What the collector of English works seeks to-day in the books he will try to acquire is life—the eternal spirit of the mind of man as it is seen in different ages, and as, in one way or another, it persists in the forms of literature with which it was first clothed in England.

There are two important points for the collector to bear in mind; the moral of them is pointed by this chapter, and it will endure at least many generations. Anyone who collects books in the true spirit does so because he wishes to acquire and to see and to possess the earliest or best editions of the kind of work which engages his sympathies. Now other people have those sympathies. But the sympathies of to-day or to morrow or the day after are not those of yesterday or yester-year, and the number of sympathizers, so to speak, varies, as has already been said. And some people, wise in their generation, treat books as an investment, and speculate on the permanence of certain sympathies; hence "book prices current." But it is a dangerous speculation. Collectors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries imagined that the minutiæ of theological

controversy would occupy men's minds for ever. Theological books are now as dead as mutton, even from a theologian's point of view. The Greek and Latin classics have shared the same eclipse. save for a few famous examples from great presses. Typography, the justly worshipped idol of the nineteenth-century collector, still has its devotees, but, except for very special examples, its value in books is now chiefly that of scarcity alone. What is wanted is literature and life. Your Elzevirs, your Aldines, have now (for the most part) only two out of several possible claims on competitive desire rarity and beauty. We have cut adrift from the past in letters unless its stream still runs in our life; and the Elizabethan channel is not yet completely dammed. It is too strong and invigorating.

The other point is that, whether you buy or sell good books, or even exchange them, the conditions of the market must always be considered. That is particularly important when another country is concerned, and with rare books "another country" is greatly concerned. To-day it is the United States of North America, to-morrow Australia and Canada, then British South Africa, who will be keen competitors for the golden glories of the mother tongue in their earliest form; but it is clear that the great American and Colonial collectors who, naturally and honourably, have caused the undoubtedly real appreciation in the price of Tudor books, are animated

by a desire to give their countries the possession of rare books which are also of value to the history and literature of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is altogether proper and fitting that they should do so.

It is not for Englishmen to think, still less to fear, that the people of the United States will hereafter dominate the world in culture or in wealth. Rather is it right for England to glory in her own treasures—so rich that in the sum total they cannot be exceeded—and to be happy that, often in friendly rivalry, her child, grown to a different and most splendid manhood, is eager to have within her populous cities the very books that were born with her.

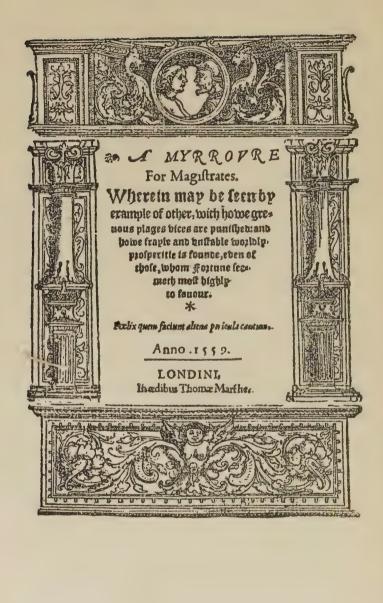
As we write, the vast library of the most widely known of wealthy American families has been disposed, under trustees, for the benefit of scholars for so long as the books themselves hold together. The collection includes manuscripts, engravings, pictures, and other beautiful things as well. It was gathered by the late Pierpont Morgan, and augmented by his son. It contains the Amherst Caxtons, a great number of Shakespeare quartos, countless rare volumes of every kind, and original holograph MSS. of famous works. Thus do the great books reach the ports of the world after stormy seas.

CHAPTER V

And when your yeares rise more, thon would be told, That neyther of you seeme to th'other old.

BEN JONSON.

(Unpublished inscription in his "Workes," to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, on the occasion of his marriage. From the holograph MS. in the British Museum.)



CHAPTER V

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED"

Whoever possesses even a comparatively late edition of the work entitled A Mirror For Magistrates owns a book (very rare in itself) which was the herald of the Elizabethan dawn. He also owns in it a literary and bibliographical puzzle.

The book, like so many works of the period, owes its ultimate inspiration (by way of John Lydgate) to Italy-to Boccaccio. It has a strange history. No one really knows who wrote it; it changed its name, and it is not quite certain when it was first published: probably in 1554 or 1555. The British Museum has a fragment of that first edition, which bore a title, apparently, very like what the 1619 edition (The Falls of Unfortunate Princes) adopted —A Memorial of suche Princes as since the Tyme of King Richard the Second have been unfortunate in the Realm of England. John Wayland published it. William Baldwin probably put it together, and wrote some of the metrical "lives" of the "princes," who were not all "princes." In fact, the first in order was Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, whose stout West Country name still lives in an inn on his confiscated estate in Cornwall, and

113

who tried John Ball, the first articulate English socialist, and was himself hanged for treason at Tyburn tree.

It was a good and typical beginning for the book, which was meant to be a kind of guide to the tragedies of English history. But the work itself was published, so to speak, backwards. Its first part started with the tragedies latest in point of time, and the 1559 edition ends with Edward VI. fragment of the edition of 1554 or 1555-which appears to have been overlooked by all the bibliographers except the indefeasible possessors of itcontains only the life of Owen Glendower. It is dated, curiously enough, by a reference to its suppression and a change in the royal title. Baldwin, in his 1559 edition, says "the worke was begun, and part of it printed iiii yeare agoe." But its publication was forbidden. The fall of "princes" was not a healthy subject for authors, even if they wished to write only a poetic-historical encyclopædia.

There were nineteen "falls" in the 1559 edition. By 1610 they had grown to eighty, and the new matter included many of those strange stories that come, perhaps, from the welter of Rome's withdrawal from Britain, and maybe farther back still: the tales of Locrine and Sabrina (immortal through Milton's reference), of Bladud (rewritten by Mr Pickwick), of Cordila (rewritten by Shakespeare), of Ferrex, Porrex, Uther Pendragon, Roman emperors

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD ..."

and legendary Celts. Many hands took a part in the work at different times: among them Skelton, Churchyard, Phaer, Drayton and Sackville. The 1559 edition (T. Marshe; Britwell copy) was sold for £800 in 1919, and resold last year (1926) in the Clawson sale, New York, for \$4850. At the same sale the two other editions were disposed of: 1587, \$120, and 1610, \$325.

The book, then, is an admirable introduction for those few who can possess it, to the full, exuberant life of that amazing age. There is in it—and only William Warner's Albions England (1586, G. Robinson for T. Cadman) is at all comparable to it in literary interest, and not quite comparable in costliness—the key to much Elizabethan literature.1 Apart from the fact that it probably provided the material for many plays (and it should be remembered that more plays have vanished than have survived: there may even yet be surprising resurrections), it contains something of the eager curiosity of the Renaissance, linked at the same time to the fantastic credulity of the Middle Age. It contains also, in Sackville's splendid Induction, the first hint of the majesty of Elizabethan verse.

And Sackville himself is a forerunner of that other splendour, the Elizabethan theatre. He is the part

¹ Warner also wrote a very scarce volume, called *Syrinx*, or (at first) *Pan his Syrinx* (1584, T. Purfoote: in the British Museum). The British Museum copy of *Albion* is alleged to be Shakespeare's own.

ALBIONS England.

Or Historicall Map of the same Island:

prosecuted from the lives, Altes, and Labors of Saturne, Iupiter, Hercules, and Eneas: Originalles of the
Brutons, and English-men, and Occasion of the Brutons their first aryuall in Albion. Continuing the
same Historie vnto the Tribute to the Romannes,
Entrie of the Saxones, Innasion by the
Danes, and Conquest by the
Normannes.

With Historical Intermixtures, Inuention, and Varieties proffitably, briefly, and pleasantly, performed in Verse and Prose by William Warner.



Imprinted at London by George Robinson for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North-doore of S. Paules Church at the signe of the Byble.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD..."

author of the first English tragedy, Gorboduc (1565, William Griffith: apparently the only known copy is in America). It was played before the Queen in 1561, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Three acts are by Thomas Norton and two by Sackville. It was reissued as The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex (sold for \$2900 in 1923) in 1570, by John Day, who in a preface gives not only his readers but collectors of to-day a clue to the strange idiosyncrasies of Elizabethan publishers. Most of them (like Drake, Hawkins and others of their contemporaries in different walks of life) were pirates; and it is their typographical errors, omissions, false attributions, which to-day give their productions a human as well as a financial interest. Day accuses Griffith of a "corrupt" text. Books were apt to be published (regardless of the chaotic copyright law) from any MS. a publisher could lay hands upon.

Gorboduc's second title leads us back to The Mirror For Magistrates, in which, as has been said, Ferrex and Porrex appear (they were Gorboduc's sons, and there is a good deal of bloodshed in the play). It was not, therefore, original in essence. But the first English comedy is necessarily an original work. As the only known copy of the first edition of Ralph Roister Doister (date uncertain: possibly as early as 1553) is at the great school (Eton), from which its author, the headmaster, Nicholas Udall (Uvedale or Udal) was dismissed on a serious charge, the

work is probably unlikely to come into a collector's hands: though, since even that unique copy (lacking the title page) was acquired only by accident, and presented to Eton in ignorance of the fact that it was the work of an Etonian, chance may yet be on the side of some fortunate person. (Udall's *Flowers for Latin Speaking*, printed by the King's printer and binder, Berthelet, in 1533, is excessively rare. He also wrote many interludes, which have disappeared.¹)

Not quite so rare, but not to be acquired save by another happy chance, is the very early comedy, Gammer Gurtons Needle (1575), now, with some certainty, ascribed not to John Still (Bishop of Bath and Wells), but to an otherwise unknown writer called William Stevenson. The Herschel V. Jones copy (a pedigree volume in choice state) changed hands for \$10,000 in 1918, and the Kemble-Devonshire copy, each leaf inlaid, and some head-lines cut into, found a purchaser at \$4100 at the Clawson sale, 1926.

Gascoigne's early dramatic work has already been mentioned, and so have the rare Interludes of John Heywood. Thomas Hughes wrote "a device" for playing before the Queen, called *The Misfortunes*

¹ Udall tried to get back to Eton, and wrote a curious letter to some unknown person to aid his suit: "Accept this my honest change from vice to virtue, from prodigality to frugal living, from negligence of teaching to assiduity, from play to study, from lightness to gravity." He failed. But he subsequently got a prebendal stall at Windsor and the headmastership of Westminster.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD . . ."

of Arthur; an unidentified "R. B." put forth Apius and Virginia; Thomas Preston, a rather ludicrous "tragedy," Cambises (1570: alluded to by Shakespeare. The second edition, 1585, was sold for \$1000 in 1923); and John Pickeryng a not much better, Orestes. Very few copies of any of them are known. All such works are scarce and valuable in their original form, and the desire to possess them in that form will certainly not diminish. They are the beginnings, as Sir Edmund Gosse says, "of the purely modern forms of literary expression."

Those "purely modern forms" soon took a shape which was to be immortal. Any collector of Elizabethan literature should know the history of Elizabethan drama in outline. It is by no means unlikely, now that the whole of England is again gradually changing hands, that there may be more vet to be learned about that history than even the scholars know. Vanished plays on which Shakespeare might have practised his magic may yet come to light. The plays which he is known to have transmuted into gold—The Troublesome Reign of King John, The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and others—are all at present of the utmost rarity. But the passing of some old manor-house or farm from the family that, newly enriched, bought it in Henry VIII.'s day, may reveal treasures long overlooked.

There are many anonymous plays of that type which the bibliophile must eagerly desire. No less eagerly will he seek to acquire the work of Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries. Ben Jonson, perhaps, might be considered as a Jacobean rather than Elizabethan writer; but he was (like another Johnson) the outstanding personality of a long generation:

"Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

That genial, delightful, and sometimes unsavoury divine, Robert Herrick, can have known Jonson only in his late maturity. But no collector who loves a good book can fail to feel a strange thrill of exaltation if he acquires and handles and turns the leaves of a volume that may have been shown, a new thing, an author's own firstling, to the company at the *Dog* or the *Triple Tun*, or even at the *Mermaid*: Ben—" jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth"—as drunk as any

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD ..."

of them, except perhaps poor Robert Greene. A Jonson find, with his neat annotations, is not beyond hope. He usually inscribed his books with his Latin motto *Tanquam explorator*, near the top right-hand corner of the title page, and lower down the page "Sū Ben: Jonsonii." Notes in his small handwriting are generally dispersed through the text.

One of the best "finds" was made recently by a bookseller in London. A small library had been purchased from an old country house. There was apparently very little of value or interest in the books, and they had lain neglected in the dealer's shop for some days. One morning he (literally) kicked a little volume, whereupon he picked it up to replace it upon the pile from which it had fallen, and in doing so mechanically opened the volume. Glancing quickly at the title he was amazed to read "Sū Ben: Jonsonii Liber." He had found a book that had been lost for a century! Gifford, in his admirable collected edition of Jonson (1816), 9 vols., had seen it, and Mr W. R. Ramsay, in his excellent paper on "Books from the Library of Ben Jonson," read before the Royal Society of Literature, 1907 (vol. xxvii., pt. iii.), mentions it but does not describe it.

The sequel to the discovery is of interest, and as one of the present writers was a subsequent possessor of the volume it may be told in full. The fortunate

finder put the book in his catalogue (without price). A clever assistant to another house saw an early copy of the catalogue and secured the prize for a moderate sum. It shortly afterwards changed hands at something like three times that sum, and now reposes in the bosom of a great American collection, never, we hope, to be lost to the world again, even temporarily, for this precious little volume is a no less important book than Martial's Epigrams (1615, Felix Kingston for G. Welby), edited by Jonson's friend Farnaby, who, in the preface, acknowledges his indebtedness to Ben. It was published in London, and upon the back of the title is a Latin letter, written by Jonson himself. It is loosely translated here for those who more easily read English; the greater part of it runs: "Greeting to my friend Richard Brigges. Here I send you your book, my Brigges, which yesterday you extorted from me in a hardly kind manner. It wished to be sent to you this very day, without more delay, lest I should be found guilty of a broken pledge to you. It is my Farnaby's Martial, not mutilated by Jesuits, or unmanned, or hardly Martial, but whole and entire, not less chaste but more of a man.

"A commentator [i.e. Jonson himself] has put his own notes in it, though they would be obvious without any commentary. Read it, preserve it, and think kindly of a man not unlearned nor pedantic

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD . . . "

in knowledge of Martial's wit and wealth. . . . Your Jonson." The letter is dated 1623.

Of Ben Jonson himself it is not necessary to write very fully. It is possible to supplement the accepted bibliographical details by a few notes, especially as the British Museum is rich in rare copies of first editions. The Works (1616-1640) vary so much typographically that it is hardly worth while to record all the minute differences. It was once believed that there were complete two-volume editions of them in 1631 (that is, in Jonson's own lifetime—he died in 1637) and 1641; and this belief was based on the fact that individual pieces in the bound volumes bear different dates, and even different imprints. Hitherto, apparently, those pieces, if they were ever issued separately, have not come to light in that form. The only certainties are vol. i., 1616; vol. ii., 1640. There was a reissue of vol. i. in 1640, with a retouched frontispiece, some typographical changes, and the addition of one "epigram." It is possible that Robert Allot published two or three plays—separately—in 1631; but if so they have vanished.

The British Museum copies of some of the individual works vary from the current bibliographical descriptions: The Characters of Two Royall Masques has the publisher's name spelt Thorpe, not Thorp. The Description is of the Masque, not a Masque. Every Man in his Humour is published by W. Barre,

though no doubt his name was really Burre; and similarly one of the persons responsible for producing *The Masque of Queenes* is printed Wally, not Walley, and G. Eld, not Elld, is the printer of *Sejanus*.

The collected Works involve some curious problems. About the first volume, issued in 1616, there is not much room for doubt: it appeared in Ben's lifetime. But the second, produced in 1640, after his death, is very suggestive. To begin with, it should have a second title page. The first simply mentions the names of three plays, and is done "for R. Meighen, 1640." The second is a title page for the first play-"BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE: A COMEDIE, acted in the yeare 1614. . . . Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot . . . 1631." The pagination is then continuous up to 170. After that comes Christmas, his Masque, with fresh pagination (1-160), with the headline, "Masques." At page 161 is a half-title-"London, Printed M. DC. XL.," and here Underwood's Poems of Devotion commence, the headline being "The Underwood." These poems run to page 284, and are followed by another half-title -" Mortimer his Fall. . . . Printed M. DC. XL." This play ends at page 292, when The Magnetick Lady appears, with a strange date - " printed M., CD. XL." The Lady starts a fresh page, and

¹ The play was acted in 1632 and mentioned by James Howell in 1629.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD . . ."

runs to p. 64. (The British Museum copy contains two MS. notes in a hand which looks like eighteenthcentury writing—" first acted in Oct. 1632.") On p. 65 of the new sequence begins A Tale of a Tub, dated 1640 (MS. note "First acted in 1635"). It ends at page 114, and then, with a surprising date— M. Dc. XLI., a year after the date on the title page of the whole volume !-comes that exquisite work, The Sad Shepherd. Horace, His Art of Poesie (printed M. DC. XL.) starts a fresh pagination, and this is continued in The English Grammar and Timber: or Discoveries—the Grammar dated 1640, but Timber dated 1641. In the latter a few misprints should be present—such as "now" for "new" on page 93, "Cliot" for "Eliot" on page 102, "meretorious" on page 92 for "meretricious" (surely one of the kindest mistakes ever made!). There is also a strange gap in the pagination of the earlier part. Such is the British Museum copy; but in another copy in contemporary binding, also examined, the Works are bound in different sequence.

All this leads to the almost necessary conclusion that other and separate editions of the various works—especially *Bartholomew Fayre*—were printed and were in existence, and may yet be discovered. *Timber* also, and *The Sad Shepherd*, may still lie *perdu* in some old house.

Collectors can but hope for that rare chance. They cannot hope for Jonson's own presentation

copy to John Florio of *Volpone*, nor for that yet more wonderful copy of *The Masque of Queenes*, which contains a long inscription in Ben's very beautiful handwriting to the Queen before whom the masque was performed, Anne, wife of James I. and mother of Prince Henry, the fine book-collector to whom the work is dedicated. Here, to stir envy and covetousness, is the full title and part of the inscription:

"The / Masque of Queenes / Celebrated / From the House of Fame: / By the most absolute in all State, / And Titles./ Anne / Queene of Great Britaine, &c. / With her Honourable Ladies./ At VVhite Hall, / Febr. 2. 1609./ Written by Ben: Ionson./ Et memorem famam, quæ bene gessit, habet./ LONDON, / Printed by N Okes, for R. Bonian and H. VVally, and are to / be fold at the Spred Eagle in Poules / Church-yard. 1609."

The written inscription begins thus:

"To her Sacred Majestie.

"Most excellent of Queenes,

"The fame zeale, that ftudied to make this Invention worthy of y' Maiestyes Name, hath fince been carefull to give it life, and authority: that, what could then be objected to first but of a few, might not be defrauded of the applause due to it from all."

That book once belonged to David Garrick.

The last copy of the play offered for sale changed 126

THE MASQUE OF QUEENES

Celebrated

From the House of Fame:

By the most absolute in all State,
And Titles.

ANNE

Queene of Great Britaine, &c:

With her Honourable Ladies.

At VV hite Hall,

Febr. 2. 1609.

Written by Ben: Ionson.

Et memorem famam, qua bene gessit, habet.

Printed by N Ores. for R. Bonson and H. VVally, and are to be fold at the Spred Eagle in Poules Church-yard. 1609.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES

and
THEIR VNION.

celebrated in a

MASQVE

designed for the Court, on the Twelfth night.

1624.

Hîc chorea, cantúsque vigent.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD . . ."

hands at £245, and is now in America. But the British Museum has those other two, and also an autographed copy of C. Edmundes' Observations upon Cæsar's Commentaries (1609?—M. Lownes), containing two "epigrams" by Jonson and his and the translator's signature.

An odd work by Jonson which does not seem to have been offered recently, but which still might crop up unexpectedly, was not published separately till long after his death. In A Strange Banquet; or, the Devil's Entertainment by Cook Laurell at the Peak in Devonshire (sic), he accidentally links up, by association, names dear to book-collectors. Cock Lorell (the more usual spelling) was one of the great and notorious vagabonds of England in Henry VIII.'s day. "By trade he was a tinker, often carrying a pan and hammer for show; but when he came to a good booty, he would cast his profession into a ditch, and play the padder." satirical poem about him was printed by Wynkyn de Worde (Cock Lorell's Bote: the only known copy-in the Garrick Collection at the British Museum—is imperfect and undated). Rowlands (already mentioned) includes him in his Martin Mark-all—he puts him second in his list of professional rogues-and Lorell appears also in an exceedingly scarce pamphlet (1565, John Awdely, and also 1575), The Fraternitie of Vacabondes. The curious may like to trace a certain allusion to his

129

local habitation to some connexion with the place where (according to summoners) friars live after death.

Ben Jonson's own poem (a singularly bad one) first appeared in his masque, The Gypsies Metamorphosed, which has not (so far as can be ascertained) survived in any separate original form: but it is possible that copies exist, for Jonson is known to have altered the text for each of three Court performances in 1621. It was very popular, apparently, and was reprinted in 1675 separately: possibly also earlier and otherwise. The 1675 edition is a two-page quarto broadsheet, with some amazing woodcuts.

Among the most desirable are *Hymenæi*, 1606—a masque to celebrate the marriage between Robert, Earl of Essex, and the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. It is said to be the first full-grown masque, and recently sold for £220. The rarest of all is *The Fortunate Isles*; only five copies are known—only one absolutely perfect, with the original blank leaf at the end. The title bears no printer's name, nor the final page a colophon. It was worth \$4900 in 1926. We have already mentioned *The Masque of Queenes*, in honour of Queen Anne, 1609. Seven copies are recorded; it is worth less by two-thirds. *Sejanus*, 1605, and *The Alchemist*, 1620, may be bought for £50, but *Cataline his Conspiracy*, 1611, which has verses by Beaumont, Fletcher and Field, and *The*

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD . . ."

New Inne; or, The Light Heart, A Comædy, As it was never acted, but most negligently play'd by some, the Kings Servants, 1631, will be bargains if bought for less than three or four times that sum, and Every Man in his Humor (Walter Burre, 1601), recently cost a new owner \$900. Jonson adapted Shake-speare's Midsummer Night's Dream in the second portion of B. Jon: His Part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment through his Honorable Cittie of London. Edward Blount, 1604. Shakespeare is said to have taken part in the King's procession on his formal entry into London, but Jonson wrote the words of the pageant.

All Jonson's works are valuable in any early edition, and a full bibliography has not yet been published. It is almost certain that single untraced or infrequent works will appear from time to time, like *The Fountain of Self-Love* (1601), which left the Britwell Library for £550 in 1923—about £500 more than on its previous appearance in 1901.

Jonson, perhaps even more than Shakespeare himself, is the nerve-centre of Elizabethan literature. For one thing, he was immensely learned, and possessed a very large library (burned by chance, but not before he had sold a good many volumes under financial pressure). For another, he was intimately connected with almost every literary activity of the age. He was the pupil of William Camden, whose *Britannia* (1586, R. Newbery:

other editions in 1587 and 1590) and Annales have not yet soared to the realms of gold, but whose writings are of much value to the historian and topographer. He was the friend and devout admirer of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who has not often been accused of writing Jonson's plays, but whose Essayes, in the 1597 edition, can now come into a private collector's hands only by a chance find of an untraced copy, and at a great price. He collaborated with Chapman and Inigo Jones (whose other masque, The Temple of Love, written in conjunction with Sir William Davenant, does not cost so much as one of his buildingsexcept in proportion to its size). He was the friend or acquaintance or enemy of every dramatist of the day; he wrote not only the well-known verses. but (in Timber) that noble sentence about Shakespeare - "I love the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. . . . There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Even a posthumous eulogy of such a man— Jonsonus Virbius (1638, P. for Henry Seile)—is to be esteemed; it changed hands for £27 in 1918.¹ Almost all his friends called him "rare"; and to-

Some of Jonson's plays have not survived at all, even in the collected Works. They are known only through Henslowe's Diary,

and were apparently not even licensed for publication.

¹ It contains poems by Lord Buckhurst, Sir John Beaumont, Edmund Waller, Shackerley Marmion and John Ford, among others; whose own works are all to-day highly prized.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD ..."

day any books he or they may actually have looked upon share the adjective in a different sense.

But he was an irascible fellow. Hence Dekker's Satiro-Mastix—"the untrussing of the humorous poet" - printed for Edward White, 1602. humorous poet is Ben Jonson, and the work was written in retaliation for Jonson's criticism of Dekker, under the name of Crispinus, in The Poetaster. The volume is a small quarto, and should contain a list of errata quaintly called "this short Comedy of Errors." It is not unlikely that Marston shared in the writing. A fine copy would probably cost between two and three hundred pounds, for everything that Dekker wrote is valuable in its first form to-day. The Honest Whore, printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, 1604, a play in which he collaborated with Middleton, is known by five examples only. The last copy to change hands did so at £600. Other rare pieces are The Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600 (\$3250), The Whore of Babylon, 1607 (\$300), The Double PP., 1606 (two editions bear this date), \$500, The Dead Tearme, or Westminsters Complaint for long Vacations and Short Termes, John Hodgets, 1608 (\$800). These are all Clawson sale figures of 1926.

From the same collection there issued Marston's The Scourge of Villanie, printed by I. R., 1598—"supposed to be the only procurable copy." Juliat and Romio is mentioned on H4 recto. Originally in the Bridgewater Library, this copy changed owners

for \$1850. His play *The Malcontent*, 1604, is worth, perhaps, £100. Others vary from £40 upwards. As a general observation it is fair to assume that all that Dekker and Marston wrote are desirable and fairly difficult to come by in fine condition.

So are the works of John Davies, Philip Massinger, Thomas Middleton, George Chapman, Cyril Tourneur (in whom, as one of the "bloody tragedians" and as a very interesting person, collectors might well specialize), Chettle, Lodge, and a host of others, to recount whom would be to write a minute history of the social life of the period. We can here single out only a few special features.

Marlowe's works, which many critics would esteem as valuable as Jonson's, are all scarce and expensive. His incomplete poem, Hero and Leander (1598, Adam Islip for Edward Blount), was sold in 1922 for £1810; it was not unique, but very rare: the third edition (of 1613—the poem was completed by Chapman in 1598) at the same sale fetched £100. Dido has already been mentioned. Even the fourth edition of Part II. only of Tamburlain the Greate, 1606, was worth \$325 on its last appearance; the fourth edition of The Troublesome Raigne . . . of Edward the Second, 1622, \$230, and the seventh edition of Doctor Faustus, 1631, as much as \$875. The extremely rare first edition of The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta, printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, 1633, changed owners at £200.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD ..."

Although entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1594 no earlier edition is known. Marlowe died in 1593, but the play was not acted until it was produced by Heywood "before the King and Queen in his Majesties Theatre at White-Hall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock Pit "—in 1633.

His friend Chapman's plays and poems are not all equally prized. What appears to be the earliest known edition of Chapman's translation of Ovid-Ovids Banquet of Sence (1595, I. R. for Richard Smith)—went to America in 1922 for £460. His translation of the Seaven Rookes of the Iliades (the first English translation of Homer, and still one of the best: John Windet, 1598) realized \$1925 in 1923. At the Britwell 1923 sale the 1598 edition of Hero and Leander, completed, together with Chapman's rare "Poeticall Hymnes," The Shadow of Night (R. F. for William Ponsonby, 1594)—it has been alleged by Minto and others that this work contains a veiled but bitter attack on Shakespeare—and the Ovids Banquet, all very fine copies, in original limp vellum, fetched £2300. The Shadow of Night (Narcissus Luttrell's copy, bought by him for 3d.) sold for £270 in 1922, and again in 1926 for \$1900.

Almost all works by that galaxy of actorplaywrights are rare, and their importance to the history of the drama is in very close proportion to their financial value. One play, *Eastward Hoe*, William Aspley, 1605, is of more than ordinary interest,

although the last copy was given away for a mere £10. George Chapman, Ben Jonson and John Marston shared the authorship, and the play relates to Virginia. Some of the Chapman plays may still be acquired for £10 to £15; they must be gilt-edged securities. A rare play by Thomas Middleton, A Mad World My Masters, 1608, contains allusions to Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis and Marlowe's Hero and Leander. A good copy was recently sold for £90, but the "Pleasant Conceited Comedy" A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side, printed for Francis Constable, 1630, realized \$650 at the Clawson sale, where eighteen other first editions of Middleton changed owners. Among the most important of these was A Trick to Catch the Old-One, 1608—the second issue of the first edition, but it cost \$1000; Your Five Gallants [1608] \$800; The Famelie of Love, 1608, \$900, and The Roaring Girle or Moll Cut-Purse. by T. Middleton and T. Dekker, with its curious woodcut title, realized \$1650; the less-expensive plays averaged £20 to £25.

And so these dramatists wrote with each other and against each other. Thomas Heywood, whose earlier work is generally well priced, may be occasionally on the bargain counter. If you know not me, you know no bodie: or, The Troubles of Queene Elizabeth, London, 1605, only five copies recorded (none in the British Museum), is stated to have been sold recently in New York for \$67. It sounds too

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD..."

good to be true. At the same time The Rape of Lucrece, 1608, went up to \$1500; The Golden Age, 1611, \$280, while An Apology for Actors, 1612, in which, in the "address to the printer," Heywood complains of Jaggard's unwarrantable insertions in The Passionate Pilgrim, realized £100. For a work of such Shakespearian interest £100 does not seem high. In The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells, 1635, which has a fine engraved title and nine copperplates by Marshall, Droeshout, and others, Heywood makes reference to "mellifluous Shakespeare," and weaves the names of other contemporary dramatists like Nash, Marlowe, and Beaumont, into his verse. The volume is not yet of high value.

Lyly, whom we have already mentioned, was associated with Thomas Nash in a play called Pappe with an Hatchet (n.d.; 1589), which does not seem to have been publicly offered in a good state for many years until 1926, when it sold for \$275. Nash's own works have commanded very high prices. The Britwell copy of Summer's Last Will and Testament (Simon Stafford for Walter Burre), a pedigree volume from the Corser Collection, was sold for £250, and Mr Clawson's sale in New York, 1926, brought to the open market, among others of Nash, the following rare volumes: Christs Teares over Jerusalem (printed by James Roberts, 1593), \$2000; The Returne of the renowned Cavaliero Pasquill of England . . . , published anonymously

THE

Returne of the renowned Caualiero

Pasquill of England, from the other side the Seas, and his meeting with Marsonis at London vpon the Royall Exchange.

t

Where they encounter with a little houshold talke of Mansmand Martinisme, discouring the scabbe that is bredde in England: and conferring together about the speedic dispersing of the golden Legende of the lines of the Saints.

(*)



my mouth, suppose I was Printed by
Pepper Allic.

Anno. Dom. 1589.

"A PIECE OF THE WORLD ..."

and without name of printer, with a device on title page, "If my breath be so hote that I burne my mouth, suppose I was Printed by Pepper Allie, Anno, Dom. 1589." This copy had been in the H. V. Jones Library, and realized \$950; Nashes Lenten Stuffe (printed for N. L. and C. B. 1599), \$650, and Quarterino, or a Fourefold Way to a Happie Life (1633), \$290. With Nash's name George Peele's is often associated. He has not been minutely chronicled in bibliographies since Lowndes, probably because first or even early editions are very scarce. Taking Lowndes as a contemporary average of the highest prices then (1864) reached, and comparing them with to-day's values, it seems pretty safe to say that anything by Peele which appears for sale now will fetch at least several scores of pounds. The Heber sale price of The Arraygnement of Paris was £26 10s., the Mostyn price (1919) £500, this copy selling again at \$3500 (Clawson sale). The Heber price of A Farewell . . . to the . . . Generalls of our English Forces, Sir J. Norris and Syr F. Drake (1589, J. C. for W. Wright), was £9 2s. 6d. What would it be sold for to-day? The Merrie Conceited Jests (G. P. for F. Faulkner, 1627), at the Roxburgh sale, fetched £7 7s. The first edition, of 1607 (Nicholas Okes for Francis Faulkner and Henry Bell), went to America in 1922 for £350. The Battell of Alcazar at the same sale was disposed of for £200.

So they progress down the avenues of time. What would they have said themselves if they could have seen their trifles at Sotheby's being ruthlessly purchased for the land which had only just given them potatoes and tobacco—and the much gold which is still coming to us because of their labours? Every man in his humour: most of them would have got gloriously drunk on the proceeds. Poor Raleigh! In the days when he wrote The Discoverie of the large, rich and bewtiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the Great and Golden Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado) (R. Robinson, 1596), and was decollated by James I., and his castle of Sherborne stolen by that king, he would have been glad to bring back (as his book does now) even £100 from that large, rich and beautiful Empire. But as he disappointed the Scottish King -Tower Hill.

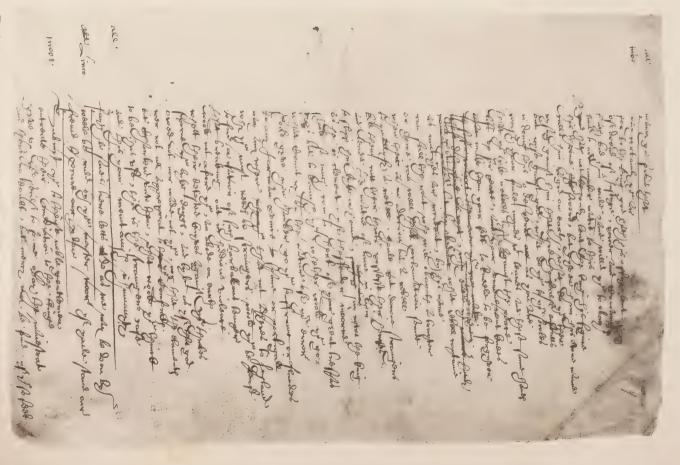
CHAPTER VI

I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. . . . I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. . . . He redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

BEN JONSON: Timber; or, Discoveries.







The third of the three pages of the manuscript of Shakespeare (see pages). The third of the three pages of the manuscript of Shakespeare (see pages). . CZ1 121 .9m, ..

Shoold so nuch com to short of your great trespas.

Ns but to banysh you, whether woold you go?

What country, by the nature of your error.

Shoold gene you harber? go you to Fraunce of

Flanders.

To any Jarman prointee, to Spaine or Portigall.

Nay, any where that not adheres to Ingland,—

Why, you must needes be graingers: woold you be pleasd

To find a nation of such barbarous temper.

That, breaking out in hiddious violence,

Woold not affoord you an abode on earth.

Whett their detested knynes against your throtes. Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God Owed not normade not you, northat the clamentes Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes, Weele be ruld by you, Maister Moor, yf youle stand our freind to procure our pardon. But charterd vnio them, what woold you thinck Fayth, saisetrewe: letts do as we may be doon by Gene vp yourseaffe to forme, obay the majestrate, And thers no doubt but mercy maic be found. To be thus vsd? this is the straingers case And this your momtanish inhumanytye. Submyt von to theise noble gentlemen, Entreate their mediation to the kinge, The portion of Act II., Sc. IV., of the Play of "Sir Thomas More," which is confidently auributed by the leading critics to Shakespeare and believed by them to be in his autograph (see opposite and pp. 73 and 165). Vf von so seek ll the 11111 Liv fluit. (m.(l) same handes. "That you lyke rebells hylt against the peace, I lift up for peace, and your varenerent knees, Make them your feet to kneek to be forgynen! Vash your foule mynds with teares, and those But ryse gainst (bod? what do you to your sowles His throne and sword, but gynen him his owne To quallyfy a rebell? Youle put downe straingers, Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then, Rysing gainst him that God himseaff enstalls, Tell me but this; what redell captaine, Killthem, cutt their throts, possesse their howses, To slipp him lyke a hound. Say nowe the king Or howe can well that proclamation sounde, -As mutynies ar incident, by his name-He hath not only lent the king his figure, Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay. Nay, certainly you are. For to the king God hath his office fent Of dread, of justyee, power and comanid, And leade the ma(ies)tie of lawe in ligm, When ther is no adicion but a rebell t As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne) to add ampler maiestic to this, Marry, God forbid that Ind,

Alkle then your feet to kneele to be forgynen it. It was your variencement kneel. It was your your feet to kneele to be forgynen it. It is in the thirty of the problem captures. As matyrine as in indicate, by his name.

A matyrine there is no addiction but a result in a count.

The office of the problem of the result in a count.

The office of the problem of the problem of the count.

The office of the problem of the problem of the count.

The office of the problem of the problem of the count.

The office of the problem of the problem of the count.

The office of the problem of the problem of the problem of the problem of the problem.

The office of the problem of the prob

Calla him a god on earth. What do you, then, ludoing gainst God? what do hims to centralis. In doing this? O, desperat as you are, ludoing this?

That you lyke rebells lyft agains the peace.

Marry, God forbid that!

1. For to the king Cod hath his offyce lear.

1. It is throne and sword, but gynen him figure,

1. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

1. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

1. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

2. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

3. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

4. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

5. And, to add ampler maiestie to this,

6. And to add ampler maiestie to t

У уол во веек.

At the second party of the part

The set of the set of

Many skip miner nowice preparations; month congo tak he has a backer reported or positivity.

Zo tak he has a backer to phone of positivity.

Zo tak he has a backer of positivity of positivity.

Should so the best of most of the feet trees of

but recorded at a rather author of set of renderite causaffer a water The partient of Act II., Sc. II., of the Play of " Sir Thomas More," or is is to be open in me in the untograph (is appoint one up to I and obt).

CHAPTER VI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

""

HE word politics, sir,' said Mr Pickwick,
'comprises in itself a difficult study of
considerable importance.'" Count Smorltork (Count Pückler-Muskau), to whom this immortal
remark was addressed, agreed, but converted the
verb into "surprises by himself." Both phrases
would apply to Shakespeare and Shakespeareana,
from a bibliographer's point of view.

One would expect to find that all the precious works "comprised" under those headings were charted and in harbour. They are not. The catalogue of a great book-dealer in 1922 contained the following items, described with a noble and even humorous reticence: "A remarkably fine set of the first (four) folio editions of Shakespeare's Works... (The First Folio containing the first issue of the portrait), £17,500.... A very satisfactory set of the four folio editions of Shakespeare... £5250." And they were cheap at those prices.

So you still can obtain a First Folio. You can

¹ But you cannot now obtain the very perfect First Folio (first state) described in that fine catalogue. A private benefactor, who wishes to be anonymous, bought it separately at a sum which was not disclosed, and by the aid of a substantial donation by the vendor, and

still obtain First Quartos. There are a few not yet at rest in public libraries nor in libraries destined to be public. And new, unrecorded copies still appear from time to time. Even if they are not always "remarkably fine," they will generally prove to be "very satisfactory," and more expensive.

We can therefore approach the well-catalogued forest of Shakespeare's real and alleged works, and the many variant editions of them, with the knowledge that a collector even now may be able to acquire—but at what price?—a Quarto or Folio, or one of the volumes of poems. Almost every public sale of a copy at a high price brings to light another copy.

Consider now the conditions of production. The facts show the reason for scarcity and value, and reveal also the kind of book which may yet appear —rari nantes in gurgite vasto—from unheard-of or uncatalogued bookshelves. The playwrights and play-actors apparently worked from a written text. That text may have been a revision of a previously written or printed play. Printing seems not to have been so cheap or easy as to provide "prompt copies" for all the cast. The playwrights used old material —existing dramas of which no man to-day knows the original author. Many of these "source-plays," as they are called when they are known to have

the British Museum's own limited funds, it joined its Grenville brother in the National Collection.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

existed, still survive in a few precious copies. When it came to issuing a popular play in book-form enterprising printers or publishers somehow got hold of a copy of the text (a MS. prompt copy, for instance) and hastily printed it. Sometimes they took down shorthand texts at the actual performances, and printed them! These usually contain an imperfect text. The Great Fire of London and other catastrophes—for many towns and manors had their own private "Great Fire"—obliterated many of them. The text of such copies as survive varies in a remarkable manner. Romeo and Juliet is a good example of discrepancy in its earliest versions.

To illustrate this haphazard evolution of the printed text, look at the history of one work, the summit of English tragedy: King Lear. It contains every bibliographical problem, apart from scarcity; and it may yet emerge in some previous and undiscovered form—that is to say, emerge as a printed play, for the story itself is as old as story-telling.

It was based upon a source-play registered in 1594, but not known to be now extant. A well-known Elizabethan publisher, Islip, seems to have backed it originally, but his name is erased in the Stationers' Register, and that of Edward White substituted. In 1605 Simon Stafford printed for John Wright The true Chronical History of King Leir—very few copies of which have been traced.

145

The original registration of 1594 bears the title of The moste famous Chronicle historye of Leire, and the 1605 registration that of The tragical history of King Leir, in two differing versions. The Huth (1605) copy changed hands in 1914 for £2470; there is a copy in the British Museum; a previous copy (title page in facsimile) went to America in 1905 for £480.

That 1605 quarto is the earliest known printed copy of this scarce play. It was not by Shakespeare. You are to picture, when you think of an obscure work of that kind, that it was inherited from an unknown, age-long past, and had come into the possession of a group of persons bent on getting a living; persons enjoying to the utmost an age full of new and exciting knowledge, enjoying likewise the curiously hypertrophied life of the stage, giving new breath to old dead matter; seeking favour of persons in high places, employed as a company, shareholders in the company, building a new theatre, hearing much more closely than we its discordant voices, drinking in low-ceiled stuffy taverns: nearly all of them little more than names to us, if that, In such conditions, using the old rubbish—rubbish to him, the lumber of an undeveloped stage-Shakespeare transmuted this queer silly story of Lear into the greatest of all tragedies. "Most of the theatres keep an author on purpose," said Mr Vincent Crummles; so they apparently did at the

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Rose Theatre in Blackfriars, where an unknown version of *Lear* was acted in 1593.

Shakespeare's own version of it was sold in quarto in 1608, at the "Pide Bull," by Nathaniel Butter (it had been registered in 1607 by Butter and John Busby). This, so far as can be known, is not likely to appear in open market again. Yet as in the authoritative 1916 Census of Quartos only ten are enumerated, and Mr de Ricci in 1921 said twelve were then known, there is just a chance. Apparently the only privately owned copies of the ten known in 1916 are in the possession of Mr W. A. White and Mr Folger. There are many more copies of another edition "printed for Nathaniel Butter in 1608" (without the "Pide Bull" imprint), which is in all likelihood the work of Pavier, actually printed in 1619, but even those are almost all now in their last homes. There was an issue in 1655 by Jane Bell, who seems to have been one of the few woman publishers. Any good copy of any of these three editions can now command its own price.

The value of the Quarto editions, apart from scarcity, lies in the fact that they are nearer to the author than the First Folio, published after his death. They are not necessarily truer versions than the Folios, because neither piracy nor shorthand always makes for accuracy. But they contain the most curious and suggestive variations from the Folio texts, and are of the greatest importance in

the attempt to ascertain what, in his strange professional mixture of business and poetry and life, Shakespeare himself wrote. For instance, in *Lear*, the received text of a famous passage, afterwards to be glorified into obscurity by Robert Browning, runs:

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came."

In the first two Quartos it runs:

"Child Rowland to the dark town came."

The words are a quotation from an old ballad, utterly lost, which goes back, through one of our few autochthonous fairy tales, Jack the Giant Killer, to the dimmest ages of legend. Nash quotes from them, and so does Peele. But was it a town or a tower to which that knight Rowland, gleaming so mysteriously out of the Dark or the Middle Ages, came? No one knows. And in Shakespeare's time Shakespeare knew the volatile old legends intimately, as his reference to "rats and mice and such small deer," in a then unpublished romance, extant still in MS., shows—in his time, even, opinion as to the correct tradition might change, since the Folios preferred to print "tower."

That is just one small example of the difficult details both of bibliographical and literary interest which confront the collector in respect of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In the case of the Quarto plays this difficulty is certainly a feature which has given them their high value to collectors, especially when, as in some cases, corrected or altered Quartos were issued within a short time of the first. Variations of that kind sometimes make a later edition more valuable than one of its predecessors. It is impossible here to give a list of all the minor discrepancies. The Census of Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto by Henrietta C. Bartlett and Alfred W. Pollard (Yale and Oxford University Presses, 1916; published under the auspices of the Elizabethan Club of Yale University) is essential to a specialist—either in his possession or within access.

It is a volume of hope for the collector, for since it was published new Quartos have come to light, and in a few cases at present the *Census* is no longer a final census; and if a new one were made now—as, in a summary form, it was made by Mr de Ricci in 1921—it also would very likely represent the Shakespeare population of, say, 1936 incompletely. But a bare outline must suffice here. We propose simply to enumerate the dates of the first Quartos, the apparently known copies extant in 1916 and 1921, a few special later editions, and a few notes on prices and history. It is customary to follow alphabetical order, and it is not necessary here to give full titles or collations, which the reference-books quoted provide.

Of *Hamlet*, 1603, two copies are known, neither perfect: a perfect copy would probably leave the *Venus and Adonis* record (see p. 5) "standing." The three known copies of the 1604 edition are all in America; the two known of 1605 are in the British Museum and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Henry IV., Parts I. and II., are both exceedingly rare. The first issue of Part I. (1598) is known only by four leaves in the possession of Mr Folger. There are only three known copies of the second issue in that year, two in public collections in England and one in Mr Huntington's. Part II. (1600) also had two issues of its first edition: "a very satisfactory copy" of one of the seven known examples of the first was offered in a catalogue for £3500.

Henry V. (1600) and Julius Cæsar (1684—apparently from one of the Folio texts: a copy recently sold fetched £120) are more numerous; but the known copies of Henry V. are not likely to come up for sale. King Lear has already been mentioned. In 1916 there were, according to the Census, ten known copies of the "Pide Bull" edition; in 1921, twelve, according to Mr de Ricci; in 1922, eleven, according to the catalogue quoted, which offered one of them for £600. Love's Labour's Lost (1598) varies likewise—ten in 1916, twelve in 1921.

Of Macbeth (1673—another late arrival) seven copies have been traced. The Merchant of Venice (1600) is one of the more numerous volumes, though

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

the majority of the seventeen known copies of the first edition and of the twenty-five (twenty-three in 1916) of the second edition (also 1600) are in unassailable collections. The Powys copy, hitherto unrecorded, tall and wide, sold for £1150 in 1923. The Merry Wives (1602) runs to five copies. A copy of the third edition (1630), not included in the Census, was offered in 1922 for £350. A Midsummer Night's Dream (1600) is known in eight copies; Much Ado (1600) in sixteen.

The second edition (1630) of *Othello*, a copy not mentioned in the *Census*, could have been obtained in 1922 for £400. The first edition (1622) exists in fifteen or sixteen copies known; one was sold in 1923 for £850, and another, unrecorded by Bartlett and Pollard, realized \$10,700 in New York (1926). With these prices for *good* copies may be contrasted the £104 paid in 1903 for an imperfect one.

Richard II. (1597) and Richard III. (1597) are rarer: three of the former, five of the latter, have been traced. Richard II., indeed, at various stages, is very scarce. The 1598 edition is rare, and only one (in the Bodleian) is recorded of a variant issue of the 1608 edition, as to which (in its better-known forms) the Census enumerates four copies, and Mr de Ricci nine! The wide discrepancy is probably due to the fact that the Census adds three copies of "Issue uncertain"—they all lack titles. The sixth edition (Norton, 1634) realized £300 in 1923.

Richard III. also continues rare till late. The fourth edition (1605) fetched £1750 in 1905. The copy belonged to Admiral Penn (William Penn's father), and bears his autograph. It was part of the great Carrington discovery of Shakespeareana. Only three other copies were known in 1916, and only five in 1921.

Romeo and Juliet (1597) was known by four copies in 1916, by five in 1921. Three Quartos were published in Shakespeare's lifetime, and they differ very materially in their text. The Taming of the Shrew (1631—text from the Folio) is fairly plentiful. But Titus Andronicus (1594, not always admitted to be entirely by Shakespeare, but in all the established modern editions of his works) is the rarest of all. Only one copy is known, found in Sweden, and bought by Mr Folger for £2000—a bargain. Of the 1600 edition only two copies are known. The last quarto chronicled by the Census is Troilus and Cressida (1609), of which four copies are known of the first issue, and eleven of the second.

¹ Since the above was written, at the Clawson sale (New York, 1926), the second, third and fourth Folios, and no less than thirty-four of the Quartos in various issues and editions, changed hands. Some of the most important plays and prices were: Much Ado, 1600, \$21,000 (that copy had sold for \$11,900 in the Jones sale); Richard II., fourth edition, 1608, \$4900; fifth edition, 1615, \$2800; Troilus and Cressida, 1609, \$11,000; Titus Andronicus, third edition, 1611, \$4600; Merry Wives, second edition, 1619, \$3900; King Lear, second edition, 1608 [1619], \$2750; Midsummer Night's Dream, second edition, 1600 [1619], \$3600; Othello, first edition, 1622, a copy not listed by Bartlett and Pollard, \$10,700. The privately printed catalogue of Mr Clawson's library and the priced sale catalogues are highly desirable acquisitions to any collector.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Pericles is not included in the above list because it is almost certainly not by Shakespeare, though he may have revised some parts of it. It is possibly by George Wilkins, an uninspired writer whose play, The Miseries of Inforst Marige (G. Vincent, 1607), on its rare appearances at sales in good condition, commands high prices—for instance, £205 (it is not very scarce in poor condition). His treatise on The Three Miseries of Barbary (1604?) is scarce, and his novel The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre (1608, printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter: in the British Museum) has apparently not appeared at auction for the last quarter of a century. However, the play Pericles was always ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime, and bears his name on the first Quarto title page (1609, Henry Gosson: it was registered, but apparently never published, by Edward Blount in 1608). It seems to have been based upon shorthand notes of the play as it was produced at the Globe Theatre; but it does not appear in the first two Folios.

It should be remembered that these Quartos, all produced in Shakespeare's own lifetime—except Othello and the two other Folio-text volumes—were published probably against his will, and against the wishes of most of the actors, who thought publication would interfere with the run of the piece. Sir Sidney Lee refers to the following passage

¹ Never? Wait and see.

A Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his fernants.

Written by William Shake Speare,



Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be foulde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hast, in Fleetestreete. 1600.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST AUTHENTIC EDITION

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

in Henslowe's *Diary*, in which that theatre manager describes his attempt to get back a "playhouse" copy:

"Lent unto Robert Shaw the 18 of March 1599 to give unto the printer to stay the printing of *Patient Grisel* the sum of 40s."

It is important, therefore, to be acquainted with the names of the chief printers and publishers. One of them, Thomas Pavier, is alleged to have antedated falsely the second Quarto editions of A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, and Lear, and the third Quarto of Henry V. They bear the date 1600. The real date is supposed to be 1619, and Pavier's idea-not fulfilled—is suspected to have been to anticipate any rival in a complete edition of Shakespeare after his death. The chief authorities, Mr Greg (who first formed the theory), Mr A. W. Pollard, Miss Bartlett and Sir Sidney Lee, accept this view. It is based upon technical grounds, connected with the watermarks in the paper, the type and the printer's device. It does not alter the value of the books: they get the additional glory of being the first Shakespeare forgeries. There were many more to come. The Merchant of Venice (1600—i.e. 1619) was sold for £270 in 1923, and offered in a 1922 catalogue for £325.

As the earliest copies of three out of the five volumes of Shakespeare's poems were printed in



Midsommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his feruants.

VV ritten by VV illiam Shakespeare.



Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

TITLE PAGE OF PAVIER'S ANTEDATED ISSUE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

quarto, they may well be dealt with next. Venus and Adonis has already been described (see p. 5). Lucrece (1594) survives, according to Sir Sidney Lee (1922), in ten copies; according to Mr de Ricci (1921) in eleven. The second edition (1598) is known only by the copy at Trinity, Cambridge. The third edition (1600) is known by three copies, the last of which appeared soon after the £15,100 sale of Venus and Adonis. It was accidentally discovered in a Shropshire country-house library. It was bound up with the first edition of The Passionate Pilgrim (1599—incomplete and composite), The Ghost of Lucrece (1600, Valentine Simmes), by T. M. Gent-i.e. Thomas Middleton-hitherto unknown — Emaricalle (mentioned on page 9), and the only known perfect copy of the sixth edition of Venus and Adonis (1599). As a result of this discovery Sir Sidney Lee puts the copy in the Bodleian, previously ascribed to 1600, back to 1599; Miss Bartlett, however, thinks the Bodleian copy may be earlier than this one. The extraordinary volume was to have been put up to auction, and no doubt would have rivalled or surpassed the record £15,100. But it was bought privately—it is rumoured, for a still greater sum. Of the fourth edition of Lucrece (1607) two copies are known; of the fifth (1616), four; of the sixth (1624), six, and of the seventh (1632) five—one of which was sold in 1924 for £1860. The eighth

edition (1655) should, for perfection—which is rare—contain Faithorne's engraved copy of the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare: a Britwell example changed hands in 1923 at £200.

These two poems were published with Shakespeare's consent. The Passionate Pilgrim (1599), known by three copies, appeared in an unauthorized edition printed by W. Jaggard for W. Leake. This was possible because Shakespeare had undoubtedly circulated "his sugared sonnets among his private friends." The volume is attributed to Shakespeare on the title page, but his share in it consists of only three poems and two sonnets. Of another edition, said by Sir Sidney Lee to be the second and to have been issued in 1606, no copy is known. The third edition (1612) is known by two copies, one in the Bodleian. Mr de Ricci (1921) says the other is in Mr Folger's collection: Miss Bartlett (1922) says it is untraced. The Bodleian copy has two title pages, and that involves a curious piece of literary history. Jaggard added (piratically) two translations by Thomas Heywood to this edition. Heywood complained, and said also that Shakespeare was annoyed that Jaggard "made so bold with his name." One of the two title pages

¹ Francis Meres' Palladis Tamia (P. Short for Cuthbert Burbie, 1598; not more than ten copies known—two in the British Museum). This work is the foundation of much Shakespearian scholarship. A copy of it, collated with the Museum examples, was sold at Hodgson's in 1921 for £530. The Britwell copy (not quite perfect, but "a very fine copy") in 1924 cost £610.

THE PASSIONATE

PILGRIME.

By W. Shake speare.



Printed for W. laggard, and are to be fold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.



SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

By G. Eld for T. T. and are sobe folde by william Apley.

1609.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

has Shakespeare's name, the other not. Jaggard probably felt some shame, and withdrew the name as the book was going through the press.

The Sonnets suffered a like fate. Thomas Thorpe, an adventurous figure, half publisher, half literary agent, secured a MS. copy, and got it printed by George Eld of Fleet Lane. The edition appears to have been divided between two booksellers, William Aspley and John Wright; each had his name on the title of his copies; there is no other difference. Copies were on sale at fivepence in June 1609. Those five pennies had grown to ten thousand five hundred dollars by 1919. In 1916, when the Bodleian held its Tercentenary Exhibition of Shakespeare's Works, eleven copies were known; now twelve are chronicled, with one or other of the booksellers' imprints.1 Nothing whatever is known about Thorpe, except from circumstantial evidence, but he lives for ever by the literary riddle set by the dedication of the pirated volume to "Mr W. H." and by the mere publication of it.

The *Poems* (of 1640), which were octavo, are comparatively plentiful, though perfect copies are scarce. The Jolley - Daniel - Burdett-Coutts copy was sold in 1922 for £1400 (in the original sheepskin binding). The title was in two "states," one undated, it had sold for £44 in 1864. Copies "cut" in binding may usually be acquired at half that sum.

161

¹ Four with the Aspley imprint, six with the Wright imprint, and two wanting the title.

The last eleven leaves are by other authors of the period, not by Shakespeare.

Perhaps it may be convenient to interpolate here —as most of them first appeared in Quarto form and several bore Shakespeare's name—some of the "spurious" plays. It is impossible to give full details of all of them. The best, and in some ways the most interesting, of them is Arden of Feversham, not only because it contains the maiden name of Shakespeare's mother, but because even in modern times it has been seriously contended—by Swinburne, among others—that Shakespeare did write the play, which is an impressive work in itself. Two copies of the first edition (1592) are in English public collections, and the only other known went to Mr Huntington for £1210. In the same library, also, are the known copies of the second edition, 1599. That of 1633 is scarce and valuable: it has a remarkable woodcut on the verso of the title, and some sixteen copies are recorded. A fine copy appeared in a 1923 catalogue at the price of £280.

Two Noble Kinsmen (1634)—attributed on the the title page to Shakespeare and John Fletcher is not so scarce, and is even less disputably not altogether Shakespeare's. Many critics think that he

¹ It is not certain that Mary Arden came of that well-born Warwickshire family that stretches back authentically to Edward the Confessor's days, and whose descendants to-day still hold a manor in another county by title-deeds going back to the reign of Edward III. But Henley-in-Arden, the Forest of Arden and Mary Arden, the mother of William Shakespeare, live for evermore.

THE

LAMENTABLE AND TRVE TRAGEDY

OF MASTER ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM IN KENT:

VVho was most wickedly murdered by the meanes of his disloyall and wanton wise, who, for the love she bare to one Mosby, hired two desperate Russins, Blacke-Will, and Shakebag, to kill him.

Wherein is shewed the great malice and dissimulation of a wicked woman, the unsatiable desire of filthy lust, and the shamefull end of all murderers.



LONDON,
Printed by ELIZ. ALLDE dwelling neere
Christs-Church. 1633.

did collaborate in it with Fletcher (whose share is accepted in any case). The Britwell copy sold in 1922 for £80: it was bound up with others of Fletcher's works. Another copy was disposed of in 1924 for £59. It is worth more. Nobody now believes that Shakespeare wrote Mucedorus (1598three copies known: all the many early editions are rare; an undated copy was sold in 1924 for £120), or The London Prodigall (1605, and in the Third Folio), Faire Em (date not known: in existence before 1591; the unique copy of it is in the Bodleian), Locrine (by "W. S."-1595 and in the Third Folio), or any other of the Shakespeare apocrypha.¹ Very few of any of the first editions are known by more than a handful of copies, and they are all valuable. Unexpected copies are still likely to be found, for the books were popular.

But the most remarkable of the "spurious" plays, merit apart, are two which carry a mystery with them. One is Sir John Oldcastle, one of the celebrated antedated plays that Pavier foisted on the public in 1619 (London, for T. P.): it bears the date 1600. But there is also a real 1600 edition (V.S.—Valentine Simmes—for Thomas Pavier). The play is a composite one, and that versatile person Anthony Munday almost certainly had a hand in it. This genuine first edition was suitably published at

¹ For literary history see Mr Tucker Brooke's standard reprint of fourteen plays ascribed to Shakespeare, published in 1908 (Oxford University Press).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

the sign of the thievish and talkative "Catte and Parrot, near the Exchange." A copy brought £620 in 1920. So, deviously, with the haste and secrecy of a profitable theft, the Tudor booksellers traded on the dramatists. It is clear that they knew that they had found a "best-seller" in Shakespeare: it was even worth while, as has been seen, to reprint Quartos from the Folio text.

Anthony Munday is also concerned in the most human, the most exciting, of all English literary problems—the play of Sir Thomas More; in the British Museum MS. of this play is More's most important speech in Shakespeare's own veritable handwriting? ¹ The very highest authority thinks so. The script is like Shakespeare's so far as we know it—though that is not very far; but it is that of a younger, more robust Shakespeare than the prosperous tired man who went back to Stratford-on-Avon to round his little life with a sleep. Did he, as a boy, or as a young eager newcomer to the strange life of the stage, patch this ready-made stuff that any one of half-a-dozen hacks would have gladly sold to a manager for a good meal?

And now for the volumes whose history sums

¹ The complete MS. consists of twenty leaves, of which thirteen are in the same autograph—generally agreed to be Munday's. The remaining seven leaves are in five (?) different hands; two of these leaves contain the addition (More's great speech) which some experts—Sir Edward Maunde Thompson among them—claim to be in Shakespeare's hand. See the reproduction facing p. 143.

up all the rest—the first four Folio editions of Mr William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies.

The standard work on the First Folio (1623) is Sir Sidney Lee's Census, printed as an appendix (separately) to a facsimile of one of the best of them. There are at present three known copies of this Folio in its rarest form—with the Droeshout portrait untouched or unfinished (without the cross-hatching). One is in the Bodleian (Malone's copy), one in Mr Folger's collection, and the third, which appeared after Miss Bartlett made her list, in the British Museum—the copy lately presented, mentioned on page 143. The volume was put together at the expense of Isaac and William Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smeethweeke (Smethwick) and W. Apsley; and Isaac Jaggard and Blount were responsible for the printing. The editors were John Heming and Henry Condell, of the Globe theatrical company. Between one hundred and eighty and two hundred copies, out of an edition of (probably) five hundred, are known to survive, but fewfourteen only, according to Sir Sidney Lee (1922) —are in a virtually perfect state, "with the portrait printed (not inlaid) on the title page, and the flyleaf

¹ The places to look at are the moustache, under the left ear, and the forehead. The plate evidently wore badly. Yes; a plate. Should we know Shakespeare by sight if we met him to-day hard by the brewery whose chief proprietor's wife was Shakespeare's great commentator's greatest friend—by the Thrale-Barclay-Perkins brewery on old Bankside?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

facing it, with all the pages succeeding it, intact and uninjured."

Dibdin thought that the price of £115 for a First Folio, paid at a sale in his day, would never be exceeded. In 1869 an imperfect copy sold for £338. The price paid to acquire for the British Museum its "first state" copy (see p. 143) has not been made public, but the Burdett-Coutts copy-£716 at the Daniel sale—changed hands recently for £8600. The second Burdett-Coutts copy, less perfect, but with an anomalous, very rare and mutilated cancelled leaf (containing the last lines of Romeo and Juliet and the prologue to Troilus on the recto and verso respectively), was sold for £5400: once it had found a new owner for 2s. The Perkins copy, sold nearly a century ago for £110 5s., and in 1873 for £585, was bought in 1922 for £5900. It was a good bargain, for it is one-eighth of an inch taller than the Burdett-Coutts copy.

Very few copies are absolutely identical in all the minutest details. The book underwent continual revision while it was going through the press. It suffered all the penalties of popularity. It was bound and rebound capriciously, patched, torn asunder, lost under the dust of generations. Yet it

¹ The Bodleian second copy—disposed of casually in 1663 or 1664, and rebought in 1906 for £3000: "the only copy which passed straight from the publisher into a public institution"—shows by the wear and tear of its pages the proportionate degree of popularity of each play. Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar and The Tempest came first, in the order given.

remains, in spite of the number of copies in existence, in spite of all discrepancies and imperfections, commercially one of the most valuable printed books in the English language, and intrinsically the most precious volume in English literature.

The Second Folio was issued in 1632, with the different imprints of the five publishers: Blount disappeared, and Richard Meighen and Robert Allot appeared. Meighen apparently had the smallest share, as his imprint is the most scarce. Bodleian Exhibition catalogue puts the value at £1000-£1350, but that figure does not seem to be recorded as ever obtained; a fine copy in the stock of one of the writers is priced £450, and the Carysfort copy was sold in 1923 for £500. The Third Folio (1663) is scarcer, for probably a large number of copies were consumed in the Great Fire of London. A copy is said to have been sold for £3300: it bears the imprint "Philip Chetwinde," and few examples are known. Some have the portrait on the title page, and others only space for it. There was a second issue in 1664, which contains the seven "spurious" plays -for the first time in folio-and has the imprint "P.C.," with the portrait facing the title page. The Britwell copy had both the 1663 and 1664 titles; it sold for £2400.

The Fourth Folio (1685) is the least valuable. There are three variations in the imprint. A fine copy is likely to be catalogued at about £350; poor copies

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

are worth less. But it rounds off the whole body of Shakespeare's work, and most collectors, almost unconsciously, start their knowledge of what Shakespeare's text really means with this volume. The difficulties of the earlier Folios and the Quartos come later.

There are a thousand other works bearing on Shakespeare which an enthusiastic collector might well desire; even the facsimiles of the Quartos and Folios are enjoyable possessions. There are the collected editions—Rowe's (1709-1710), in seven volumes octavo—the earliest "edited" edition, containing the first appearance of the Poems since 1640; it embodies much oral tradition and is also the first illustrated edition, it is rare, and largepaper sets are worth £70; Theobald's (1733 still one of the best from a critical point of view); Hanmer's Oxford edition (1744—the only edition put forth by a Speaker of His Majesty's faithful Commons); Steevens' (1766—from the Quarto texts, and in later versions based upon Dr Johnson's text); the First Variorum of Isaac Reed (1803-based upon Steevens'); and the Third Variorum of Malone and Boswell (1821). Of still later editions the most valuable are Halliwell's (1853-1865) and H. H. Furness's (père et fils) New Variorum-still in course of issue. The first American edition was published in 1795-1796 at Philadelphia.

Yet another field is opened in the collection of adaptations of Shakespeare, especially those by

Davenant, Dryden and Tate. Shakespeare himself used other men's work. They used his. But they had not the alchemy to turn fine gold into finer—lead, on the whole, was their metal.

The study of forgeries may also be pursued with profit. The "spurious" Quartos have already been mentioned. Great scholars have not scrupled to put their learning to base uses; Steevens was one of them—though his amusing inventions, successfully deceitful, were made at least half in joke-Jordan (who forged Shakespeare's father's will) another. The greatest of them all was William Henry Ireland, whose Vortigern was actually produced in 1796 as a newly discovered work of Shakespeare's. For a young man in the early twenties Ireland showed really remarkable talent as a forger; commencing with the fabrication of a mortgage deed, to which the signatures of the Bard himself and John Heming, co-editor of the First Folio, were appended, he went on with verses, notes, letters—one of them to "Anna hatherrewaye"—and signatures galore, until he produced two entire plays in the supposed autograph of the Master, the Vortigern and Rowena already mentioned and Henry II., a blank verse tragedy! And it speaks as highly for the gullibility of savants as for the cleverness of the young deceiver that the learned Dr Parr, Joseph Warton, editor of Pope, Johnson's biographer, Boswell, and the Poet Laureate—who just then happened to be Mr Henry

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

James Pye-were among those who strenuously insisted that only Shakespeare could have been responsible for works of such genius! Another of the forging fraternity, John Payne Collier, who was flourishing like a green bay-tree in the middle of last century, was far more dangerous, for he was an accomplished literary critic and he led astray many another accomplished literary critic by his invention of documents to support views which his learning made extremely plausible—a grievous frailty in so admirable a scholar. Even in 1927 an action at law was decided in favour of the plaintiff, who had purchased for a respectable sum books and documents bearing the autographs of William Shakespeare and others. The learned judge expressed surprise that anyone should have been deceived by the signatures and we, who saw other extremely funny documents from the same collection, concur.

Let it not be forgotten, in the huge mass of

¹ One of the forgeries deserves a note. It stands beside the celebrated "Leonardo" bust which was built upon a fabric of Victorian underclothing. In Shakespeare's case it was Paris, not Berlin, that fell into the simple snare. One Zincke, in the eighteenth century, made a number of portraits of Shakespeare, to which "contemporary" correspondence was fitted by an ingenious purchaser. It appeared that Elizabeth herself had ordered the poet's "visnomy" to be painted on her pet pair of bellows. The bellows were sold for a good price in Paris, and sent to be restored. Unfortunately, in the process, Shakespeare was washed off, and a female appeared. But the forger and the restorer got into touch, and kept the secret. The bellows passed, for no small sum, to Talma, the celebrated French tragedian. The fraud was revealed later. Both bellows and documents belonged to Mr B. B. MacGeorge. Charles Lamb kissed the bellows in authentic idolatry (E. V. Lucas, Works of Charles Lamb, vol. vii.).

literature connected with Shakespeare's name, that it is to the collectors that we owe the preservation of nine-tenths of our treasures. They have behaved with a noble generosity of which in many cases a booklover finds himself incapable. Malone's superb bequest to the Bodleian, Capell's to Trinity, Cambridge, Dyce's to London, Garrick's and Grenville's to the British Museum, these are gifts which redeem the name of collector from its occasional tradition of greed. Nor is it uncertain that America, justly acquisitive of such of her joint heritage as she may still secure, will have in due time—in addition to Mr Huntington's—many names equally illustrious and honourable, like those of Mr Lenox, Mr Astor, Mr Widener, Mr Folger and Mr Pierpont Morgan.

More has been written about Shakespeare than about any other single writer in the history of mankind, except perhaps Homer and Vergil; he shares their serene pre-eminence for ever. He fills 232 of the vast pages of the British Museum catalogue—he, and he alone; not his friends and rivals, nor his source-books; and very many of the pages are double. No man in one lifetime could hope to read all the volumes there recorded. A few fortunate persons—not enough to populate a tiny village—can hope to possess early editions; and that hope springs eternal.

"It is time to close the five ports of knowledge"
—to leave the Golden Age, and turn to the subtler
glories of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth.

CHAPTER VII

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay, or comfort me: it dismays me to think that there is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon: "There is no end of making many books."

JOSEPH HALL: Occasional Meditations.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The Year of

WONDERS,

AN HISTORICAL

POEM:

CONTAINING

The Progress and various Successes of our Naval War with Holland, under the Conduct of His Highness Prince Rupert, and His Grace the Duke of Albemark.

And deseribing

THE FIRE

LONDON

By John Dryden, Esq;

Multum interest ros posoat, an homines latius imperare velint.

Traian. Imperator. ad Plin.

urbs antiqua vuit, multos dominata per annos.

Virg

London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1667.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

ITH the death of Elizabeth, followed by that of Shakespeare, we pass into a very different atmosphere, both in the library and auction-room. Great literature, known now in its original form only by a few rare copies, was produced in the seventeenth as in every other century since the invention of printing. But editions seem to have grown larger, or to have survived better, so that in few cases (but those few stand out sharply against the horizon) is the supply of rare seventeenth-century volumes to-day as yet wholly inadequate to the demand. It is inevitable, however, that sooner or later there will not be enough scarce books of this period to go round, and the shrinkage of supply has already begun to keep pace with the ferocity of demand. The best copies of very desirable possessions will sooner or later have reached inalienable libraries. Slight bibliographical discoveries will suddenly give a particular book a new value; unknown works will still turn up in unique But though that time has not yet fully come, competitive prices are advancing, in certain instances very rapidly. The avid collector has long

left Caxton—except for a few special items; he is aware of Shakespeare; but he is beginning to look much farther ahead.

There are perhaps four eminent objects of the collector's desire in this seventeenth-century period: certain works by Bacon, Bunyan and Milton, and perfect copies in a fine state of the first edition of the Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).

It has been suggested (p. 61) that Bibles in general are not of great interest to the collector.1 The chief exceptions are the European monuments of printing like the "Mazarin" Bible (Mainz, Joh. Gutenberg, c. 1455), the first book printed from metal types, which brought, in 1923, £9500; and in 1926 the Melk copy, \$106,000. As we go to press we hear of a copy printed on vellum selling for nearly £50,000. The Hoe copy, also on vellum, sold for \$50,000 in 1912; the Fust and Schoeffer edition (two volumes, Mainz, 1462), of which a vellum copy was recently sold for £4800—the first book to give the printer's name and date, and the first to be formally divided into two volumes: the Coverdale translation (published in Zurich—by Christopher Froschover? -in 1535) is worth from £600 to £1000. But it is only fair to warn the numerous possessors of old Bibles (in the English language) that very few

¹ Mr A. E. Newton has summed up charmingly all the chief facts (very largely upon the basis of his own splendid collection) in *The Greatest Book in the World*, a volume which touches with knowledge and humour upon many literary matters.

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

editions—and those only the earliest—can be disposed of for a large price, and collectors may also heed the converse of this warning. The English Bible, in fact, is not difficult of acquisition, even in the edition of 1611, and the copies which have changed hands for large sums have usually had either a special binding or some personal association. A very good 1611 copy was offered for sale in 1922 for £350. But even that copy was really rare only because it was the first issue, for there was more than one issue of the same date. Mr Huth's copy was believed to be the earliest issue having the variant reading "He" for "She" in Ruth iii. 15. This copy realized £164. Ordinary 1611 copies may be purchased (not necessarily sold) readily from £20 to £50, according to condition. And that is the only English Authorized Version worth having for a collection of rare books.

Bacon, who wrote under Elizabeth, but attained his greatest public fame and disgrace under James, is an author whose works vary curiously in cost. The Essayes (1597) is an exceedingly scarce book, even in its second and third editions. Buying it needs as full a man as reading it is said by the author to make. The last copy of the first edition to come under our notice was sold at auction at the Huth sale in 1911 for £1950. A copy discovered now would probably fetch much more. But his Sylva Sylvarum, published posthumously in 1626, yol. 1.—M

Essayes.

Religious Meditations.

Places of perswasion and disswasion.

Seene and allowed.



Ar London,
Printed for Humfrey Hooper, and are
to be fold at the blacke Beare
in Chauncery Lane.

TITLE PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF BACON'S "ESSAYS"

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

and containing that wonderful fragment, The New Atlantis, can be obtained for a few guineas. The Instauratio Magna (1620) was sold for £96. The Advancement of Learning (1605), in good condition, is not very common, it may be obtained for £20, if rebound, but a large copy in the original vellum binding will cost a prospective buyer £100. The Wisdome of the Ancients, 1619, may be bought in a modern binding for £30, in ancient binding it will probably cost treble that sum.

Bunyan likewise provides books of the greatest rarity. It has already been recorded (p. 11) how a newly discovered copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* was sold in 1922 for £2010. There are many rare early editions of the First Part from 1678 onwards, and of the three chief editions of the Second Part (1684). Even the sixth edition of the work was worth \$1200 in 1918, and the eighth has appeared in a recent catalogue at £60.

The bibliography of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a difficult but also a human affair. The first edition was, as has been said, published in 1678 (London, for Nathaniel Ponder). Before the sheepskin volume (the £2010 copy) turned up, only seven copies were known, of which the most expensive passed for £1475 from the Huth Collection to Mr Huntington. There are said to be ten copies of a second edition of 1678, five of a third of 1679. The next year (1680) saw three issues (according to Mr de Ricci)

Pilgrim's Progress

THIS WORLD,

ОТ

That which is to come:

Delivered under the Similitude of a

DREAM

Wherein is Discovered,
The manner of his setting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And safe
Arrival at the Desired Countrey.

I have used Similitudes, Hos. 12.10.

By John Bunyan.

Licensed and Entred according to Deber.

LONDON.

Printed for Nath. Ponder at the Peacock in the Poultrey near Cornhil, 1678.

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

of a fourth edition, and fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth editions followed, from 1680 to 1681. Of the sixth (1681) edition, apparently only one perfect copy is in existence: the Huth specimen lacked the frontispiece. Lowndes, in 1858, had said that no copy was known.

The popularity of the book up to 1692—thirteen editions had appeared by then—no doubt to some extent accounts for the appearance of the "Second Part"—the narrative of Christian's wife's pilgrimage to Salvation (first edition, 1684). But it may well be that the importunity of printers, the desire for gain, and zeal in religious propaganda shared the inspiration of the second journey with Bunyan's own wife. She—it was his second marriage—imparted to him the evangelical enthusiasm that took him to gaol and kept him preaching there in defiance of all commands to desist.

The inspired tinker went to Bedford Gaol. But for him, as for his Mr Standfast, "all the trumpets sounded on the other side." The dangerous schismatic, who would not cease from preaching even in twelve years' confinement, has now a statue which looks out over his old town; his face towards the High Street, his back to the church. His words have passed into our speech with those of their source, the Bible. The original sheepskin binding was a garment of immortality. Here is a true justification of the collector's appetite.

There are two of Bunyan's works which are known to be almost unique-Sighs from Hell (1700) and A Book for Boys and Girls ("by J. B. . . . Printed for N. P."-doubtless Nathaniel Ponder-1686). Both volumes are in the British Museum. Book for Boys and Girls has a curious history. It was not known to exist at all till 1889, and then it was not at first identified as what it is —the earliest edition of the very popular Divine Emblems, a book of "country rhymes" for children, which under its changed title was reprinted over and over again (once at least with coloured illustrations) in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and which even in those editions is now The British Museum copy belonged to Narcissus Luttrell. From him it probably passed to Stowe House, but it does not appear in the 1849 sale catalogue. Somehow in the early 'eighties of the last century it get into a London dealer's hands. He sold it to America for £42. It came back to England early in 1889, to the collection of Mr H. N. Stevens, and so by purchase to the British Museum. Another copy, with certain small misprints corrected, and bound up with The Water of Life, first edition (1688), was sold in London in 1926 for £2100! The first was—the last is—the market estimation of John Bunyan in his scarcest form.

It must not be thought, however, that these works are the sole "commercially" valuable books

BOOK
BOYS
BOYS
AND
GIRLS:
OR,
Country Rhintes
Children.

By \mathcal{J} . \mathcal{B} .

Licenfed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for N. P. and Sold by the Booksellers in London. 1686.

by Bunyan. His Grace Abounding, sold in 1901 for £7 and a few years later for £20, went to America in 1922 at a cost of £285 to its purchaser. The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus (. . . 1682) should have an unpaged "Advertisement to the Reader" at the end, and will cost several hundred pounds in fine state.

Milton has been as fully discussed, from a bibliographical point of view, as any man who ever wrote. Paradise Lost (1667) is perhaps the greatest work ever subjected to such close and baffling inquiry; it is probably also the greatest work which ever had at least seven or eight "first" editions -all different. This anomaly is due to the fact that in the course of printing the whole edition typographical changes were made, presumably to increase the value or perfection of the book by making it seem like a new edition—a common enough practice, here carried to extremities. The changes were chiefly in the title page, and the issues are known as "First edition, first title": "First edition, second title," and so on. The First Issue, first title, in the original sheepskin binding, is worth about £700 or more. Bohn's edition of Lowndes says that there were eight versions of the title page; but neither in England nor in America have Lowndes' fifth and sixth title pages yet been discovered. The first two are the most valuable. A good copy of the second was offered in 1922

Paradife loft.

POEM

TEN BOOKS Written in

By JOHN MILTON.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON

Frinted, and are to be fold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer aligate; And by Rebin Buller as the Tinky Backin Billiopians from a new Sillion and Manho Sillion and Sillion in Resigners, 165,

First edition: First title.

Paradife lost.

POEM

TEN BOOKS

Written in

By JOHN MILTON.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be fold by Peter Parker under creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Bouler at the Turk! Head in Billopfpate, freet; And Mathia Walter, under St. Dunffons Church in Plets freet, 1667.

First edition: Second title.

for £250. An "eighth" title-page copy sold in 1922 for £20, and inferior copies now double that

price.

Of Milton's other works, Lycidas and Comus are the most precious. Lycidas did not appear under that title, but as one of a number of elegies and tributes to young Edward King, the Lycidas of the poem. They were published in 1638 (Cambridge, Buck & Daniel) as Justa Edovardo King Naufrago, ab Amicis moerentibus ("a just tribute of love . . . to shipwrecked Edward King"). The volume is a greater rarity than Paradise Lost. The "very fine large" Britwell copy sold in 1922 for £680, and Mr H. V. Jones' copy changed its home in 1919 for \$4400: this latter copy was described as "matchless."

The actual title of Comus is: A Maske Presented At Ludlow Castle, 1634. The music was by the great composer Lawes, whose dedication copy of it, with the Bridgewater crest, was sold in 1919 for \$14,250. Lord Brackley (heir to the Bridgewater title) took the part of the Elder Brother in the presentation of the masque, which was printed in 1637 (Humphrey Robinson), and is now very scarce indeed. The Huth copy was sold for £800 in 1916, and again, as the Clawson, in 1926, for no less than \$21,500. The authorship was not at first "openly acknowledged" by the

¹ It is curious that the English elegiac trick of using a Greek name for the deceased persisted to Shelley (Adonais for John Keats) and Matthew Arnold (Thyrsis for Clough).

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

author, and the beautiful poem might perhaps have never been published—at any rate till much later but for the trouble occasioned to Milton in making transcripts for his friends.

Much, but not all, of Milton's other work is valuable from a collector's point of view. Of his prose treatises, that on *Education* (1644—published anonymously) is scarce and costly. Copies were offered at £150 and over £200 in 1922.

Milton's noblest prose work, Areopagitica (1644), the most splendid and passionate defence of the liberty of unlicensed printing ever written in English, or any other language, and one of the most glorious pleas for democracy and freedom of thought, is not so rare as some of his less-known works; but a fine first edition will cost from £35 to £50, while less desirable copies may with luck be picked up for £10.

Milton's works in general do not follow in scarcity their chronological order of publication, nor their titles to fame—Paradise Regained ("to which is added" Samson Agonistes, J. M. for J. Starkey, 1671) might, if it were uncut and in the original binding, with the "license leaf" and unpaged leaf of errata, cost £100, but perhaps not a fifth of that sum if it were not a fine copy. This is the first appearance of Samson Agonistes.

The most precious of his other works is the *Poems* (1645), which contains the first version of

all his poetry except the epics, Samson, Comus, Lycidas, the great lines on Shakespeare in the Second Folio (Milton's first printed work),1 and two of the shorter poems. It should have a portrait by an unequal artist, William Marshall (who recurs in connexion with Herrick, and whose engravings are nearly all rare). Marshall apparently had no Greek, and Milton, not liking the portrait, which made him look much older than he was, gave Marshall four lines of Greek to put beneath the portrait: the last line (translated) runs: "Laugh at the lying portrait by a feeble engraver." John Milton is not ordinarily suspected of a keen sense of humour, but he was a very strikingly handsome young man, and may have known it. It has lately been suggested that he was an albino, which would account for his weak sight but not for the beauty of his portraits.

The record price for the *Poems* is £540—excellent copies usually command less than £300. The rest of his numerous works are not so scarce, and so do not soar in the auction-room, though most of them command respectable prices, and will increase in cost.

With one exception, it is better to group the writers of the seventeenth century under the heading of the forms of art they followed—poets, play-

^{1 &}quot;Dear son of memory, great heir of fame." Spenser had praised Chaucer not less nobly; Chaucer praised Gower; Shelley, Keats; Matthew Arnold praised Shakespeare and Sophocles. The poets know their own language: one generation telleth another.

AFTER THE GREAT QUEEN

wrights, novelists, historians, and so on. The exception is a notable one in letters, and one likely in future years to be more notable than hitherto in the competition for possession. It is that remarkable man John Dryden: a writer who, as he himself said of Shaftesbury, was

"So various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome":

so dependent on his art that he must prostitute it: so much a master of it that there seems to be nothing he could not have written—flexible modern prose or literary criticism that lives for ever, for its substance as well as for its style, alongside finished witty verse that his disciple Pope, with all his skill, could not better.

The bibliographical authorities on Dryden are Mr T. J. Wise and Mr P. J. Dobell. Mr Dobell's monograph on Dryden, while it may yet be extended, must be the foundation of all knowledge of the first production of that great poet's works. Dryden was—in a sense, unfortunately—voluminous, and it is impossible here to give full details of all his works, many of which are scarce, and becoming scarcer, in their first editions. It is fairly safe to say that, so soon as all the known copies of the Elizabethans have made their last port, Dryden is one of the first of the great later writers whom libraries and collectors will hail insistently.

The bibliography of the poet, critic and dramatist has been obscure. Most of the known first editions are in the national libraries of Great Britain, and in the collections of Mr Huntington, Mr W. A. Clark and Mr T. J. Wise. There are very many curious divergences of text in the early editions, and, as in the case of Milton, Bunyan and Defoe, discrepancies even in the first editions themselves. In *Annus Mirabilis* (H. Herringman, 1667), stanza 105 of the earliest copies reads, according to Mr Sargeaunt:

"For now brave Ruperts Navy did appear,
Whose waving streamers from afar he knows:
As in his fate something divine there were
Who dead and buried the third day arose."

This issue Mr Dobell says he had not seen. The text of the second issue contains an entirely different version of this stanza:

"For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows:
With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,
And every Ship in swift proportion grows."

This version of the stanza is reprinted in the first collected edition, 1688.

Many of Dryden's works exhibit similar peculiarities, though, as they are not so scarce as *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*, they have not yet engaged so much attention. The collector who comes across an early, or apparently first, edition

should collate it verbatim with established texts, ancient and modern (Mr Sargeaunt's for practical purposes is probably the most helpful), and with Mr Dobell's notes.

For instance, A Poem upon the Death of . . . Oliver, Lord Protector (William Wilson, 1659), was probably issued in or about 1692, to be inserted in sets of Dryden's works; one was offered in a catalogue in 1922 for £16 16s. There are some strange idiosyncrasies in this work's bibliography. An edition dated 1659 is extant, but the experts agree that this is probably a copy detached from Tonson's misdated edition. On the other hand, as Mr Dobell points out, there was an edition printed in 1659 under the title of Three Poems upon the Death of his late Highnesse Oliver Lord Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland, "written by Mr Edm. Waller, Mr Jo. Dryden, Mr Sprat (afterwards Bishop) of Oxford." It varies typographically.

Jacob Tonson (an otherwise respectable name in letters, if in some ways displeasing to a bibliographer) is suspected of having antedated several volumes or single plays (as also did Thomas Pavier before him)—putting them at 1659 when they really should be dated 1691 or 1692. But that suspicion leaves it open to the collector to authenticate a copy of the earlier year, if he can find a genuine one.

One of the rarest of Dryden's single pieces is the bitter *Mac Flecknoe* (1682), a savage attack on

Shadwell—almost the worst of our Poets Laureate. A cut copy could be had in 1925 for £50, but the Britwell uncut copy brought £300 (1927). The poem contains that celebrated couplet:

"The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Mr Wise reveals that Sir Martin Mar-all (1668) exists in two "first" editions of that date, and Mr Dobell mentions five "firsts" of The Hind and the Panther (Tonson, 1687), not three, as is usually stated. To My Lord Chancellor, first edition, 1662, four leaves folio, sold for a hundred pounds a leaf (Britwell, 1927), and a good copy of the first issue of Absalom and Achitophel, with the second part, realized £68 at the same sale. Other surprises were A True Copy of the Epilogue to Constantine the Great, one leaf folio, printed for J. Tonson, 1684, £450, and another single leaf, The Epilogue, writ by Mr Dreyden, Spoke before His Majesty at Oxford, March 19, 1680, £340. Dryden's less rare works do not command these high figures, but their cost is rising. Of Dramatick Poesie, an Essay, 1668, which contains some of the most celebrated of Shakespeare criticisms, was obtainable for £36. All for Love: or, the World Well Lost: A Tragedy, written in imitation of Shakespeare's stile, 1678, is considered his greatest play. In his Preface he speaks of the "Divine Shakespeare." Earlier, in his Preface to The Tempest

or the Enchanted Island, 1670, written in collaboration with Sir William Davenant, Dryden says that Davenant first taught him to admire Shakespeare. The prologue of Dryden's Troilus and Cressida—Jacob Tonson and Abel Swall, 1679—contains the well-known lines in praise of Shakespeare, beginning:

"Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age, I found not, but created first the Stage."

Outside these famous names there are few works which when offered for sale come near the Elizabethan level. One is Walton's Compleat Angler, which will be dealt with in a later chapter. Another is Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems (Robert Boulter, 1681), of which in its complete form only one copy is known; all other issues in the same year are discrepant from it and one another in collation, and this apparently unique copy contains three poems on Cromwell which are not in the others. The year 1681 was one of acute political controversy (in which Dryden bore no small part), and the publisher (Marvell being dead) thought it wise to suppress these poems as the book went through the press. The pages usually missing are 117 to 130 and the leaf "To the Reader."

A very human concatenation can be found in Marvell's lovely poem about the "still-vexed Bermoothes." Sir George Somers, M.P. for Weymouth, with Sir Thomas Gates and Captain Newport, deputy governors of Virginia, explored the

193

Bermudas in 1609, Dorset men having a habit of going to sea. Silvester Jourdan, of Lyme Regis, sailed with his fellow-countrymen, and wrote a little treatise on that enchanted voyage. There is little doubt that A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels (1610) inspired much of The Tempest. There is no doubt whatever—the verbal coincidences are too strong for doubt—that it inspired Marvell. A copy is in the British Museum, but few people, whether collectors or cataloguers, have heard of it or seen it of late. It is adventure, literature and romance between two narrow covers: a glorious piece.

It is simplest to group the remaining authors of the period under their respective forms of literature. But there is one typical activity of the time akin to Jourdan's which deserves special mention and yet cannot be satisfactorily described in full. It was what would be called in the modern music-hall the art of "back-chat." Newspapers were only just coming into vogue, and you could not therefore rush into print upon little or no occasion, as is possible for newspaper correspondents of to-day. There was no "silly season." Instead of a letter to the journal of your fancy, therefore, you published a pamphlet or broadside whenever you disliked a bishop or a politician—or even a neighbour. Or you told all about Charles II.'s escapes or escapades.

Innumerable such works survive. Sometimes

they are only single sheets—often with a crude woodcut—sometimes booklets of eight or sixteen pages. In many cases they may be unique; probably no one yet knows whether they are or not, and a bibliography of their petty jests and obscure personal allusions is impossible. They cost from a few shillings to several pounds, but the Britwell sale of 1923 showed that they are rapidly increasing in price. It is when they are assembled and classified in a number large enough to deserve the name of "collection" that they become valuable.1 But they are matter for extreme specialists—for specialists in the theological quarrels that helped to precipitate the Civil War, specialists in the Civil War itself, Monmouth's rebellion, the revolution of 1688, Charles II.'s flight and restoration; specialists in theatrical acrimony and local spite, or in ballads, witches and famous trials.

The Marprelate Tracts of the preceding century (1588 onwards) are the standing example of a long series of argument by pamphlet. The stage was perhaps the cause of the most vivacious series of the seventeenth. The attacks of the Puritans—like slit-eared William Prynne, with his *Histrio-Mastix*²

¹ The Tangye Collection of pamphlets on, and portraits of, Cromwell, now in the London Museum, is a good example.

² "Wherein it is largely evidenced . . . that popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell . . .) are sinfull, heathenish and lewde, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruption." In spite of that bias, it is a valuable document in the history of the English stage.

(E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, 1633)—and later of Jeremy Collier (Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, 1698), provoked replies of all kinds, even from a dramatist of Congreve's standing.

The most singular figure among the pamphleteers, however-a figure also significant of the social life of the day-was John Taylor, the Water-Poet. Travel was increasing, and Taylor went about over England with almost a modern journalist's appetite for miscellaneous "copy." He wrote prose and verse, indifferently well. Perhaps his most curious tract is the very rare one on Nicholas Wood, The Great Eater of Kent (1630, Eliz. Allde for Henry This singular person suffered from a bulimy ("ox-hunger") or inordinate appetite. Taylor tried to get him to "the Bear Garden, and there before a house full of people he should have eaten a wheelbarrow full of tripes, and the next day, as many puddings as should reach over the Thames (at a place which I would measure betwixt London and Richmond)"; with a similar horrific programme for several days to come. Wood thought himself unequal to the task, and finally refused. But Taylor was clearly born out of his due time. What a "scoop" those puddings would be to a journalist or impresario to-day!

This particular twenty-page pamphlet does not seem to have come up for sale lately. It is in the

British Museum. But a number of similar works by Taylor at the Huth sale in 1919 fetched prices varying from a few pounds to £115 (paid for Taylors Feast, J. Okes, 1638). The Dictionary of National Biography attributes over one hundred and fifty works to him, and at the Britwell sale in 1923 thirteen of his works averaged about £40 apiece.

It must be remembered, in any grouping of authors, that there is in the middle of the seventeenth century the great gap of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, neither of which, in many ways, was favourable to the production of enduring literature. But with that reservation it is possible to emphasize also the continuity of literature. Suckling, who died in 1642, and Lovelace (1658), are nearer akin to Sedley, who was living till 1701, and Rochester, who died in 1680, than to the Elizabethans. They are Cavaliers, not the pirates who broke Spain's navy. The main literary change was in the drama and in prose style.

To take the poets first. One of the greatest was Robert Herrick, that Devonshire parson who could write so beautifully of pastoral delights, so obscenely of his neighbours, and with so charming an artifice of the ladies he may or may not have loved (it does not seem to be known whether he was married or not). The first edition of *Hesperides*, 1648, which has two different imprints, is rising high in value: with the portrait by Marshall, the errata, and the

HESPERIDES:

THE WORKS

BOTH
HUMANE & DIVINE
OF
ROBERT HERRICK Esq.

OVID.

Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.



LONDON

Printed for Fohn Williams, and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be fold at the Crown and Marygold in Saint Pauls Church-yard. 1648.

dedication in verse to the Prince of Wales it will be worth, in original binding, upwards of £600. His first published work, A Description of the King and Queene of Fayries (1635), does not appear to have been offered recently, and is not in the British Museum. As it was issued anonymously it may still be lying overlooked and unappreciated in some library. The Wit's Recreation (1654) of Sir John Mennis and James Smith also contains a number of Herrick's poems. It is not very scarce, and is worth about the same as Musarum Deliciæ (1655) by the same editors—£5 to £15, according to condition and conditions.

Suckling had the immortality of:

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat, Like little mice, stole in and out."

Lovelace of:

"Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage."

It will cost you a good seventy or more pounds to acquire a first edition of the "incomparable pieces"—Fragmenta Aurea (Moseley, 1646)—which contains Sir John Suckling's Ballad upon a Wedding, with Marshall's portrait of him: and his not very good play of The Discontented Colonell (n.d., but 1639, E. G. for Francis Eaglesfield) has risen from £7 a long while ago to over £50 in recent years.

Lovelace's Lucasta (1649, T. Harper for T. Ewster) very seldom breaks its iron bars. When it is in the original form, with "warres" for "wars" in Sheet B, it has been bought for as much as £250 and (the Perry-Haslewood-Daniel copy) £132. The reprint of 1659-1660, with three plates (one a portrait), has in a fine state reached nearly £100. And if you desire to recapture Cavalier England read Lovelace's life. He stood for his King, rating honour above love, and when he wrote of the iron bars he was behind them.

A greater man, and a no less considerable poet, though in a very different manner, was John Donne, Dean of St Paul's, whose stark swathed effigy survived the Great Fire, and is still in his rebuilt cathedral. He is one of the few divines whose sermons can still be read—for their nobility of thought as well as of language. They are not, however-with the exception of one relating to America—very costly to procure, though their recent rediscovery by the younger critics of to-day (whom Sir Edmund Gosse anticipated twenty years ago) may appreciate their financial value. One of the rarest and most interesting is probably Deaths Duell (T. Harper, for R. Redmer and B. Fisher, 1632, with a portrait—done after Donne's death). Many of the sermons are at present known by only two or three copies. The first issue of his wonderful Devotions (1624—in two states) seems likewise to

be scarce. His *Poems*, 1633, with the portrait—it is sometimes missing—in original binding is worth £40, and about half as much rebound.

Of Abraham Cowley, Pope wrote two famous couplets:

"Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, His moral pleases, not his pointed wit: Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art, But still I love the language of his heart."

It is to be feared that we have certainly forgotten his tiresome epic, *Davideis* (in the *Poems*, 1656), but his variety and his literary importance are enough to make many of his works valuable to collectors. His pleasant essays appear first in the *Works* (1668). He had enough personality to survive the dead modes he sometimes used and the disuse of the language of his heart.

His contemporaries, Waller and Denham, are valued by collectors in much the same degree—that is to say, their rarer works are sold for from £50 to £100, their less rare for from £15 to £25. Carew is less esteemed. Whether their volumes will increase in cost depends entirely on the number of collectors and the condition of the copies. Of their chief successors in the next generation, Sedley and Rochester, much the same may be said, except that the prices are, as a rule, lower still. The "sacred" poets, Vaughan and Herbert, fare better: and their

poetry also is often better, to modern tastes, for it is more individual. Crashaw, for some reason, does not yet reach their level of pecuniary value, nor does Habington: but Francis Quarles does. Everything he wrote is rare. He must not, of course, be confused with Philip Quarll, a chap-book castaway.

All these writers, now that the chief treasures of the preceding age have been garnered, are becoming more difficult to acquire, whether they live for readers or are just bookshelf ornaments. One poet of note remains, the most talked-of man of his day -Samuel Butler, the author of Hudibras, a muchpirated work—the genuine first editions, 1663-1678, three parts, are worth £80 to £100. Charles II. made him many promises of reward in respect of that work. They were never kept, and he lived for many years in poverty and was buried at the expense of a friend. We often quote him without knowing it. Much of Hudibras, containing the scornful satire of a Conservative on a Nonconformist Radical, could have been written by a Tory squire any time these last fifty years—if there had been one with the wit. But there was not: so we had to wait for the brilliant prose of to-day's Morning Post. The characters turn up three-quarters of a century later, in Fielding, but mostly on the other side, and more generously treated.

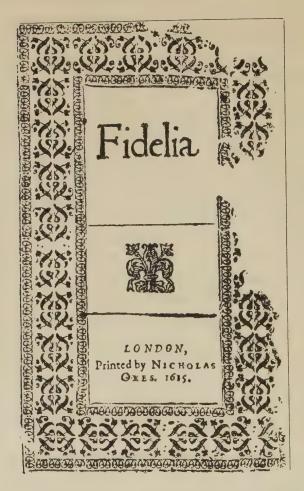
There is nothing to be added to Mr De Ricci's note on Butler; the highest price he records for *Hudibras* is £60. The Elephant in the Moon, his

witty jeer at the new-born Royal Society, seems to have turned "white" from a collector's point of view. Butler's fate is a sad extinction for a blazing comet.

Of the slightly less important poets two have an intimate connexion—George Wither and William Browne.

Wither's rarest work is his Fidelia (N. Okes, 1615), the only copy of which is in Bodley's Library: it is also one of his best works. Apparently it was printed for private circulation. If a second copy appears! Another edition came out in 1617, another in 1619. Juvenilia (for J. Budge, 1622) also contains much admirable poetry; an undescribed copy changed hands at the Britwell sale in 1922 for £12. Faire-Virtue (1622, and in a later edition of Juvenilia) is perhaps his most valuable work at auction—until another Fidelia turns up. The earliest edition of Faire-Virtue may possibly not yet have appeared to collectors, for Wither directed that his name should not be disclosed—and it is disclosed in the known three versions of the supposed first edition.

He is an interesting human figure, and it is likely that his works will increase in value. His Abuses Stript and Whipt (1613) caused him to be thrown into the Marshalsea Prison; and there, like a good poet, recollecting emotion in tranquillity, he wrote his loveliest lyrics, which have the Elizabethan ecstasy and the Jacobean finish. He had previously written an elegy on Prince Henries Obsequies



TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF WITHER'S "FIDELIA." SEE PAGE 203

(E. Allde for Arthur Johnson, 1612) and Epithalamia (Edward Marchant, 1612), for Princess Elizabeth, who may have intervened to get him out of prison. But after his outburst of beautiful song in his early years he grew serious, if not sullen. The change did not check his pen. It merely thickened the point, to the detriment of literature. He became a religious poet, he became a Parliamentary soldier, he became one of the earliest journalists and pamphleteers (on the Roundhead side), and he took the gloomiest possible views of the future—he who had written:

"Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair?"

It may have been prison: it was not lack of devotion to his dearly loved wife which changed his temper, nor, as introspective people might suggest to-day, any sexual complex, for he had six children. Few of his later works deserve either reading or a high-priced sale.

William Browne, his intimate friend, was the author of *Britannia's Pastorals* (two books, n.d., but

¹ Elizabeth of Bohemia, the subject of Wotton's glorious lyric, one of the greatest poems in an age of great lyrics, or in any age of English literature: "You meaner beauties of the night." Wotton's work does not yet command the high value its excellence demands. His chapel at the lovely village of Boughton Malherbe, in Kent, might well be a place of pilgrimage; and he was the author of that great pun: "an ambassador is one sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

1613, 1616), to which indeed Wither made contributions. (Wither is "Roger" in Browne's less admirable Shepherds Pipe (1614) and Wither's Shepheards Hunting is a sequel to that work, also written in the Marshalsea.) Britannia's Pastorals is a fairly scarce and a certainly desirable book. It furnishes a good example of what condition means to sale-value. Copies in original binding have fetched £74 and £87. The Britwell copy, less fine, went in 1922 for £46, and another sold in 1914 for £33. It is possible that a new bibliography would give great value to perfect copies, for there are certain small typographical discrepancies in early copies, and the book, though not yet out of a collector's ordinary reach, does not appear very often for purchase. One copy is unique. It passed through the hands of the present writers. It was John Milton's own book; and his annotations, in his handwriting, show how much that omniscient and omnivorous scholar-poet borrowed from Browne.

When we come to the minor names we meet the condition of pure rarity. But, even with that condition present as the chief incentive to purchase, it must not be forgotten that an obscure poet or dramatist often gives a truer picture of his day than the great writer whose genius lifts his work into an eternity above ephemeral concerns. Where, for instance, could you get a better illustration of the eighteenth-century temper than in this line (worthy

of Beau Tibbs himself) descriptive of what happens to Nature in May:

"The wriggling tadpole leaps a perfect frog."

It is the mind of a race at a given time that these otherwise unimportant works reveal. If they *are* otherwise unimportant, they are interesting for that reason; and they are usually rare also.

The minor poets of this age, however, with a few exceptions, are not prized by the collector. Samuel Pordage, an inferior but not negligible writer, is sufficiently scarce to attract the greater founders of libraries, but is not yet sought after in serious competition. The same observation is true of Thomas Flatman, who possibly deserves a greater reputation. So also does Katherine Philips, "the matchless Orinda," more famous in her life than after it. It is probable that Charles Cotton, to whom the late Claud Lovat Fraser paid homage by some charming woodcuts (themselves scarce among Fraser's works of to-day), may also reacquire a market-value: his collaboration in The Compleat Angler assures him of another immortality. Nahum Tate, probably the worst (except Shadwell and Pye) of a long succession of bad Poets Laureate, was better known as a fifth-rate playwright than as a sixthrate poet; but his Poems (1677) and The Innocent Epicure (1697), as well as his pompous plays, have a certain and rising value, from a few pounds

upwards. Henry Glapthorne, another poet-dramatist (Poems, 1639—R. Bishop for D. Pakeman), is on the same level, or nearly, in price. Hugh Crompton's Pierides (1658, possibly 1657, J. G. for C. Webb) is a very rare volume, though the British Museum has two copies, and possesses also his Poems (1657: E. C. for Tho. Alsop—only two or three copies known). John Cleveland wrote Poems (1651) which do not often appear for sale; so did Nicholas or Nathaniel Hookes, whose Amanda (1653, T. R. and E. M. for Humphrey Tuckey) in a perfect copy—containing Faithorne's frontispiece (his best work), the cancelled and revised leaves A4, the half-title, and genuine blank leaves G5 and H—sold for \$1000 in 1918.

There is a mystery about Hookes which deserves passing mention. He was at Westminster and Trinity, Cambridge, and his name was pretty certainly Nicholas; but he is often called Nathaniel by bibliographers—and by the British Museum catalogue at the moment of writing. And that great catalogue also (with a query) attributes to him Certain Elegies, by Fr. Beau(mont), M. Dr(ayton), N. H(ookes) (1618): the Beldornie Press printed in 1843 an edition limited to twelve copies, which does not seem to have come to recorded auction, and is of the greatest rarity. There must be two "N. H."s, for Hookes was not born till 1628. His wit was not great, but it was typical: it echoes

Shakespeare and Herrick, and is not dissimilar to that of the author of *Chrestoleros*, already mentioned.

They are, of course, the subject of one of Lamb's greatest essays, on "Artificial Comedy." The early editions of most of their works are scarce, and likely to become scarcer; but their purchase-value is at present slightly capricious, perhaps because the collector interested in literature has not yet concentrated fully upon them.

The greatest of them, Congreve (living well into the eighteenth century, and, like Dryden, the friend of more than one generation of writers), is not from a collector's point of view the most valuable, though his *Two Tales* (printed as his in standard eighteenth-century editions of "The British Poets," but published anonymously by G. Roberts in 1720) might prove very expensive if it ever turned up at auction. Only two copies of it appear to be known, and the British Museum copy—indexed under "Thing," the main word in the first story, *An Impossible Thing*—is not at present catalogued there under Congreve's name.

Congreve's plays and poems in general are worth from £5 to £20, according to condition; Vanbrugh's, Etherege's, Farquhar's, a little less, though in some cases—Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, for instance—the infrequency of appearance for sale makes an estimate of cost uncertain. Wycherley is perhaps the most prized of the greater writers of artificial vol. I.—0

comedy, and an attack on him—the scandalous *Memoirs of the Life of William Wycherley*, published in 1718, by Curll, and attributed to Charles Gildon, a hack-writer who incurred Pope's enmity—is one of the rarest of all pamphlets of the day: only four copies are known, and no market-prices are recorded.

Sir William Davenant was less cautious—or less original, according to one's point of view. He did his best to revise Shakespeare. He also incurred displeasure over his masque, *Britannia Triumphans* (J. Haviland for T. Walkley, 1637), which may now cost a twenty-pound note. So fashionable an imitator was fluent, and his books are not yet rare: he started at the age of twenty-three and lived to be sixty-two (though his recension of *Macbeth* was not published till he would have been sixty-eight). He is worth exploration. Mr T. J. Wise, from his own noble library, has given all the bibliographical information available.

Otway, a little earlier than, and of a different school from, these quick-minded comedy writers, was once esteemed more highly than now; but he was no more fortunate than the least successful of his contemporaries, for he died in poverty due to his own bad habits. Venice Preserved (1682) was a name to resound on the seventeenth-century and even eighteenth-century stage; ten pounds will preserve it now for private use, as a rule. Sedley,

Elkanah Settle, the lively Mrs Aphra Behn¹ and Nathaniel Lee to-day fare no better, but are not so often seen as to be decreasing in value.

The literature of the time which cannot easily be classified is of considerable extent, and in some instances of great rarity and value. There is a whole branch of specialization in early medical books. Harvey on the circulation of the blood (Exercitatio anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus), for instance, is worth £200 in its first edition (published at Frankfort in 1628; the first English edition was issued in 1648), and the works of Sydenham, Raynalde, John Hall (Shakespeare's son-in-law—Select Observations on English Bodies, 1657: some of the "bodies" cured "in desperate diseases" were those of Shakespeare's daughter, the Bishop of Worcester and Lady Rous), Sir John Elyot and Andrew Borde (or Boorde) of Pevensey² —all deserve a few words for their advancement of medical learning, and have a place in this byway of collecting.

And since we are upon leeches and chirurgeons, there is one whom no Doctor, even of letters, will let vanish—Sir Thomas Browne, whose *Religio Medici*

² Said to be the original "Merry Andrew." He really belongs to the previous century, but as a doctor (of sorts) may be conveniently

mentioned here.

¹ It seems pretty certain that *The Ten Pleasures of Marriage* (1682-1683), a vivacious and exceedingly rare piece of social narrative, is by Mrs Behn. Only two copies are known. It has been reprinted by The Navarre Society.

is an eternal glory of English prose, whose treatise on epidemic pseudodoxies, or Popular Errors, is a mine of folklore. "Oblivion is not to be hired," he wrote. If he offered her a bribe, he wasted his money, for not only his books but also his skull (a strange irony for the author of Urne-Buriall) are still with us. There are two spurious editions of Religio Medici, "printed for Andrew Crooke in 1642," with an engraved title by Will. Marshall. In Three Hundred Notable Books added to the Library of the British Museum, Dr Garnett, in 1899, stated that the edition having 190 pages is the earlier, but the more recent work of Dr Geoffrey Keynes leaves no doubt that the previously accepted second edition, containing 159 printed pages, is really the first edition, and the issue containing 190 pages the second edition. The first authorized edition was also "printed for Andrew Crooke," 1643. In the preface, the author observes: "I have at present represented unto the world a full and intended copy of that Peece which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously published before." Browne gave Crooke, the pirate publisher, the genuine text! A fine copy of the first edition, together with Observations upon Religio Medici, by Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, 1643, was recently priced at £85 in a London catalogue.

The late Clement K. Shorter, an enthusiastic and well-informed collector, was made happy, for a day at least, by securing a nice copy of the real first

edition in contemporary calf for a few pounds. Browne's other works, although rare, do not yet reach anywhere near the century mark, but they are good books by a better man, and their rise is as certain as that of to-morrow's sun.

Robert Burton, a fantastic figure in literature, was probably the most learned writer in the language. The Anatomy of Melancholy . . . At Oxford, 1621, went through eight editions in its author's life, and Fuller remembered "scarce any book of philosophy in our land hath in so short a time passed so many editions." It is one of the great bedside books of the world. In its first edition, in the condition which its popularity renders rare, it will cost, may be, £150 or more, and in less fresh state half that amount. The second and later editions are less scarce, and may be had for a few pounds.

The travellers and translators and essayists likewise have their financial as well as literary value. Shelton's version of *Don Quiwote*, indeed, is not only rare but has been a subject of controversy. Part I. (William Stansby for Ed. Blount and W. Barret, 1612) is irregularly paged, and the type is set in printer's "rules" all round. Several perfect copies are said to be in existence; an imperfect one sold for £170 in 1921, and a "fairly good copy" in 1915 for £205 (this did not contain the engraved title page, but was dated). A second edition, undated, with Part II., appeared in 1620. The first and second editions of

THE

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY,

WHAT IT IS.

VVITH ALL THE KINDES, CAVSES, SYMPTOMES, PROGNOSTICKES, AND SEVE.

IN THREE MAINE PARTITIONS
with their feuerall Sections, MemBERS, and SVESECTIONS.

THILOSOPHICALLY, MEDICI-NALLY, HISTORICALLY, OPE. NED AND CYT VP.

BY

DEMOCRITUS INNIOR.

With a Satyricall PREFACE. conducing to the following Discourse.

MACROS.
Omnomeum, Nihil meum.

AT OXFORD.

Printed by IOHN LICHFIELD and IAMES
SHORT, for HENRY CRIPPS.

Anno Dono. 1621.

Part I. are apt to be blended. The Ashburnham copy of both parts, bought for £3 3s., was sold in 1897 for £106. A set containing both editions of Part I. and the 1620 edition of Part II. has been valued at £600.

Rabelais, so wonderfully metagrobolized by Urquhart and Motteux (1653-1694), has not yet reached this pride of expensiveness, but the *Works* are a costly treasure if in good condition.

Of the more individual writers, James Howell (Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ), 1645, Earle (Micro-Cosmographie), W. S. for Ed. Blount, 1628), and Thomas Fuller (Worthies, 1662) have a respectable but not overwhelming position in the auction-room; they may well become more valuable. Fuller also wrote a rare volume of verse, called Davids Hainous Sinne (T. Cotes for John Bellamie, 1631). The Huth copy sold for £14. His Good Thoughts in Bad Times, 1645, is believed to have been the first book printed at Exeter. Coryat—almost a rival to the prolific Taylor in the curious quality of the wit shown in his Crudities Hastily Gobbled up in five Moneths' Travels (1611, with plates)—is scarcer and more difficult to acquire (a good copy will cost £70); and it is pleasant to find a jovial bishop—Richard Corbet of Oxford, the charming eulogist of "rewards and fairies"highly valued, for Certain Elegant Poems (1647; R. Cotes for Andrew Crooke) and Poetica Stromata (printed on the Continent, 1648). It was he who was scrupulous to remove his doctor's and episcopal

garments before sitting down to good straightforward cellar-work.

Let it not be forgotten that this strange century,1 in which the old and the modern England meet in so singular a counter-dance of manners and customs, gave us not only much literature about the new world across the seas (Americana are a special study), but also some of the earliest and greatest of the predecessors of to-day's famous collectors. It gave us the first book auction in England. It produced Laud, Sir Kenelm Digby, Dr Bernard, the Clarendon and Sheldonian buildings, a royal collector, Prince Henry, untimely lost, and a royal author whose work has outlived even loyalty's devotion to his person—James I. of England and VI. of Scotland; with whose much-valued poems and essays on witches and tobacco and other subjects—all scarce and all interesting, especially the Dæmonology (Edinburgh, R. Waldegrave, 1597; probably worth £50 to-day) and A Counterblast to Tobacco (London, R. B., 1604: very few copies known—one in the Bodleian, which has no really certain value for purchase, for it has seldom appeared for sale)—we may take leave of the era which began when he came to the throne of Great Britain.

¹ Mr A. W. Pollard contributed a valuable short article on the surviving books of 1623 to *The Times Literary Supplement* on 13th December 1923. He states that 168 books and 10 ballads were registered in that year. He gives a list of 29 of them which have not yet been traced.

CHAPTER VIII

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest and finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.
William Shakespeare: The Winter's Tale.

.

A well wishing to a place of pleasure.



See the building There, whilest my mistris lived in, Thas pleasure's essence! See how it droopeth, And how nakedly it looketh Thithout her prescence!

Ballad in the Pepys and Roxburghe Collections.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

NCE upon a time Mr Justice Shallow, of the county of Gloucester, had a book of songs which he was pleased to pipe in his more lively moods. He came by those songs through no less a channel than the people of England, who have sung all through the ages. He was lucky in possessing a book at all, for the poorer folk who dwelt on Avon, on Windrush and Evenlode could have had few pence for real books. They had only illimitable folk-memory for their minds' expatiation. But we are now to consider what those folk chose to read if they had the chance, after the great earthquake of Cromwell and the Commonwealth had made their tastes a matter of some importance—even of commercial importance.

They chose to read what their fathers, and those of the old time before them, had said rather than read. Doubtless the more literate acquired Bunyan and sermons, and perhaps "prophane" plays. But there was not a bookshop round the next corner; there were no cheap editions, no long series of imperishables to be bought for a shilling or so. Indeed, there was not even a post-office; a fact

which brings us to the state of things which produced the wares of Autolyeus. He, as every possessor of a First Folio—or any edition of Shakespeare—will remember, had ballads for sale, among other things:

"Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of Women."

The sequence goes on so far as George Barnwell, Maria Martin in the Red Barn, and Villikins and his Dinah.

Autolycus is briefly described in the dramatis personæ of The Winter's Tale as "a rogue": which he was. But he and his wares were emblems of a condition of civilization which it is now difficult to imagine clearly—the condition of arduous communications. All but the more urgent news, all but the most costly and necessary goods, trickled through from the chief centres to the little places very slowly. A pedlar or chapman was as exciting to a Stuart peasant as a circus to Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer fifty years ago, or Mr Crummles to Portsmouth, using the same old material. Besides tawdry laces, sweet gloves, inkles, caddisses, cambrics and lawns, he brought the news of vast fishes, dragons, signs in the heavens, lurid murders, songs and jests, and the immemorial folklore which has no certificate of birth. He was the "London

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

Letter," the special correspondent, the central gossip. To-day we must experience a vast strike or a total abolition of the Press to realize his eternal novelty in a village.

But his advent from a larger world was really only a reunion between new and old. If you had said, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the poems of Homer could be handed down by oral tradition, and were not the work of one man, you would have incurred, not merely a charge of literary heresy, but almost a suspicion of feeble-mindedness. Yet Wolf's famous Prolegomena (1795) is to-day a classic example of some historic doubts. A little comparison between an English publication, Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry (1765), and the chapman's wares would have left no uncertainty about the strength of folk-memory. The spoken word is stronger than the written word, in the long run of mankind's eternity. The chapman, with his penny and twopenny booklets, was bringing back in print to Bottom and Snug, to Mopsa and Audrey, things as old in speech as their ancestry.

Consider some of the chap-book subjects in the famous Huth Collection—vastly enlarged since it changed hands, at that sale in 1912, and now forming a great basis for the wide and human scholarship which this obscure history of mankind demands; the collection once included only 780 chap-books; now it has 1430, and we hope its possessor, Mr Carl

Pforzheimer, will use it as a port for indefinite, illimitable voyages into the unknown. Here is The Laidly Worm—the ugly dragon—of Spindleston Heugh, a great and splendid Northumberland folktale re-collected by word of mouth by Mr Joseph Jacobs, late in the nineteenth century, printed for folk-use by Angus of Newcastle a century or more before that—told by how many generations of peasants for how many centuries before that again? Here Jack kills Giants, Mr Thomas Hickathrift uses his cart-wheel, the Seven Champions of Christendom rescue damsels: here be heroes of all kinds-Don Bellianis of Greece (well known to Dick Steele's nephew); the Blind Beggar of Bednal Green counting out nobles, from "a catskin or two stuffed with gold," for the dowry of Pretty Bessie; Sir Bevis on his horse Arundel running his sword Morglay down the throat of a monstrous boar; the Wise Men of Gotham raking a pond for the lost moon; the soothsayings of Thomas the Rhymer of Erceldoune, of the Mothers Shipton, Bunch and Redcap (godparents of many an inn); the outlaw deeds of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and ribbons of all the colours in the rainbow. "There's richness for you," as Mr Squeers said when he regretted that he could not pinch a bit of Wackford in a door.

Consider likewise the establishment of those legends. Chaucer had parodied some of them in

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

his own tale of Sir Thopas. Shakespeare knew all about them. He quotes from the (unprinted) MS. version of *Sir Bevis* in *Lear*:

"Mice and rats and such small deer 1 Have been Tom's food for seven long year."

The same quotation appears in a chap-book of about 1780—a Life of Bampfylde Moore Carew. The chapman had also heard of that "lob of spirits," Puck; and Lazy Lawrence (a title borrowed later by Miss Edgeworth) won in an eighteenth-century chapbook the name of Lob-lie-by-the-Fire, and links Mrs Ewing, Mr Kipling and Sir James Barrie with The Midsummer Night's Dream, and with something much older: some near cousin of the great God Pan, who died when Christ rose again. The greenwood tales of Robin Hood and his fellowship were old before Chaucer's day, for there is little doubt that he meant to "work up" the ancient Tale of Gamelyn into a Canterbury Tale, which, by way of Lodge's Rosalynde (1590, T. Orwin for T. G. & J. Busbie: £300 or more anywhen and anywhere), became a play known as As You Like It. Chettle, or Heywood, or Munday-or all three-also interested themselves in Sherwood Forest, and the magnanimous robberies committed by the Earl of Huntington: their play is now usually ascribed to Munday (W. Leake, 1601—worth anything from £100 upwards). There can be little doubt that those

Tudor tale-mongers, like Shakespeare himself, had all these orally bequeathed stories leaping in their gravid brains, even if, now and then, they denounced (as Chettle did in Kind harts dreame: 1592 or 1593—too rare to have a definite purchase-price) "runagate song-singers," and "those lascivious ballads that are by authority forbidden, privily printed, and publicly sold . . . in every pedlar's pack." But they were not all insular legends. The omnivorous Munday wrote of Palmerin of England: now Cervantes (Shakespeare's exact contemporary) knew of that knight's adventures, and the curate in Don Quixote's bonfire spared them "as a thing rarely delectable."

Indeed, that is the significance of this one corner in the pedlar's pack. His little books were the heritage of the world. The monks had copied long wordy versions of his tales, no one knows from what source. Their generally unique manuscripts, usually at least a hundred years or so older than printing, have been presented for modern use by learned societies—like the Early English Text Society—but no man knows who first thought of writing them down. And, unhappily for the history of mankind, no one who first wrote them down thought of saying whence he fetched the yarn: you might as well seek for the true parentage of a sea-chanty as for the pedigree of a secular legend. The tales we learned as children can sometimes be traced to the anonymous

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

Gesta Romanorum, the story-book of the Dark and Middle Ages, the true tombstone (set up, in advance, at its birth) of the Holy Roman Empire. Some, doubtless, were born in the time of forlorn hopes against Huns and Visigoths, against paynim and heathen for whom the ethnologists must now daily invent new names. Others go far, far back to the nebulous Phædrus and Bidpai and Æsop (if they ever existed); to obscurities or analogues in the Bantu tongue, in Polynesian, in the remote arcana of Hebrew and Sanskrit. You get them in the great Eastern collections like The Arabian Nights and the earlier Kathā Sarit Sāgara, or Ocean of Story.

It is a world-language that the chap-books speak on that side their vocabulary. They are, from that standpoint alone, worth infinitely more textual research and patient collection and collation than have yet been given to them. It is quite possible to form a true collection of them, if you keep your eves open. The British Museum has a great numberrather bewilderingly catalogued—and a few people have studied them closely-Mr John Ashton, for instance, whose books are full of odd meticulous information, and Baring-Gould, apart from the learned societies. Scholars like Rimbault, Halliwell-Phillips, Furnivall, Clouston, and many others, have chased many of the older tales to their earliest known lairs. But only a diligent seeker can really understand the precious little books, for which he

225

will have to pay (if he buys them singly or in twos and threes) by no standard save that of the vendor's own knowledge and judgment. A collection, once established, is a different matter, for it is a little encyclopædia in itself.

And, like an encyclopædia, it is not concerned with one subject. You can group all folklore of the older type—the decayed romance, the eternal fairy tale, and so on—together in a treatise on the antique beliefs of the human race. But even in the works already mentioned there are differences, queer clutches at the skirts of real literature by poor drabs from among the raggle-taggle-gipsies-o. What is that rascal Carew doing in the galley of Tom Hickathrift, and what has bucolic Tom to do with Champions who bearded the Admiral of Babylon and married the Soldan's daughter? And as for Mother Shipton, whole volumes of Notes and Queries would hardly suffice to interpret the truths she foretold about English domestic history.

The answer to such manifold doubts lies in such a collection as we have lately had before us. There were kings and murderers, minstrels and politicians with us as we turned the worn, rough little pages. Villikins and his Dinah lay abed with Black-eyed Susan, while the mournful glory of *The Flowers of the Forest* commemorated Flodden Field on the pipes simultaneously with the immortal ghost of the battle of the Boyne and the less tenuous spectre of

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

"the American War." There was a version of the Derby Ram that could be sung in drawing-rooms, and of that gallant Battle of Sherra Muir which Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay chants with a spirit that is her own secret. These were chiefly from Garlands; and all and sundry the people of Newcastle and Glasgow, Banbury, Newark, London, must have been following Jack-in-the-Greens, with their wreaths danced askew like that worn by Chaucer's Cook in the Ellesmere MS. An Affable Husband, in this collection, had a garland, not at all dissimilar in spirit to Mrs Aphra Behn's exuberance on the duty of affable husbands in The Ten Pleasures of Marriage. With him, Beautiful Flora, Beautiful Phillis, Bess of Bedlam, Dorinda, and The Verteous Maiden were also crowned. We have never seen a really Pretty Butcher, but he had a garland all to himself; and alongside him (in this collection and in English public collections) are people all indifferently termed jolly—The Jolly Dragoon, the Tar, the Broom Man, the Thresher, the Miller, the Gamester, ranting and roaring songs old and new, preserving the reliques for Percy's use. Virgins, wives and sailors were not always jolly: they were "politick": but they sang the same songs, decorated by the same cracked wood blocks.

Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns in North Britain, and tradition in South Britain, had a large share in these genuine products of the most musical

nation in Europe. One of the present writers took part, in a recent autumn, in several motley Saturdaynight gatherings in the beautiful Elizabethan public room of an inn next door to Caxton's kitchen. The people were farmers, peasants, seasonal labourers from London, men, women, babies (indifferently handed to spectators to let the mother dance), and dogs. The songs ranged from *The Farmer's Boy, Barbara Allen, Clementine* ("three poets in three distant ages born," between 1750 and 1870) to extreme jazz; and so did the dances. Here was the living chap-book, the evergreen garland—kept fresh on the lips of the people, and by no other means whatever. All *knew*, all sang.

That is an aspect of the chap-book which brings it not so far from Titania's library. The nine men's morris, in spite of a late spectacular production of the *Dream* at a most famous theatre, where the lovely lines were omitted, is not blocked up with mud. On the other hand, it had mud near it. A few of the rare Banbury chap-books "for children" are "free"—do not all contemporary writers mirror, in some degree, the morals of the age?—many familiar rhymes exist in two versions, one not now printed, but that not-now-printed version was not beyond the Smithfield and Aldermary Churchyard presses about 1820. Nor were adults unprovided. The accident that befell the parlourmaid in *Midshipman Easy* ("it was a very little one, sir") is lamented

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

in many lugubrious ballads. One booklet is called *The Lost Maidenhood's Garland* (Edinburgh, 1785). What *The Baker and the Maid* and their variants did could certainly not get into print to-day. It had continued in speech for generations.

But the chapman was very near kin to Messrs W. H. Smith & Son. He began to flourish as a regular trader when newspapers took the place of polemical essays and pamphlets-that is to say, at the Restoration. His height of activity, perhaps, was under that monarch who desired that every child in his United Kingdom should be taught to read the Bible. Under George III. the chapman certainly sold Bible stories; but not only such stories. He brought news, not only of fishes, in the manner of Autolycus. He had already told (in a very rare chap-book of 1698) A True and Wonderful Relation of a Flaming Sword, seen near London (at Streatham) and reported at Edinburgh. But under Farmer George he brought the "Cheap Repository" tracts of Hannah More and her sisters (ridiculed by Thackeray in the fictitious Washerwoman of Finchley Common, a parody of the real Shepherd of Salisbury Plain) to spread a reasonable Evangelical light from London to Dublin. He bore the songs of kings-Christ's Kirk on the Green, by either James I. or James V. ("the Gaberlunzie man," as another booklet says) of Scotland, in company with Ramsay; and of James I. the Dictionary of National

Biography reports that, "almost alone of Scottish Kings, he had no mistress and no bastards." He counterbalances some of the anonymous writers already mentioned. The chapman hands on also Freemasonry, in the words of songs "free and accepted" by the craft. He has an eye to serial issue. Near the conclusion (a little cautious) of the First Part of The History of Tommy Potts (London: n.d.) comes the passage:

"So unto prayers they all did go,
Begging that he might have success,
Which the Second Part will shew,
And please the reader more or less."

He inveighed against Swift and the Drapier coinage. He told the sad story of George Barnwell's murder of his uncle at the instigation of Susan Millwood, and of Gilderoy's Kite, that gallows that rivalled Haman's.

There were instructive works in his wallet, too. Many of the little "nursery" books we deal with later were part of his burden. Horn-books also he bore, in which, under Shenstone's schoolmistress or the pedant Holofernes, poor brats learned the alphabet, or, in some rare cases, were promoted to finger the beaded abacus. And battledores, also, those enchanting folded cardboard imitations of a horn-book's shape, that went on until long after wood and horn had disappeared from the schools. Moreover, lest

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

the schoolroom should have indigestion, the pedlar carried (with *The Doating Mother's Garland*) "the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation"—which may be taken to mean herbal concoctions of an electuary or purgative nature.

The trade history of these works is obscure, but not uninteresting. The early publishers are usually unnamed and unknown, and are scattered over many towns in the three kingdoms. Rusher of Banbury, Evans of Smithfield, Davison of Alnwick are among the best known of the later middle period: they succeeded, at the end of the eighteenth century, to the almost subterranean trade of the Running Stationers, of which John Back, of "The Black Boy," on London Bridge, was one of the earliest organizers. From then the chap-book declined and fell into the hands of Jemmy Catnach, of Seven Dials, a great expert in the composition of last dying speeches, the cutting of atrociously bad wood blocks, and the use of those already exhausted. Catnach retired in 1839, having sold many hundreds of thousands of booklets for pennies which were so dirty that his neighbours would not give him silver for them, for fear of infection. His goodwill eventually descended to W. S. Fortey, whose publications, undated, may be dated approximately by the decade in the nineteenth century which his name suggests. Mr Charles Hindley, late of the late Booksellers'

Row (Holywell Street, Strand), cremated the remains in a useful volume which reproduced many of the grievous old blocks.

But the wood block and the chap-book were not so dead as all that. Joseph Crawhall of Newcastle had a love for old fat-faced type with ligatures and large serifs and curly ampersands, and also for swash caps and the value of plain solid black. He reproduced and glorified the moribund things. Indeed, he gave verisimilitude to an author of whom we are to speak, Daniel Defoe. Crawhall issued a pseudo chap-book edition of *Mrs Veal* which contained, among other enchanting crudities, a finely coloured cut of a calf's head. He also gives a jolly portrait of Defoe, with an inscription:

"Reade o'er his Historie—judge of its merits
Ande if you wish for more—Rynge for ye Sperrits."

A very proper sentiment, with a great number of morals. Crawhall put in some useful notes at intervals—for instance, about the source of *Ducks and Green Peas* (original date uncertain; Crawhall copy dated 1883). He had also an odd woodcut (coloured) of a Robinson Crusoe gun—dated 1719. Mr Andrew Tuer, propagator of many valuable facsimiles, and director of a press which does not deserve oblivion, printed Crawhall's work with an excellent justice and humour.

Nor has this reverend art of the chap-book wholly 232

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS

perished. One of the present writers, in the back parlour of a little second-hand bookshop 1 whose proprietor bellowed with laughter at the frequent settlement of bailiffs on his premises, showed Claud Lovat Fraser some really old chap-books, now part of an American collection. Fraser, then unknown, was exhilarated by them. He would without doubt have developed his fine sense of massed flat colours and plain strong outlines without that little stimulus from the nursery, but he followed up the idea from the direct suggestion. Much earlier, of course, the "Beggarstaffs" (William Nicholson and James Pryde) had used the same inspiration, and Albert Rutherston and many modern poster designers and decorative artists have given lustre to a simplicity which was once so humble. Also the Poetry Bookshop, managed by a poet, has recurred to nature, with broadsides and suchlike. But these be toys.

It was a strange, isolated, difficult world that those wayfarers trod for so many centuries, in muddy, tangled, stuffy, dangerous England. And yet:

"Upon a mushroom's head,
Our table we do spread;
A corn of rye and wheat
Is manchet that we eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn shells fill'd to the brink."

¹ The director of one of the greatest salerooms in America was not unknown in that singular "cave of harmony."

So a fairy-tale chap-book ends. The Running Stationers, as they were at the last called, bore a light but a precious fardel: just the Short History of the English People—no more.

CHAPTER IX

Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Life of Pope.

AN

E S S A Y

ON

CRITICISM.

Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Lewis in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden; And Sold by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Nofter-Row, T. Osborn in Grays-Inn near the Walks, and J. Graves in St. James's-Street. M DCC XI.

CHAPTER IX

"TRUE WIT IS NATURE TO ADVANTAGE DRESSED"

TT might well be thought that with the development of printing after the Civil Wars, the multiplication of chapmen and other agents of communication, and the growing competence and pushfulness of the publisher-bookseller, there would be to-day no scarcity of books for the collector to win from the eighteenth century. It is true that a nice Tonson or Dodsley edition, in a good state, if not a first issue, is pretty easily come by. But as a matter of fact, except for the Elizabethan period, no epoch is richer in the surprises of rarity. The century, to take it in a rough general sense, ends, as it begins, with great and scarce books obtainable only for large sums. It has them sprinkled over its extent at frequent and even regular intervals. Defoe, Pope, Gay, Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, Burns, to say nothing of Swift, Fielding, Prior, Smollett, Sterne, Richardson and Cowper (to put them all together anyhow in a lucky "dip"), yield rare books as well as great literature; and that is only a very short list.

There are so many milestones, in fact, visible on this main road of literary history, and so many

byways which may lead to hidden treasure, that though the century is in a sense all of a piece, it must be cut up for our purpose into more than one chapter. The bland elegance of the first part must be detached from the sonorous morality of the rest, with the novelists to make a living bridge, and hints of a new and genuine "return to nature" to round it off.

It is easy to write of Pope's wit and Johnson's But the volume which every humorous pomp. book-lover would first desire after the death of William and Mary was neither witty nor pompous. It is the greatest work of the greatest of all journalists. The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (see opposite) was published in 1719 on, it is said, the 25th April. It has become more than a classic. It has become a proverb (almost slang, indeed)—the highest known compliment, the final test of any intrinsic merit. Any English-speaking person who has not heard of Robinson Crusoe had better go and live on Crusoe's island and talk to his parrot; to be sure he might experience some little difficulty in locating it, for though much has been written on the subject, and cinema experts have even "shot" Crusoe, Man Friday, and the "actual" cave on Tobago, an island in the Spanish Main, it is by no means certain exactly which (if any) piece of land surrounded by water Defoe had in mind.

The book was a miracle, both in popularity 238

THE

LIFE

AND

STRANGE SURPRIZING

ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE, OF YORK, MARINER:

Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROGNOQUE;

Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself.

WITH

An Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES.

Written by Himfelf.

LONDON:

Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX.

and in the ability to resist time. But the strange thing about it is that it happens to be in the main true-truer in fact, possibly, than its author's Journal of the Plague Year (1722; E. Nutta good copy of this in the original calf would probably cost from £40 to £45 to-day). The ramifications of the York mariner's history involve a number of non-mythical people - semi-piratical persons like Woodes-Rogers, Stradling, and Dampier (to whom geography owes more than is commonly bruited), and "littery gents" like Sir Richard Steele and William Cowper—all real live human beings when Great Anna "sometimes counsel took and sometimes tea," and three of the four Georges ascended and descended. Crusoe has passed with fairies and giants and Cinderella into the eternal nursery and into the deciduous pantomime: he is folk-lore. But Alexander Selkirk, the proto-Robinson, did really live alone on the Isle of Juan Fernandez, and did tell his story in the stillstanding taverns of Wapping and Bristol, where, no doubt, Defoe, picker-up and alchemist of unconsidered trifles, heard the essentials of it. Selkirk really was marooned (blessed word: Treasure Island could hardly have been written without it) and really did survey his kingdom in a monarch's robe of goatskin, carrying, if not the two guns of the famous frontispiece, at least one monstrous fowling-piece or flintlock-gun which is before us as we write.

"TRUE WIT ..."

The gun is almost a book itself. Selkirk with a bluntish knife carved his name on it, the date, 1701, and the name of his birthplace, "Largo N.B." (as Pope observed, three realms did obey Great Anna, and Burns was not yet born to claim a separate title for Scotia). There is also a rude rhyming inscription on the stock:

"With 3 drams Powther
3 Ounce Haill 1
Ram Me well & Pryme Me
To Kill I will not Faile."

But how Selkirk coursed his nimble prey with that cumbrous lethal weapon it is hard to imagine. The gun was found by a very great collector, the Rev. Randolph Berens; it had been brought by chance to the Ashmolean Museum, and there refused as (according to the porter) "not old enough for us." It was exhibited both at Bristol and at the British Museum. It is a romantic link between literature and fact, like Goldsmith's bloom-coloured suit in the London Museum.

But to return to the great book itself. Its immediate success caused four editions to be printed by Taylor in 1719. A serial issue (abridged) began in the *Original London Post* in October of the same year. A second part appeared in August 1719, and a third (*Serious Reflections*, a much duller book) in 1720. All these editions or versions are valuable.

1 Shot.

The magazine issue is apparently hardly known in a complete state, though Mr A. E. Newton has a fine one. Part I. of the volume issue with apyly for apply in the preface, and a catchword "always" at the foot of the first page of the preface, is worth from £400 upwards: a copy changed hands in America (American Art Association) in March 1920 for \$2050, and in England in 1924 for £420. If "apply" is correctly spelt, the volume still has such values as £232 (at Hodgsons' in 1921) and £285 (in a bookseller's catalogue in 1924).

There is also a variation on p. 343—a "pilot" becomes "pilate." The extended researches of Professor Trent, of Columbia University, however, involving the comparison of many copies, almost seem to suggest that a purchaser entering Taylor's shop while the first edition was in progress of sale might have been given any permutation or combination of these accuracies and errors.

But there is a further mystery about Robinson's "first" appearance in print. Was Taylor's issue what would be called to-day an "exclusive"? At any rate, it was not alone. Another very early edition known as "O"—the Taylor editions are labelled for convenience T¹, T² and so on—turned up ten or twelve years ago. Five copies of it appear to be recorded; one (imperfect) was sold in 1913 for

¹ Mr Henry Clinton Hutchins, in *Robinson Crusoe and its Printing* (1925), a masterpiece of bibliography, goes fully into all points connected with the early editions.

"TRUE WIT..."

In 1920 two others appeared at Sotheby's. one fetching £45, and the other, a less good copy. There are innumerable small textual discrepancies between "O" and the Taylor editions, and between the Taylor editions themselves (see The Library, Third Series, vol. iv., 1913). Was "O" pirated, or not, from Defoe's corrected (or uncorrected) first (or revised) proofs? Was it earlier or later than the first Taylor edition? We cannot enter here into the minute details, but the extreme popularity of the book, which was translated into French and German as early as 1720, is an argument for piracy as bold and swift as any buccaneer ever undertook. "O" is in the British Museum, and can be recognized by its title, which renders the hero's name (as do some contemporary advertisements—a strong feature in Mr A. W. Pollard's evidence on the matter) "Robeson Cruso." It was "printed for the Book-Sellers of London and Westminster." That alone suggests alternatives—either that it was a "trade" book (an early example), shared in proportionately by all the firms who helped to pay for its production; or else that it was a cheap (chap) popular edition rushed into print at once, and therefore probably a piracy.

Defoe, as has been said, was a great journalist, just too early for the era of organized journalism. He could have made you believe anything. If he

told you that the Trafalgar Square lions wagged their tails at four o'clock, or that the European legations at Peking during the Boxer Rising were a slaughterhouse, or that the Koepenick captain and Dr Cook, of Arctic fame, were not near mental relations of his own century's George Psalmanazar—there it was in print; it must have happened. Defoe knew a great deal about truth and a great deal about English. In fact, for those very qualities, he had to write a Hymn to the Pillory (no publisher's name, 1703; the British Museum copy contains a written note, "2 August"). The Plague Year, already mentioned, has of late been shown to be less true than you would fain believe (after all, Defoe was only five or six years old when the catastrophe occurred); but you cannot better it for a naturalness which perfectly simulates truth. As for his True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal, the Next Day after Her Death (B. Bragg, 1706), the deceased lady no more appeared than did the Cock Lane Ghost, with which another great writer's name is associated a little later. But you can hardly help believing that she did, and if you catch her in paper covers now she is worth more than a lighted candle in a hollow turnip. She displayed herself posthumously (according to Defoe) to Mrs Bargrave of Canterbury; and (also according to Defoe, p. 7) "Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely "-which was the raison d'être

"TRUE WIT..."

of the pamphlet. *Drelincourt on Death* is advertised on the *recto* of the *Apparition's* last page. Defoe had not much to learn as a publicity specialist.

His other works are as the sands of the seashore in number; all sought after and all scarce. more robust in temper are also the more robust in cost. Moll Flanders (W. Chetwood, 1721) and The Fortunate Mistress (T. Warner and others, 1724), with a few companions, so they be not too bedraggled, can hardly be procured now for less than £30 to £50. Indeed, everything Defoe wrote is becoming increasingly expensive. A comparison between the Huth sale prices of 1912 and those of twelve years or so later shows that even the pamphlets (some of them exceedingly rare) have leapt from £1 or so to £4 or £5. The reprints of the present century are numerous and popular enough to show that poor old Robinson Defoe is better loved than ever in his right little, tight little island.

Before we pass from the journalist who turned fine fact into finer fiction, contemplate a little contemporary reality, by one who knew Selkirk himself, and voyaged more widely the seas which Selkirk, no more than Crusoe, could rule to bring him safe home. William Dampier of Somerset has sometimes been called a pirate: a label he shares with Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins and that Sir Henry Morgan who (in spite of wild bulls and Indians) sacked Panama on a diet of boot-leather and as a

reward governed Jamaica. Dampier was schooled at the King's School in the lovely townlet of Bruton, a place to throw one into a love of peace for all time. Yet he was one of the discoverers of Australia and New Guinea, and sailed all the seas of the world. His Collection of Voyages (1697-1709, 3 vols.; 1729, 5 vols.; there is a noble modern edition, 1919-1920, 2 vols., Grant Richards, edited by another voyager, Mr John Masefield, now worth about a five-pound note) has the triple merit of being extraordinarily good reading, full of strange lore, a vital piece of the history of the Western Hemisphere, and a book not easily obtained in the fine condition which would justify a large armchair and a fire on a November evening.

The redoubtable voyager has an even more striking claim to be a forerunner of great literature. Selkirk-Crusoe was a real man; Lemuel Gulliver was not. But the brief descriptions of Gulliver's seafaring, admirably lifelike as they are, and the strangely human note of restlessness in his clear-cut character (especially that terrible aversion from his family after he had seen the Yahoos), have an uncanny reality such as must have filled the mind of that too-little-known explorer from Somerset. Now the Dean of St Patrick's spoke of his "cousin" Dampier, and Dr James of Eton (Times Literary Supplement, 26th February 1925) has seen Swift's own inscribed copy of the 1698 edition of Dampier's

"TRUE WIT..."

New Voyage. One man's fiction is another man's fact. "The Voyage to the Land of Houyhnhnms is, beyond contest," wrote Sir Walter Scott, Bart., almost in the manner of Sir Walter Kellych, Bart., "the basest and most unworthy. It holds mankind forth in a light too degrading for contemplation." Maybe: though Scott had not contemplated what the twentieth century could do in the way of holding forth on that subject. But that voyage is fuller of (so to speak) Dampier details than all its fellows: the trees obscure the forest.

Dampier's Collection of Voyages is a classic of English sea-travel. It is not likely to go down in value or rarity, and will be numbered among the greatest of the post-Elizabethan travel-books, as well for its geographical interest as for its plain English and sturdy straightforwardness.

Turn now from the journalism of real adventure to that of the withdrawing-room and the coffee-house. If we insist upon this word, journalism, which has in some of its interpretations become a byword, it is because under Queen Anne it implies not much more than a lively penny whistle: in the hands of the nineteenth century the thing became a trumpet, and in those of the twentieth a saxophone. Journalism, in fact, of an elegant and finished type, was the mould in which much of the real literature of that period was shaped. Ninetenths of it is topical or personal—day-by-day work,

but good journey-work at that. There are striking exceptions, but *The Rape of the Lock, The Castle of Indolence*, and a few romances like *Moll Flanders* and *Captain Singleton*, are examples of the creative literary imagination unfettered by topical necessities. With the great character sketches in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* we come to the novelists. Nearly all the satire, except that of Swift and Mandeville, was personal, not general. For that very reason, the minutiæ of first editions have a special importance.

There lies before us, as we write, a very good specimen of what that personal quality meant. It is a copy of the third (first authorized) edition of Sir Samuel Garth's The Dispensary (1699, John Nutt, near Stationers' Hall). It is neither a costly nor a rare book from a collector's point of view, though it is of value to the history of the English medical profession. The College of Physicians proposed to set up a free dispensary for the poor in Warwick Lane - near both Stationers' Hall and Apothecaries' Hall. "The Homicides of Warwick Lane," as Garth calls the apothecaries, resented this, as it would, they deemed, injure their sales. The Dispensary is a mock-epic (avowedly based on Boileau, which also is a significant point) of the quarrel. The interest of this copy is that it belonged to an attacked apothecary, Thomas Bridges (one of the Ascarides of the dramatis personæ): his

"TRUE WIT ..."

autograph is on a fly-leaf. On another fly-leaf is a nearly full "key" to the classically named characters, far fuller than those given in works of reference: this key is in a handwriting dated (later in the volume) 1709.

This human touch shows the reality of the topical poem. The work was of sufficient public interest to go into two pirated editions (from a copy of the MS., no doubt) before Garth issued his own: and it is the sort of interesting prize in a small way which a lover of books and of his fellow-men may sometimes acquire cheaply from the literature of the period. The cheapness is likely to be of no long duration.

A better-known achievement of Garth's possibly was his (Ovid's) *Metamorphoses* (1717, half-way between his knighthood and death). Into this vast work he collected translations by Dryden, Addison, Congreve, Nicholas Rowe, "Namby Pamby" Ambrose Philips, Gay, Sewell, Croxall and himself: a good company, of whom perhaps only Sewell and Croxall are no longer read even by scholars. It is not a really scarce work as yet, but is becoming so. The finely written MS., 517 pages, in Garth's own hand, with an inscription of the fifteen books to their respective translation, still exists, and was recently offered in a London catalogue for £105.

Garth is otherwise linked with Dryden. With an admirable devotion, in the face of opposition, he

rescued Dryden's body from an obscure grave, and found it a deservedly honourable tomb in Westminster Abbey. He is likewise a link with Pope. Here is a couplet from *The Dispensary*:

"Nigh where Fleet-Ditch descends in sable streams, To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames."

Here is its fellow from The Dunciad (ii. 259):

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."

It has been conjectured that Pope owed something to Garth's undoubted metrical skill as well as to his friendship.¹

But it is that very community of ideas and know-ledge that gives eighteenth-century literature its personal interest. Pope, Gay, Garth, Swift, Addison, and their peers, were as deeply engaged in written conversation and argument as Greene and Munday, Jonson and Shakespeare. They split at last, and fell asunder, on the rock of rather corrupt politics; the Whigs and the Tories needed and won their pens. Very likely the idiosyncrasies of character in Pope and Swift helped to alienate their more placid friends. At any rate, the main political division finally coincided with a literary cleavage,

¹ Arthur Murphy also knew the ladies of Fleet Ditch, as his scarce Ode to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch (1761) shows. There is evidently some permanent allusion, possibly to the ladies in Bridewell (on Fleet Ditch), whose floggings Ned Ward and others went to see.

"TRUE WIT..."

and, from a book-collector's point of view, the Tories won.

We may set aside, for the moment, the early friendship of Pope and Addison. It is more interesting to consider the effect of the harmony that existed between Pope, Swift and Gay. Pope and Swift were already old friends when Pope discovered Gay-" an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service "(Letters, 8th December 1713). He recommended Mr Gay to the newly created Dean of St Patrick's, and had reason to express gratitude for the consequent aid given to the young author. Fourteen years later we find Pope and Gay writing to Swift together in the same letter on the same notepaper (2nd October 1727). Swift and Gay urged the publication of The Dunciad. Pope suggested to Gay "a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there" (30th August 1716). Pope and Gay were in the secret of "what you call your cousin's wonderful book" (Gulliver), and of its mysterious discovery as of a baby under a gooseberry bush (16th November 1726); though for Swift's sake they did not even in letters speak openly of their knowledge of what Swift feared to be a political iniquity. It is an odd coincidence that the names of the three friends almost fit their characters—the pontifical head of English letters, the cheerful pastoralist and librettist, and the fierce-witted, terrible-

minded creator of the Struldbrugs and Houyhnhnms. In some way, in accord with that coincidence, the premature death of the youngest of the three seemed to take something out of the generosity of intercourse between the other two. Pope withdrew more and more shrunkenly into those iron stays of pain which his poor body had to wear all its life: Swift recoiled into the tormented fastness of his lonely intellect. They died not estranged but separated by the sea and frailties of mind.

It is well to remember these things when we see the value, in terms of to-day's money, of their chief works. The first editions are veritable flesh and blood—you can be present at the parturition. Pope's first independent work, An Essay on Criticism (W. Lewis, 1711; worth £30 or more), contains, among other phrases ever to be quoted, the line we have used as the title of this chapter. It is a general satire, but its butt is the poetry of Pope's own day—and unintentionally of Pope himself.

His Pastorals 1 had already appeared under the auspices of Dryden, though after his death (Poetical Miscellanies, the sixth part; Tonson, 1709), and give plenty of scope for satire on mechanical Arcadias, where trees murmur so conveniently to rhyme with breeze. But he was only twenty-four when he executed an artifice which transcends its

¹ A MS. of them, corrected in Pope's own hand, was bought for £700 at the Burdett-Coutts sale in 1922.

"TRUE WIT ..."

own artificiality—the first version of the first two parts of *The Rape of the Lock* (in *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1712, Bernard Lintott). These *Poems*, like the *Rape*, and like most of Pope's work (for he "polished, polished, polished" in the manner of Mr Turveydrop), were altered and extended later; but this their earliest presentation is as valuable as the *Essay on Criticism*. The full edition of *The Rape of the Lock*, with all the five cantos, appeared with six plates in 1714 (Lintott again), and will fetch £70 to £100. A few copies for presentation by the author were printed on large paper.

This and Windsor Forest (1713, Lintott; worth nearly as much) are almost Pope's only contributions to poetry as such—his sole act of homage to pure beauty; all the rest are faultily faultless, icily regular, but most certainly not splendidly null. Here is an aristocrat of words who would rather stand dumb in a tumbril than write a snappy headline.

Nothing material can yet be added to Mr T. J. Wise's minute study of his own wonderful collection of Pope. As is so often the case, the most famous and popular of the poems provides the worst bibliographical problems. The Dunciad was published in 1728. It was probably printed in London for A. Dodd, not printed in Dublin and reprinted for Dodd, as other issues of the same year claim—though Mr Wise thinks this a false claim. The first real Dublin

issue contained Pope's name and was printed by and for G. Faulkner. There are many small variations in the nine known "first" editions; and there may be still more than nine to be found. There were six or seven editions in 1729, shared between London and Dublin, whose importance in the English literary world seems to date more or less from the battle of the Boyne. The issue now considered to be the first first has an owl for a frontispiece and a foolish misprint in the mock-Vergilian opening line—"Books and the man I sing "—the "s" in "Books" being omitted. It cannot be had in fine condition for less than about £300: the second issue is worth about half that sum. But the tangle of discrepancies and the rare appearance of good copies make it difficult to estimate the cost accurately. An Essay on Man (J. Wilford, n.d., but published in four folio parts 1733-1734, Part I., according to Mr Wise, on 20th February 1733) is hardly less confusing, especially as folio was apparently not the only first form. A first edition of all the parts would probably cost from £50 to £80. There is a very rare later edition (1744) which has not come up for sale for a long time. The later parts were called "Epistles" in the sub-titles. The catalogue of the Ashley Library gives the fullest collations, with facsimiles of the titles, which enable collectors to judge accurately the dates of any folio copies. The octavo and

"TRUE WIT..."

quarto issues are reprints or piracies, and, though not easily obtainable in good condition, are not highly esteemed.

Mæonides in a full-bottomed wig, Pope's Iliad of Homer (W. Bowyer for B. Lintott, 6 vols., 1715-1720) and Odyssey of Homer (Lintott, 5 vols., 1725)—"very pretty, Mr Pope, but you must not call it Homer"—at least made Lintott famous. In Pope's own day it added to the translator's reputation as much as it now detracts from it. It was a sumptuous undertaking, with fine paper and special type, in three forms, one in quarto for subscribers, one in small folio which Lintott apparently produced for his own benefit, and one in folio on large paper. Pope received well over £5000 from the Iliad subscriptions and £3500 from the Odyssey. The volumes are not now particularly rare or costly.

The *Iliad* unfortunately coincided with an opposition version: *the* opposition version, in fact, executed by Addison's friend Tickell, and, it was said, considerably touched by Addison himself. It was the final factor in the estrangement between the heads of the two politico-literary camps, though perhaps a certain waspishness in Pope and a certain pomp in Mr Spectator were never quite compatible.

Pope, however, quarrelled sooner or later with almost everyone except Gay and Arbuthnot. To say "Cibber" to him was like saying "Swinburne" to the late Dr Furnivall or "rats" to a terrier. One

of his scarcest works (indeed, Mr T. J. Wise's seems to be the only copy known) was an attack on the Laureate (A Blast upon Bays, or a new Lick at the Laureat, T. Robbins, 1742) whose most conspicuous fault was perhaps that he could not write poetry; but other laureates have had that weakness. As for Curll, Pope's resentment went beyond his pen. It is worth while to say something more of this singular figure.

Edmund Curll is described in Amory's remarkable novel John Buncle (1756) as "splay-footed and baker-kneed . . . a debauchee to the last degree." He had an eye for a saleable book, and was not particular to inquire whose property it might rightly be. He shared in the introduction of Prior to the world in 1707, and managed to hang on to Swift's coat-tails by publishing A Key to the Tale of a Tub in 1710. He rashly published an oration delivered at Westminster School, and was tossed in a blanket for this terrible crime. But the head and front of his offending was his publication, in 1716, of Court Poems (for James Roberts, and wrongly dated 1706). There was a Dublin edition in 1716, and another (London, R. Burleigh), enlarged, in 1719; all are rare. This volume contained, without authority, some of Pope's poems, and was said to have been found in a pocket-book mislaid at Lord Wintoun's trial for high treason in that year. Curll had to abase himself at the Bar of the House of Lords for reporting that trial, and also for printing the Duke of Buckingham's works: he stood in the pillory and went to prison. But Pope, obviously the first Fascist, punished him in an unusual kind. He asked the bookseller to meet him on some pretended business, and offered him a glass of sack: it contained a violent emetic. Pope also put the wretched man into a very scarce single-leaf folio poem of 1716-1717—To the Ingenious Mr Moore, author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder. Now Curll, like other booksellers, sold patent medicines. Curll revenged himself by publishing a Curliad (1729) as a counterblast to his inclusion in The Dunciad, as well as other scurrilous pamphlets; and finally he had the audacity to issue Mr Pope's Literary Correspondence (6 vols., 1735-1737).

Curll also appears in that book dear to Oxford men, Nicholas Amhurst's *Terræ Filius*, but he would be forgotten by now had not Pope handed him down to the derision of posterity.

"Would to God," wrote Pope to Swift in 1732, on the news of Gay's death at about his own age—the two men seem somehow incredibly disparate in real years—"Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good; but that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his." John Gay, the author of *Trivia* and the *Fables* and certain operas, the link between

257

Pope and Swift, the wise author who in prosperity spent his money on the modest virtues of a house and a garden, and died hated by none—Mr Gay has of late appeared before us again and suffered no diminution of vivacity. Indeed his Newgate opera, by a sort of Minerva birth, but not by the first germinal impulse, of Mr Nigel Playfair, the late Claud Lovat Fraser, Mr Ranalow and many others, has reminded Gay's eternal London of what she really always knew in her heart—that she loves to sing and laugh and dance upon all and every occasion. Gay's famous self-made epitaph—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it, I thought so once, but now I know it,"

—is pure Cockney. Life is a jest, to London, but a good jest. Gay went back to Sir Toby Belch and Chaucer's drunken Miller, forward to Albert Chevalier and the rediscovered Appalachian valleys. Gilbert and Sullivan are only a revival beside his eternity of cheerfulness. "On with the dance."

However, The Beggar's Opera (for J. Watts, 1728) and Polly (1729), though for the moment hard to obtain, are fortunately not outrageously rare or expensive books. A lover of the period must needs love them, and he ought to be able to obtain the first for £20 to £30, according to condition, the other for half as much: The Beggar's Opera should have three lines of music on p. 53; they are wanting

"TRUE WIT ..."

in the second issue (1728). Polly was "censored," and because the Duchess of Queensberry "pushed" the printed edition at Court she was "given so agreeable a command as to stay away from the Court. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this the King will see as few at his Court as he wishes, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth" (See Times Literary Supplement, 7th December 1922).

The Fables (Tonson & Watts, 1727; vol. ii., J. & P. Knapton, 1738), one of the best and simplest English exercises in mock-simplicity, in later editions garnished by Bewick and his school, will cost rather more. An alleged contemporary note in the Hagen copy states that only 25 copies of the first volume were printed and only 50 of the second; but this is doubtful. The Stockdale edition of 1793 passed rapidly into nursery use in other forms which can be easily found. But the original Stockdale is a fine thing. It contains twelve plates by Blake as well as fifty-six other illustrations. The first plate is, according to Mr Keynes, "the most characteristic example of Blake's work." Blake is in the "List of Subscribers." The two volumes are handsomely printed, with very large margins, and fine copies are worth, let us say, £10. It is also an interesting piece of typography—the first issue has the long "s" (f), but the crown octavo editions of a few years later use our normal short "s": the change

was just taking place, though the long "s" lingered on in handwriting for many years. The later woodcuts and printers' ornaments are of blood-kin to many others of the period: it is a suggestive production in many ways.

Trivia (1716) has not yet roused the bookhunter's lust; at least, not indecently. It deserves both collection and collation. Mr Gay's minor pieces are provocative. His To a Lady on her Passion for Old China (Tonson, 1725) appears to be known only by Mr Wise's copy; but as this "epistle" is in the collected edition of Gay it seems likely that other copies are in existence undiscovered.

Swift made a witty comment on *The Beggar's Opera*. The three friends were mightily afraid the taste of the work might be too low for the modish—in those days of scrofula and stinking breath and jail-fever: "John Gay's opera is just on the point of delivery. It may be called, considering its delivery, a jail delivery"—that antique ceremony which the writers saw performed in 1924 with the bright panoply of cocked hats and blue and scarlet robes and gold and silver maces. Swift's chief baby was less publicly born. Benjamin Motte, the startled publisher of those *Travels into several Remote Nations of the World*—"In Four Parts. By Lemuel Gulliver, First a Surgeon, and then a Captain of several Ships. . . . Printed for Benj. Motte, at the

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

Remote NATIONS

OF THE

WORLD.

In FOUR PARTS.

By LEMUEL GULLIVER,
First a Surgeon, and then a CAPTAIN of several SHIPS.

Vol. I.

LONDON

Printed for BENJ. MOTTE, at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleet-Areet.

MDCC XXVI.

Middle Temple-Gate in Fleet-street, MDCCXXVI" (2 vols.)—which have travelled even farther than Lemuel Gulliver, found one day in 1726 on his doorstep the MS. of Swift's alleged cousin's "wonderful book." It had been dropped "at his house in the dark, from a Hackney coach, he knew not from whence nor from whom": but the depositor is found to have been Swift's friend, Charles Ford. By some odd inspiration Motte decided to publish the work, though not before he had, according to Swift, "patched and altered" the text, "to save his ears." Swift had told Pope and Gay about the book in 1725, but in 1726 (writing jointly) they could only report "it is generally said that you are the author." But the "patching and altering" are not in Swift's hand, and do not seem to be in Motte's, which is known: did the midwife Charles Ford tamper with the baby?

It is all part of an elaborate and interesting mystification. The book itself, in its birth-new condition, is in two volumes, and the inscription on the frontispiece should be placed in two lines beneath and not round the oval portrait; each part should be paged separately, and should contain various small misprints. The first issue on ordinary paper with the inscription round the portrait will cost more than £100. The original binding was calf. Still rarer is the large-paper edition, of which very few specimens are known. The MacGeorge large-

"TRUE WIT ..."

paper copy was purchased in 1924 for £725. In this copy the inscription is beneath the portrait. In another and more remarkable copy recently before us the inscription is round the portrait, which is unusual in a large-paper copy. This was Swift's own copy, revised for a new edition by the author himself, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, in the Dean's own handwriting, though in our own opinion Ford probably made the corrections at Swift's dictation. It is a pedigree book, and the text as revised is that followed by Scott in his complete edition. Another large-paper copy with MS. additions said to be by Swift is in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

None of Swift's other works is so costly. But some of them have not appeared for sale for more than a generation past, and it is impossible to name their price—for instance, *Drapier's Letters* (Dublin, 1724). The first edition of the most human work by the friend of Stella and Vanessa, *A Complete Collection of genteel and ingenuous Conversation* (Simon Wagstaff, 1738)—here appears the ever-loved Miss Notable, without the pleasure of whose acquaintance no one knows the eighteenth century—is obtainable at a modest price. Another piece is *Ars Pun-ica* (J. Roberts, 1719). It is attributed also to Thomas Sheridan (grandfather of the dramatist), or to Swift and Sheridan together, and is said to be a reprint of a lost Dublin edition. As Dublin was

already engaged in piracy, and Sheridan and Swift both had financial dealings in that city, this conjecture seems probable. If a Dublin copy of the book turns up at the right moment and is recognized for its singular associations, the contest for possession might be exciting.

A Tale of a Tub (John Nutt, 1704) is not really scarce, but will cost from £25 to £30 in good condition. It is melancholy, in a certain sense, to reflect that some of the most delightful letters ever written, the Journal to Stella, will not be even so expensive as that: a first edition can probably be got for £10 or so.

Between the troubled headquarters of political literature stand two poets of gracious repute and some minor writers. James Thomson wrote a work which (in its frequent reprints) has on the bookbarrows of Farringdon Street for its constant companions Falconer's Shipwreck, Gessner on the unfortunate decease of Adam's second son, and Zimmerman on Solitude; and not far off will certainly be found the theology of the period. It is a singular fellowship. Thomson's Seasons, however, in their first editions-Winter, 1726; Summer, 1727; Spring, 1728; and the Seasons (including Autumn), 1730-are not easily obtained, and there seems to be no recent record of public sales. We deal later with the scarce, illustrated edition of 1797. The Castle of Indolence (1748), which lay in an enchanted kingdom-

"TRUE WIT ..."

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky"—

is also of uncertain value; but it is a very pleasant possession, for, besides containing passages of a beauty rare in eighteenth-century poetry, it includes Lyttelton's amusing interpolated stanza on the poet himself:

"A bard there was, more fat than bard beseems." 1

The various plays, popular enough in their day, are not for the fashion of this time. Even the complacent early Georgians could see the ludicrousness of the famous line in *Sophonisba*—

"Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!"

-and turn it at once into-

"Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!"

—with a damning effect on the tragedy. Fielding also recognized the absurdity in his *Tom Thumb*:

"Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!"

Matthew Prior, on the other hand, outlives the mode of his day in his least ambitious poems, but is

¹ Lyttelton was the author of a once famous *Monody* on the death of his wife—a poem now as dead as the wife—and was concerned with one of the many ghost stories of the eighteenth century. He was the friend of Pope, and a liberal patron of literature. His *Dialogues of the Dead* is scarce.

killed by it in his works on a sublimer scale. Nobody now wants to read, much less to buy, Solomon. But everyone likes his lines To a Child of Quality, with the mellow fancy of:

> "I shall be past making love When you begin to understand it."

He may well increase in importance in the eyes of book-collectors.

Poems on Several Occasions (1707, for R. Burrough and J. Baker . . . and E. Curll) was bought at Hodgson's in 1920 for £43. It is now worth more. This is the first (but unauthorized) edition: p. 47 is misnumbered 49, while pp. 43 to 48 and sig. D are (according to Mr Wise) repeated. The first authorized edition was 1709, and there were two issues of it, the first with F2 and U5, afterwards cancelled and corrected. On the recto of page 67 the date 1695 was wrongly made ten years later, and in the second issue (with the same imprint) all the errors are corrected. Two large-paper copies are now known, one in the Ashley Library and one recently in the possession of one of the present writers.

A Second Collection of Poems on Several Occasions (1716, J. Roberts) is also valuable. The late Mr G. A. Aitken, who was a sort of silkworm of early eighteenth-century literature, wrote Notes on the Bibliography of Matthew Prior (reprinted 1919),

"TRUE WIT..."

which is an imperative necessity to anyone who desires to collect this graceful author. The Ashley Library alone contains fifty entries on Prior and his writings.

He was associated with Charles Montagu, first Earl of Halifax, in replying to Dryden's *Hind and Panther* with *The Town and Country Mouse* (1687). Halifax was a finished writer, as well as a "Trimmer": he can be acquired at no great cost, and is worth the acquisition.

The minor works of both these authors, and the works of their more minor associates, have not now much more than antiquarian interest. The lesser periodicals imitative of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* are not yet scarce enough to be of value to the collector of rare books. Of the less well-known contemporary writers, Bernard Mandeville, the author of the brilliant *Fable of the Bees* (1715-1723), lately rediscovered by literary men of to-day; George Lillo, dramatist of the tragedy of *George Barnwell* (1731), which still lives on the lips of the few "barnstormer" companies of strolling players; William Brome and John Philips (*The Splendid*

[&]quot;"Never mind George Barnwell,' interrupted Sam. . . . 'Everybody knows vot sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did.'" Mr Weller's opinion was generally shared. Barnwell was (according to the chap-book, Youth's Warning Piece) "undone by a strumpet," Sarah Millwood, and murdered his uncle, some time in the sixteenth century. The play was first known as The London Merchant.

Shilling and Cyder) might well become objects of desire in our time. Isaac Watts has already done so. Brome, by the way, should not be confused with William Broome, the collaborator in Pope's Odyssey, nor with Alexander Brome and Richard Brome of the preceding century.

From other standpoints than that of pure literature (or attempts to produce it), a few more names deserve mention here. In spite of Einstein, Newton's Principia remains a great world-work, and a scarce one: it was published in Latin in 1687 and in English in 1713: a fine copy would cost not less than The third Lord Shaftesbury, "Achitophel's" grandson, is a notable figure in a notable family, and his Characteristics (1711) is not likely to be forgotten when the period is more fully explored by collectors. Dodsley, as a publisher-author-footman, links book-production with book-writing and elegant society; while another publisher, John Dunton, went to New England to collect a debt of £500. Apparently he collected it, for he set up a bookshop at Boston, Mass. This was perhaps one of the "errors" in his Life and Errors, for he did not stay long in America.

"Part we must, though 'tis pity, I am made for mankind, all the world is my city."

The hostility between the two sets of greater writers is enshrined in a famous passage from Pope's 268

"TRUE WIT ..."

Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot (J. Wright for L. Gilliver—worth from about £6 to £10):

"Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne...
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike...
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause...
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

"Addison" scans just as well as "Atticus": and Addison, Pope's old friend, is meant. Their famous quarrel, semi-political in its fundamental emotion, was caused, as has been said, by the supposed rivalry between Pope's *Iliad* and that of Tickell, Addison's friend, assistant and editor.

The minor controversialists in these long-dead petty squabbles of Queen Anne's Parnassus are to-day seldom valued save by the curious literary historian, and Tickell, like Budgell, Felton and Broome, is not a "collector's author." Some day, a long way off at present, they may be even as Greene and Dekker and Anthony Munday. But Addison and his chief colleague, Steele, are another matter. They did not invent, but they made popular, the English essay, and they are the real founders of the more polished forms of journalism

as well as of a certain English type of humour which grows into something larger in the novel. The Spectator (S. Buckley and A. Baldwin, 1711-1712), complete with its two parts 165, is worth from £40 to £50 at present. Like The Tatler it was continued after its first run (Nos. 1-555), concurrently with the completion of the earlier parts. "It is wonderful," said Dr Johnson of it, "that there is such a proportion of bad papers, in the half of the work which was not written by Addison; for there was all the world to write that half, yet not a half of that half is good."

The British Museum, meagre in its early Spectators, is rich in early Tatlers. The Tatler, by the way, is a joint work, not wholly by Steele, as some bibliographers state. Apparently John Morphew's name did not appear as the publisher's till No. 5. The paper-folio, in single numbers-"by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq."—ran from No. 1 (1709) to No. 271 (1711): and an additional number, "with the character of Mr Steele alias Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," No. 272, "sold by John Baker," was then added. The volume editions of 1710 and 1711 may contain a portrait of Bickerstaff, with dedications and indexes, and later numbers running from No. 274 (published by Baker) to No. 330 (partly printed by Mrs A. Baldwin). There is room here for fuller collation and inquiry, as the volume is increasing in value and scarcity. Steele would often have been

"TRUE WIT ..."

glad, in his grievous impulsive life, of the money now paid for Mr Bickerstaff's lucubrations. Its successor, *The Guardian*, is less popular, as are *The Freeholder* and other journals of this epoch.

Steele wrote nothing else of note, though his Christian Hero is interesting as being wholly uncharacteristic of "Dear Prue's" husband. Addison's Campaign (Tonson, 1705)—a poem written to order, to celebrate the victory of Blenheim, and productive of a Government appointment for the writer—is a respectable prize: a copy has cost as much as £15. Cato (produced in 1713 and published in that year by Tonson) is worth about the same; it is as dead as Johnson's Irene for stage purposes, but it contains, like The Campaign, lines and phrases which have passed into the arsenal of haphazard quotation.

And where would literature be without the first publisher of *Cato*, "left-legged" Jacob Tonson, "with frowsy pores that taint the ambient air," founder of the Kit-Cat Club, seller of quack medicines, purchaser of Milton's copyrights, chief publisher to Dryden, friend of Congreve and Vanbrugh and Kneller, testator of £34,000 due to discernment and business capacity?

But while Swift's lonely greatness transcends his century, while Gay and Pope and the earlier essayists hold up a flawless mirror to it, and while Johnson and his circle gave homely sanity to its affectations, it has always appeared to us that the

true essence of the eighteenth century lies in the group of four great novelists who adorn its middle period. They are England itself-not the London coffee-houses or the politicians or the clever mob of gentlemen writing with ease. They have a larger air; ves, even Dr Laurence Sterne, in spite of certain preoccupations with transient Georgian habits, or habits which, if permanent, wore Georgian clothes for the nonce. "I never could see," said Dr Johnson in one of his deep, sane flashes of critical intuition, "why Sir Roger is represented as a little cracked. It appears to me that the story of the widow was intended to have something superinduced upon it; but the superstructure did not come." The superstructure was built by Fielding, Sterne, Richardson and Smollett, and enlarged and glorified by a thousand good masons to this very day.

The novels reflect the men. Consider Fielding going like a great gentleman to his death, of dropsy, at Lisbon: Fielding the magistrate taking up the cause of Elizabeth Canning; Fielding spilling Parson Adams in the pigsty, writing Captain Blifil's epitaph, and the Newgate ordinary's sermon, and Letitia and Jonathan's conversation in bed, giving the adorable Amelia his own wife's broken nose; manufacturing *Pasquin*, *Tom Thumb*, and a swarm of other plays whose titles alone have any life yet; parodying inimitably the sentimental Richardson with the Potiphar's wife tale of Joseph Andrews,

until the story ran away with him and became a great novel; having fourteen quarts of water tapped from his body on one of the last days of his life; and able, for all his known indiscretions, to write proudly of his public service as a justice.

"I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, are pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than £300; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk." The money was not dirtier than a pension from a Whig King. Yet Dr Johnson (who disliked Milton also) called that man a blockhead, and never read Joseph Andrews. Go to, Parson Trulliber: you could not always see the swans your recumbent goose-shadow hid.

Consider also Sterne writing sermons and dropping the Recording Angel's tear over my Uncle Toby's oath, stretching out his hand in the most outrageous aposiopesis in English literature; dying alone and unlamented (in his old Bond Street lodgings near where these words are written), to be sold,

273

after exhumation, and sent to Cambridge as a corpse for anatomists: Richardson also, printing the House of Commons journal, influencing French literature, begetting twelve children, followed about at Tunbridge Wells by a bevy of Clarissa's and Pamela's sisters—"a stout, rosy, vain, prosy little man": and Dr Smollett serving at sea as surgeon's mate at a time when our navy was a mixture of hell and social influence.

Life was hard on three of them; death has been kinder. Tom Jones (6 vols., A. Millar, 1749) won an immortal eulogy from Gibbon. The historian, writing in the belief that the family of the Earls of Denbigh—of which Fielding was a cadet—was descended from the Hapsburgs (a belief that is not shared by most modern genealogists) prophesied that "the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the House of Austria." Half the prophecy has already come true; and while the novel retains its place of unassailable if lonely eminence in English fiction the Escurial is constantly undergoing repair.

There are two issues of *The History of Tom Jones*, a Foundling, of the year of publication; the earlier has a leaf of errata, and a fine copy will cost £130 or more now; the second, with no errata (the corrections having been made), £30 or so, but it is not sought after. Those values are not

THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

In SIX VOLUMES.

By HENRY FIELDING, Efg.

-Mores hominum multorum vidit-

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against Catharine-street in the Strand.

MDCCXLIX.

likely to be diminished. A good copy of Joseph Andrews (1742) has recently sold for £150. The other chief works can be bought for £10 to £20 apiece, though The History of Jonathan Wild the Great (in Miscellanies, 1743; worth about £75 in the original boards in three volumes) does not appear to have many recently recorded prices at a public sale and is very scarce. It is the most superb piece of irony in the English language; but irony has never been so popular in England as in France.

Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* and *Catherine*—both to some extent derivative from the author whom Mr Titmarsh most admired—are pale ghosts by the side of the thief-taker in his path to Tyburn.

In 1755, the year after Fielding died, his "entire and valuable library" was sold at auction, by Samuel Baker, the founder of Sotheby's. "The Books are supposed to be perfect, but if any appear otherwise before taken away, the Bidder is at his Choice to take or leave them." The priced catalogue of that sale in the British Museum is suggestive. Mrs Glasse's Art of Cookery (1747—Fielding's digestion was a matter of importance to him) was sold for 3s. 9d. In 1922 a copy fetched £30. The volume was ascribed by Boswell to "Sir" John Hill, but there is little doubt that Hannah Glasse was the author—though the phrase, "First catch your hare," which has made it fictitiously famous, does not appear in it. Other works in the list are Lucian and Telemachus,

"TRUE WIT..."

both of which suggest some ideas in A Journey from this World to the Next; Bishop Berkeley's Further Thoughts on Tar-Water, a remedy which attracted Fielding; a host of plays, greater in number even than Fielding's own; histories and books of travel, necessary to his work in productions like The Covent Garden Journal; the remarkable quack, "Sir" John Hill, On the Royal Society; and—the last item of all—"Law Manuscripts, by Mr Fielding, 5 vols., 13s."

These two entries bring us to a byway worthy of exploration by specialists. The most notorious cause célèbre of the eighteenth century—indeed an outstanding crime mystery in the list of Famous Trials—was that of Elizabeth Canning, a London servant-girl who vanished in 1753 for a month or so. Fielding, with a generous enthusiasm, took up Canning's interests, and was instrumental in getting a parcel of gipsies convicted of abducting her. "Sir" John Hill was voluminous on the other side. The verdict was finally reversed, and Canning transported to the Plantations in North America. We cannot here go into the details of a case full of absorbing social detail. It produced over one hundred pamphlets in about a year; the true facts have never been ascertained.1

¹ See Andrew Lang's *Historical Mysteries*, Arthur Machen's *Canning Wonder*, and *The Marches of Wessex* (American title, *The Soul of Dorset*), by F. J. Harvey Darton where a conjectural solution is propounded which has received considerable acceptance among those who have given the subject a thought.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne died, and perhaps lived, less honourably than Henry Fielding, and the scope of his work is less wide. A curious point about his personal character is that the most arresting and vivacious (but all too brief) account of his life is embalmed in the Dictionary of National Biography. Sir Sidney Lee has there strewn anything from violets to garlic over his coffin—with a wise judgment, for that most undivine divine ranged to both extremes. It may be remembered that a vivacious blue-stocking (even Boswell calls her that) "insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very "'Why,' said Johnson, smiling, and pathetic." rolling himself about, 'that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce.' " But he said afterwards that he did not mean it: which seems to be the happiest possible compromise between the rolling Cham and the lively highbrow Countess of Cork.

If you wish to buy the editions in which Sterne first (to requote Scott) held forth, you have to pay for them. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, appeared in nine volumes, from 1760 to 1767. Vols. i. and ii. were printed at York in 1760, Dodsley having refused them; through a friend, John Hinxham of York became the unnamed publisher, and printed only two or three hundred copies. These two volumes are of greater rarity than their later fellows. Sterne said, "he wrote not to be fed but to be famous": he certainly achieved

Q N A

OPINIONS

) ()

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN. Tapaooei Tes Anspuires e ra Mazyuala, αλλα τά περι τών Πραγμάζων, Δογμαζα.

VOL. I.

1760.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

MR. YORICK.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand. MDCCLXVIII.

his end, for this first authentic appearance of the two volumes made him well known all over Europe. Vols. iii. and iv. were also twins, born in 1761; R. & J. Dodsley, who had taken up a few copies of their predecessors, being now the publishers. Vols. v. and vi. appeared in 1762, and they bear the imprint of T. Becket & P. A. Dehont (the spelling varies), who in 1765 issued vols. vii. and viii., and in 1767 vol. ix. Sterne, naturally, suffered from pirates, and vols. v., vii. and ix. were therefore sent out with his autograph signature, "L. Sterne," on the first page of the text, which in each case is signature B1. A complete set will cost from £160 in contemporary calf binding to perhaps four times as much for a copy in the original boards or wrappers. The Greek quotation (from Epictetus) on the title page of vol. i. is a superb summary and criticism of the book.1

With regard to A Sentimental Journey, it may be profitable to readers of that great work to ponder the meaning of the word "sentimental," bearing in mind at the same time the meanings of its cousins, "sensitive," "sensual" and "sensuous." The stricter moralists might well be asked to apply the most appropriate adjective of those four to a selected "unseen" passage from the Journey. The book itself came out in 1768 (T. Becket & P. A. De Hondt, 2 vols.). To be "as issued" it should

[&]quot; "What troubles is not facts, but opinions about facts." 280

"TRUE WIT..."

contain a leaf of advertisements. Like other novels of this period, copies have been seen in blue-paper wrappers; these were probably advance copies, and are very rare. An uncut copy in the original calf is worth £200 or so; cut, in contemporary binding, up to £100, and in modern binding, less.

Richardson, the least original of the quartette in imagination, though the most prosperous and placid (none of his rivals was placid), can be judged only by reading; he wins, on that test.

A harsh realist has computed that if Pamela, the lady ultimately destined to become the virtuous Mrs Squire B—— (let us not say, with Fielding, Booby), had really written by hand (in the allotted time) all that prodigious diary, she would have had no moment in which to fear seduction, nor even to go to bed. However, the fruits of her pen (with the immortal sub-title, Virtue Rewarded, 4 vols., Rivington & Osborn, 1741) so seldom occurs for sale that the present value is quite uncertain. Here also vols, i. and ii. are the rarest. The more voluminous Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady (1748; 7 vols.), will cost about £70 to £80, and the elegant and tedious History of Sir Charles Grandison (1754; 7 vols., published by the author himself) may be bought for less. "Surely, sir, Richardson is very tedious," said Lord Erskine to Johnson. Johnson defended the "sentiment," not the "story"; he is justified by Sir Charles Grandison.

Tobias Smollett (it was a stroke of genius to have a name like that) is very clearly rising in the esteem of collectors, and rightly, and although he never (except perhaps in The Expedition of Humphry Clinker, 3 vols., W. Johnston & B. Collins, 1771) expressed fully the great powers of his mind, they were always apparent. He was almost always limited by a certain bitterness, which indeed landed him in imprisonment for libel. But no one could read Humphry Clinker without seeing behind it a mind akin to Fielding's in depth; and so no doubt Dickens felt, for, living on Smollett as a boy, "Boz" often echoed him as a man. Some of Smollett's books are, like Sterne's, to be found in wrappers, and in that state, clean and uncut, are very valuable. Their bibliography is as yet imperfectly investigated, but it seems possible that practically all appeared first in wrappers and not in boards: they may have been done in the first instance for friends; however, that is a guess. Humphry Clinker should have the wrong date, 1671 (for 1771), in the first volume—and by a curious chance The Adventures of an Atom (Robinson & Roberts) should have 1749 instead of 1769. The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom (T. Johnson, 1753) and Roderick Random (1748; 2 vols.) and Peregrine Pickle (1751; 4 vols.) may be worth less than Humphry Clinker, but cannot easily be found in a nice state. But at the moment fine copies of any of Smollett's works

"TRUE WIT..."

are an uncertain quantity; it can only be said that the six chief books are increasing rapidly in value.

It may be worth while here to record the prices of the Smollett works (two bound by Bedford) at the MacGeorge sale in 1924: Peregrine Pickle, £54; Count Fathom, £42; Humphry Clinker (in original boards), £90.

"A well-written romance," said Goldsmith of Smollett—and Goldsmith had some experience— "is no such easy task as is generally imagined." This very just observation by the author of The Bee may serve to introduce us to a slightly more severe generation, without letting us forget what the garments put upon Nature to dress her to advantage meant. To-day, as always, "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" (and the lovely "clouded" malacca has come back to its own again) is an important social function: our boots, our neckerchiefs, our cravats, for men; and God knows what or how little for women. But there is a universality of letters after the great novelists, not a strict mould designed solely by time and circumstance. The Bible, Bunyan and Defoe, using the vernacular, had defied the use of the mould, it is true, but the main molten ore ran down known tubes. You have the players, the mummers, the rogues and vagabonds in one great age; the Cavaliers and the court-poets and the rising new school of journalist poets in another; the polite polishers in the next.

Underneath lay what we have called the people's books. Observe now—and mark with the collector's eye which in the beginning, as in the end, equates literary or human value with the rarity of the market—how soon the work of the great novelists and the great essayists was to meet the thought of the whole people of England, and never after to be dissociated from it.

CHAPTER X

"Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

George Augustus Sala: Temple Bar.

A

Miscellany

OF

POEMS

By feveral Hands.

Publish'd by J. HUSBANDS, A. M. Fellow of Pembroke-College, Oxon.

Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere Charta.

Juv.

OXFORD:

Printed by Leon. Lichfield, near the East-Gate.
In the Year M DCC XXXI.

TITLE PAGE OF THE BOOK IN WHICH DR JOHNSON FIRST APPEARED IN PRINT. SEE PAGE 336

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT CHAM

T will be remembered that, following a regular eighteenth-century custom, Dr Samuel Johnson employed a negro servant, Francis Barber, and, with the human gentleness that underlay his masterful manners, went out himself to buy oysters for his sick cat Hodge in order to save Barber the humility of waiting upon the brute creation. Francis Barber was the occasion of a nickname for his master. The poor black joined the navy, though, as Johnson said, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail": a just criticism of the navy of those days. "Our lexicographer" was "in great distress" about this, and sought the good offices of Dr Smollett. The novelist wrote to Wilkes, who was not on good terms with Johnson at the time:

"I am again your petitioner, in behalf of that great Cham of literature, Samuel Johnson.... He says the boy (Barber) is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his Majesty's service.... He (Johnson) was humble

enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins."

Wilkes, through a friend at the Admiralty, got Barber discharged, and Barber went back to Johnson's service. It is hard to say which of the four principals appears most honourably in this pleasant domestic scene.

The great new English "Dixonary" (as Miss Pinkerton called its chief original) which, edited by a Scot (proh pudor!), has superseded Johnson's gives a suggestive definition of the title Cham: "An obsolete form of Khan formerly applied to the rulers of the Tartars and Mongols, and to the Emperor of China (rarely to governors of provinces)."

Smollett's metaphor was therefore a happy one. Samuel Johnson was not the governor of a province; he was an emperor—though to us, thanks to Boswell and Mrs Piozzi, a very human emperor. Lazy, yet capable of immense concentration; uncouth, yet gifted on occasion (as when he met his sovereign) with a fine tact and courtesy; domineering in talk, but full of humour; wrathful against those he disliked, but infinitely compassionate to distress (like his own Levett, "of every friendless name the friend"); a valiant Tory, but ready enough to stand up nobly to a Lord—this son of a Lichfield bookseller and stationer is known to all Englishmen not for what he did but for what he

THE GREAT CHAM

was—a man. Round him revolved (or oscillated) nearly all the literary figures of the early Georgian era; and the book-collector of to-day, viewing that period, will search first (with a few exceptions; but even those come into Boswell's *Life*) for books of what is called commercially "Johnsonian interest."

It is not yet time to dwell further on Johnson's own personality. Let us approach him through his satellites—or perhaps it would be fairer to say through the atmosphere which he created, and of which he was a part. He was a solid rock in a sea which, though it seemed fair enough, was to change the whole sands of letters from what they were in "Papal" times. But it must be remembered that at present no collector preserves the minutest grains of those sands as he preserves the few he can find from Elizabeth's day. We shall mention a number of authors (not in great detail, for that would be foreign to our purpose) whose books may be had for a few shillings: books really scarce in good condition, but not yet fought for against competition. It is likely that, as the old tragedian said, "a time will come": indeed the signs of its coming are visible. It is not yet, in most instances. It was "not yet" at the Bernard sale (already quoted) for many books now priceless. But whenever the time comes, and whatever cornucopia it brings to wise traffickers or complacent collectors,

289

most of the books are worth possessing, if only as social documents.

To begin at the lowest end with the unfortunate and the criminal. The most unfortunate (and in this class the greatest) is one of whom Johnson said: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." Thomas Chatterton's Poems changed hands in 1924 for £2, and it is plain that they are neither very rare nor greatly desired by collectors. His unhappy story is Inspired by some old documents well known. which his father had taken out of the lumber-room of the glorious St Mary Redcliffe Church in Bristol, the boy began to write poems in a sham antique style, and attributed them to Rowley, a fictitious fifteenth-century monk. Very many of the pieces were good enough to stand on their merits without any such pretence; but the fact that some of those whose aid he first sought detected the fabrication was against their being fully published in his lifetime. Some appeared in magazines. Chatterton, however, could make no money even for food, and was worn out with anxiety and wounded pride. He took poison in his London lodging in August 1770. He left behind him a "Last Will and Testament," now with other of his MSS. in the Bristol Museum. in the company of those exotic stuffed birds and beasts which great cities seem so often to regard as

THE GREAT CHAM

the most desirable feature of a local museum. The "Will" is largely satirical. One of its sentences is a shrewd hit at the Bristol burgesses, whom he had come to dislike: "I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriff's annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen."

A controversy about the Rowley poems arose after his death. They are indubitably Chatterton's own work. But they did not impose on Dr Johnson, who, writing to Malone in 1772, justified the defence by Scots of "Ossian" on the ground of national pride, but could find no such support for the Chatterton enthusiasts.

"Ossian" brings us to one of the great examples of Johnson's critical sense and robust courage. There was much to be said for attributing a traditional basis to the legends James Macpherson professed to have translated in Fingal (1761) and Temora (1763), and much was quickly said—on both sides. Johnson disbelieved in the works from the first, and said so; and then a pique began. When, in 1775, Johnson published his Journey to the Western Islands, he gave some pages to the subject of Gaelic bards, and concluded that "to revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence, with which the world is not vet acquainted, and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt." At that "the dog went mad," and said he would bite the man: he challenged

the Doctor. Johnson's superb answer is famous: "Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall not be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." Boswell, in the *Hebrides Journal*, puts an even stronger phrase into Johnson's mouth: "I look upon Macpherson's *Fingal* to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with."

The dog it was that died. A copy of the two Ossian books together was sold in 1924 for 15s. They are a literary curiosity, not a collector's treasure. On the other hand (by way of contrast) one of Johnson's least important works (to come to another unfortunate poet), An Account of the Life of Mr Richard Savage (1744; J. Roberts), was purchased in that same year for £24 10s. This unhappy man Savage was a friend and companion of Johnson in his earlier days of poverty: "They have wandered together whole nights in the streets," says Boswell, "when neither had the money for a bed." He was the reputed illegitimate son of Lord Rivers, and, from his friendships, must have had something more attractive about him than his bad habits and capacity for untruth suggest. He killed a man in a drunken brawl, and was condemned, but reprieved by Queen Caroline. He published three volumes of poems and a comedy and a number

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

OF

Mr Richard Savage,

Son of the Earl RIVERS.



LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.
M.DCC.XLIV.

of shorter pieces separately. He died in debt in prison, at the age of forty-six; the keeper of the prison buried him. He wrote fluently and often well; one of his lines (from *The Bastard*, 1728) lives:

"No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

But his productions, though some are scarce, are also rather curiosities than treasure possessions as yet. The second edition (1777—the first was 1775) of his *Works*, with Johnson's *Life* as a preface, was sold in 1918 for £3 15s.

Another of Johnson's strange friends met greater disgrace but no better fortune in the manner of his death. The Rev. William Dodd, D.D., after preaching to his fellow-convicts in Newgate prison, on 6th June 1777, a sermon written for him by Johnson (as were also some letters and petitions—out of sheer kindness to a comparative stranger), fell off a platform while engaged in a theological discussion with a fellow-clergyman. "The unfortunate Dr Dodd" had been a popular and eloquent preacher. and a minimus poet; many of his dissertations were published, but prosperity at St George's, Hanover Square, made him extravagant, and when, through his wife's fault, he lost that living, he forged Lord Chesterfield's name to a bond for £4200. He was hanged by the neck until he was dead, in spite of numerous petitions in his behalf. His own books have no value, though he edited

THE GREAT CHAM

the long-popular *Beauties of Shakespeare*. His story is unusual, but the Johnsonian interest is the really striking point in it. Boswell goes very fully into the details.

The two Johnson-Dodd works which are known to survive are *The Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren*, delivered in the Chapel of Newgate (1777), and A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Newgate (1777). Boswell mentions eight other pamphlets which Johnson wrote for the erring divine. His sermons were probably weightier than that delivered to Jonathan Wild, by the Newgate Ordinary, on the text: "To the Greeks foolishness."

It was an age of forgeries. Johnson did not live to see the production of William Henry Ireland's Vortigern, alleged to be by Shakespeare, and produced by Sheridan and Kemble at Drury Lane in 1796; but Boswell was able to kneel to kiss the forged Shakespearian documents the year before. He does not mention either Ireland or his father, Samuel Ireland, in the Life of Johnson: perhaps it is just as well. Ireland's Authentic Account of the Shakespearean Manuscripts (1796) was sold in 1914 for £149; but this was a special copy with additional matter, compiled by the author himself. His father's volumes of Picturesque Views are mentioned in our chapter on the Graphic Arts.

It is by no means certain that some of Ireland's skilful forgeries are not still unrecognized. He had a

295

genius for that crooked art, and a real liking for it. He visited the scenes of Chatterton's life, and wrote a book (Neglected Genius) dealing mainly with the unhappy poet, with imitations of the Rowley MSS.—themselves forgeries. He was an indefatigable author—he had (to borrow the title of one of his own books) "Scribbleomania." And he was indubitably learned (as well as versatile), though his frauds must deny him the title of scholar.

But it is impossible to deny that title to George Steevens, who was very directly connected with Johnson, and was a member of the famous Club, as well as a Fellow of the Royal Society. Indeed, his vivacious character awaits its Boswell, even though Bozzy himself has plenty to say of him. Everyone who edits Shakespeare owes a huge debt to his wise learning and keen insight. Everyone who differed from him in life received a rapier-thrust or a poisoned dart. He was a wasp of letters, "almost large enough to be a hornet." And his wry humour led him to forgery. He invented a letter by Peele containing a mention of Shakespeare; he ascribed the more indecent notes to one of the later editions of his Shakespeare to some entirely innocent clergymen of his own day. He "dug up," for the benefit of the Society of Antiquaries, an inscribed stone which was far ahead, in perfection, of Mr Samuel Pickwick's "BILL STUMPS HIS MARK." But some of his letters are deemed worthy of preservation in

THE GREAT CHAM

the British Museum, together with his own Second Folio, which once was Charles I.'s copy.

Consider one more deceiver. Johnson probably knew even less of Formosa than of Abyssinia, though his translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abussinia (A. Bettesworth & C. Hitch, 1735) may have led him (as Boswell suggests) to give Rasselas a home in that country.1 He would not believe Bruce's account of his travels in that country, though Bruce has since been proved a reasonably accurate recorder as well as a great adventurer. But he could swallow George Psalmanazar. This holy humbug professed to be a Christian convert from Formosa, of which he wrote an alleged "history," and such was the effect of his religious fervour that he was ordained and made chaplain-general to the English forces in Portugal. He was in all probability of French origin. Johnson greatly admired his piety, and, though he "never sought much after anybody," "I sought after George Psalmanazar the most. I used to go and sit with him at an alehouse in the city." A copy of George's Memoirs (1764), in which he confesses his frauds, sold recently for 25s.: a slight, immeritable piece from a book-collector's point

¹ The translation — anonymous — was Johnson's first published book; it was from an abridged French translation from the Portuguese. He got five guineas for it. The London imprint of the volume is incorrect. It was printed in Birmingham. It is dedicated to Warren, "The first established book-seller in Birmingham," who suggested the idea to the recent usher of Market-Bosworth, and really published the book.

of view, but a human document which lights up the credulity of that age of common sense, and certainly a mark "of Johnsonian interest."

One more unfortunate, and then to less unhappy persons. Johnson thought Christopher Smart ought not to have been shut up in a madhouse—to which taverns and extravagance had brought him. There is a touch of true kinship in what the Great Cham says: "He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Smart was a good scholar, the author of a long standard translation of Horace, versatile and quick; and if greater stability of life, and if birth in a more genuinely romantic age (say after 1797), could have been granted to him, he might have been a great poet. As it was, he remained only in the second rank (with brief excursions into the first), and died in the King's Bench prison. His Poems on Several Occasions (1752; there was another such volume in 1763, and another-posthumous-in 1791, apart from single works) were sold for £3 3s. in 1923. His Song to David is stated (in the Dictionary of National Biography) to have been published "in a thin quarto" in 1763, when the poet was in an asylum for the second time in his life. But it does not seem to have been offered for sale for many years, and there is no copy of this

edition in the British Museum Library. Another edition of the *Song*—only the second independent issue—was published in 1819; a copy of this was bought in 1909 for 16s.

Smart is an author who may yet become expensive to collectors. He was related by marriage to Newbery and Carnan, the well-known publishers, and Goldsmith revised for Newbery, for Smart's benefit, *The Martial Review* (1763), and wrote a preface for it. Goldsmith was then only an obscure hack. Smart would doubtless have desired, as well as poor Noll, the £20 or so that a fine copy of this work might now fetch.

These old strugglers (as someone called Johnson himself) were small, though sometimes noisy, in their time; they are more interesting, in a sense, to-day than then. Some of their more august contemporaries, though there are exceptions, were but transient thunder, very distant and inaudible now. There is a famous passage in Boswell in which Johnson enumerates the divines of the period; it has been rendered not less famous by Max's essay on the clergyman (whose name Boswell did not recollect) squashed for pleading for Dodd's sermons. Sir John Pringle, a Scot, President of the Royal Society, and displeasing to Johnson because of his religious views, had prompted Boswell to ask questions which we can regard now only with an alien enjoyment of their atmosphere. Seed . . .

Ogden ("Johnson: I should like to read all that Ogden has written")... Jortin ... even Tillotson and Atterbury; they are but dethroned angels for casual readers, for theological students, for collectors—mere dingy relics in the penny box. With them in the dust sleeps one whom Johnson knew well, Dr Hugh Blair, who criticized Johnson's style as pompous, and himself lived long enough to be the "Sunday reading" of our grandfathers' nurseries, and is now utterly extinct.

The historians have fared little better. Hume and Gibbon survive. Hume's History, in the 1806 edition, may be worth from £4 to £7—it has fetched those prices; Gibbon's immortal pomp is a different matter. A good copy of The Decline and Fall (first edition, 6 vols., 1776-1788) may cost as much as £20—one was lately advertised for sixteen guineas; an uncut copy was recently sold for £40. Gibbon was elected to the Club on the same night as George Steevens. Colman draws a vivacious contrast between him and Johnson: "Johnson marched to kettle-drums and trumpets: Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys." Boswell's main comment on him seems to be that he was noted for introducing a kind of sneering infidelity into his historical writings": this view was expanded, and more or less endorsed, by Johnson, when the first volume of the Decline appeared. But Gibbon obviously was often in Johnson's company.

gloriously pompous Autobiography (in Miscellaneous Works (1796), with a supplementary volume in 1815) is an historic piece of self-revelation in sonorous English, but costs only a few guineas. A recent interesting catalogue of Johnsoniana (1925) offered for £12 12s. an apparently vanished tract from the Miscellanies—Antiquities of the House of Brunswick (privately printed, 1814); Lord Sheffield, Gibbon's friend and literary executor, probably had a few copies printed for presents.

One other historian deserves mention, not for his merits, nor for the rarity of his Biographical History of England (1769; supplement, 1774), but for the service or disservice (as you please) he did to the book-collector and print-collector. We deal later with the custom of "Grangerizing," or extraillustration. The Rev. James Granger 1 invented it; and of his history, for which he drew upon his own huge collection of engravings, Johnson said: "The dog is a Whig. I do not much like to see a Whig in any dress, but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown." It is a poor history, but it is not given to every obscure author to provide this language with a new word. Extra-illustrated, or "Grangerized," copies of the book itself, expanded into many more than its original two volumes, sold in the nineteenth century for £42 and £38 10s. But alas! a

¹ Not to be confused with James Grainger, author of *The Sugar-Cane* (1764), also well known to Johnson.

year or two ago a nine-volume edition (including the continuation by the later editor, Mark Noble) was bought for only £4.

Nor do the scholars fare any better than the divines and historians. Malone and Steevens hold a small but secure position. The three Wartons (two Thomases and one Joseph) are more precariously placed. The younger Thomas was a fairly close friend of Johnson, and Poet Laureate; but that has not saved him from bibliographic oblivion. So far as we can trace, the highest value attached to his best-known work, The History of English Poetry (1775), is £20 in 1921; but that was a copy copiously annotated by Malone with his own hand. The usual price is two or three guineas. Even at that comparatively low figure there are few competitors, from a collector's point of view, for the Wartons.

The blue-stockings are often as interesting, in the guise of social phenomena, as the vagabonds and derelicts, but are not even so meagrely desired by collectors. Most of them had a deplorable history. They began as nice, vivacious, very English young ladies who might have been the children or grandchildren of Swift's Miss Notable; they ended as prodigious bores. There are few more lively pages of autobiography than Hannah More's account of her youthful residence with the Garricks and her acquaintance with Johnson; few duller than the record of her austerely moral later

Her Cælebs in Search of a Wife (1808), enormously popular in its day, utterly dead now, but well worth reading, can be got for a pound or two, if anyone covets it. Mrs Montagu ("a very extraordinary woman" Johnson called her—and he knew most of the learned ladies well) is no more highly prized, though her Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare, if not important, is yet a safe piece of minor criticism; but it is obsolete. The famous Miss Mulso (Mrs Chapone) and the equally famous Mrs Elizabeth Carter (who knew ten languages, played the flute, and was an expert pudding-maker) both were of the Johnson circle, and both wrote for The Rambler; but their "billets," as Boswell called them, only make one wish Johnson had written all the essays in the periodical. Mrs Chapone was one of Richardson's adoring ladies. You can improve your mind by her aid (Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, 1773) for a few shillings to-day, and read Mrs Carter's lucubrations in their original form for about the same sum. It is worth it for amusement; but not as a habit, or for "keeps."

At any rate something of what they and their companions wrote can still be read. It is difficult to say as much of the Swan of Lichfield, though her verbose chatter (*Letters*, 1811; worth a pound or so) contains some Johnsoniana, to be extracted by a surgical operation. Mr E. V. Lucas's merciless and

witty book about her—A Swan and her Friends (1907)—was withdrawn, and is rarer than her own.

"Blue-Stocking" is of course really a nickname for those who wore worsted hose instead of black silk; and Mrs Montagu's circle certainly despised fashion. It is difficult, however, to know how to "place" socially and psychologically two women who were at any rate tinged with woad. Mrs Hester Lynch Thrale (Mrs Piozzi) is so mixed up with Johnson's life that to write at length about her would be simply to quote Boswell and herself. How many travellers on the Southern Railway, as they come into London from Kent, realize that the Johnson's head on a famous beer-bottle label commemorates (rightly and accurately, for Thrale's brewery became Barclay's) an immortal friendship between the Streatham brewer and his wife and the lexicographer?

Boswell was obviously jealous of her, and practically says her Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson during the last twenty years of his life¹ (Cadell, 1786; a good copy will cost £5 or more) is flippant and inaccurate. It may be. But she wrote it in no flippant spirit; and the seriousness—amounting almost to a lack of humour—which lay behind the gaiety that cheered Johnson's melancholy is evident in the numerous holograph notes

¹ It went out of print on the day of publication, and when the King (George III.) sent for a copy to read there was none to be had. 304

in most of the books she once possessed, still surviving.

Boswell, the valiant Scot, does not tell much of Johnson's tour in Wales with Mr and Mrs Thrale in 1774, and he takes every chance of making his Johnson his own pet lion at Mrs Thrale's expense. He belittles the Welsh tour as compared with the Scottish, and says Johnson kept no diary of it, which is quite untrue. Portions of the diary were incorporated in a book by the late Mr A. M. Broadley (Dr Johnson and Mrs Thrale, 1910) along with Mrs Thrale's own journal, and A Diary of a Journey into North Wales itself was published in 1816. Perhaps the most amusing point of controversy between the two devotees was over a famous rhyme about ducks. At the age of three Johnson (we must suppose him massively built even then) trod on a duckling and killed it; upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

> "Here lies good Master Duck, Whom Samuel Johnson trod on: If it had liv'd, it had been good luck, For then we'd had an odd one."

Boswell deems this an impossible feat for a threeyear-old child, "without an extension of its faculties by immediate inspiration." Yet Johnson's stepdaughter said she had heard it from his mother, and Mrs Thrale, who first printed the verses, writes 305

VOL. I.--U

thus in her annotated copy of Boswell's *Life* (lately in the possession of one of the present writers and now in the wonderful collection of Colonel Isham): "And now all is over! I do protest he told them to me himself as I printed them; and I believe he made them." Miss Anna Seward evolved a pompous semi-religious moral from the rhyme!

Mrs Thrale is a very real and human person, not to be disfigured by Boswell's equally human jealousy. (Though she was jealous too: "Johnson could not answer him in general terms; he knew Mr Boswell wanted his Letters chiefly for the pleasure of shewing them.") There is a touch of Johnson's own constitutionalism in one of her notes on a letter to Baretti (1761). Johnson had said: "Of the new Parliament Fitzherbert is a member. We were so weary of our old King. . . ." Forty-seven years later Mrs Piozzi wrote in Colonel Isham's copy: "It was not so; the Mob Huzzaed our old King whenever and wherever he moved—I have seen him applauded at the Theatres with enthusiastic Fondness. H. L. P., 1808."

George II. died in 1760, at the age of seventy-seven. Hester Lynch Salisbury, as she then was (she married Thrale in 1763), was nineteen at that time; she first met Johnson in 1764. Can she, in her later days, have been thinking of the old King who, after a glorious reign of sixty years, was to die in the year before herself, 1821? But George II.'s

sudden end certainly came at a moment when he was popular, so that this patriotic outburst may be a veritable recollection of things seen nearly half-acentury before. In 1808 she was old and lonely: "Alas! Alas! and now" (she writes against the record of Goldsmith's death in Boswell) "Johnson and Boswell and Blair and Robertson and Garrick and Reynolds—and almost all the People named in these Books—add to the dead cold List—Alas! Alas! cries (sic) the Survivors in 1808."

Colonel Isham also has her annotated copy of *Rasselas* (a late edition, illustrated with steel engravings). She was only eighteen when the book first appeared. Mr Hilaire Belloc, in a charming essay ¹ on that so intimately personal copy, quotes the last entry by her:

"It is written in a larger and trembling hand, surely a little before she died. It is in connexion with the passage in chapter xxxvi. upon the progress of sorrow. . . . The princess is speaking, and says: 'What is to be expected from our pursuit of happiness, when we find the state of life to be such that happiness itself is the cause of misery?' and to this the old woman's shaking fingers add, 'Oh melancholy Truth, to which my heart bears witness,' and after that a long quavering line."

At least she made Thrale and Johnson happy, and

¹ The New Statesman, 21st November 1925.

her eighty years of life were all well spent; which is perhaps more than can be said of James Boswell's fifty-five. The other blue-stocking (but of quite a pale blue) who is, like Mrs Thrale, responsible for much information about Johnson himself is Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay-"my sweet Fanny"; and she will always be a notable social and literary figure, and a very lovable one at that. Publishing her first novel anonymously (midway between Fielding's great epoch and the storm and peace of Scott and Jane Austen), she took the town at once, and captured Johnson's heart for ever. She was for some time virtually a member of the domesticated Thrale family on the one hand; and on the other, the robust Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Leslie Stephen says, "declared that he would accept anything of hers unseen." She lived later with "dear Mrs Delaney," but also for a time unhappily, as Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Caroline. She survived to be eighty-eight (nearly all writers of the period, unless cut short untimely, had long lives), and her early genius is splendidly revived in her Diaries.

Her second and third novels—we will take the first last—are of little interest now to either the reader or the collector. No one is really hungry to possess *Cecilia* (1782, 5 vols.), though it was hugely popular when it appeared, nor the still duller *Camilla* (1796—Jane Austen subscribed to it). The

Diaries and Letters are not important as rare books, but a good library edition like Austin Dobson's is essential to anyone who collects the literature of the last Hanoverian kings, to say nothing of the pleasure the chronicles give in preserving the spirit of the lively girl who began to write Evelina when she was about seventeen, and lived under four kings and one queen—from George II. to Victoria.

It is the youth and freshness, the observation due to those qualities, which keep that delightful first novel of hers eternally alive. The British Museum has no copy of the original edition (Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World; 3 vols., T. Lowndes, 1778), nor apparently of its immediate successors. It reached its fourth edition in 1779, and Miss Burney got £30 for it (£20 on the first edition, £10 on the third); this pleased her much, for she and her father, the well-known musician, were not too well off. An edition with coloured illustrations by Heath appeared in 1821, with the sub-title altered to A History of a Young Lady's Introduction into the World. It is evident that this, like a further edition of 1822, similarly illustrated (in a "spirited" manner) - with the sub-title, or Female Life in London, being the History of a Young Lady's Introduction to Fashionable Life and the Gay Scenes of the Metropoliswas an attempt to get into the fashion of Combe

and Egan, and provide a picture of women's "Fashionable Life" comparable to those in which Tom, Jerry and their peers figure for men. The illustrations are Rowlandsonesque, and do not fit the light artlessness and grace of Fanny Burney's style so well as those done nearly a century later by Hugh Thomson: we do not want "Miss" to be a coarse trollop, even if she does "dance with a Lord." But all three editions are rare and are not likely to decrease in value. The first edition may cost £100 to £150—or in boards twice as much—but so seldom appears for sale that it is hard to name a price; the second (1779) was lately marked at £15 15s. The two illustrated editions (those of 1821 and 1822) have been sold for £25 or so each, but are also not common enough for a steady estimate.

The Diary and Letters were naturally posthumous (7 vols., 1842-1846), and will cost £5 to £10—Fanny's interview with George III. is as amusing as Johnson's—the minor novels a little less. The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties (1814, 5 vols.) contains an interesting preface, and is scarce enough to be worth £10 or more, but, preface apart, is not wildly exciting. Still, though Madame d'Arblay never recaptured her first fine careless rapture, we cannot, any more than Johnson, "get rid of the rogue."

And while we are upon novelists we may as well chronicle some struggling survivors who had

indeed been totally engulfed by now but for the laughter of Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey and the persistence of the barnstormer theatre. Their works have practically no value for collectors, but they had their vogue and their successors, just as they had had equally second-rate predecessors in another kind in the "bloody tragedians" of late Elizabethan days: they may creep back into market appreciation as the tide of book-collection itself creeps slowly up to them with all before them swallowed.

Most of them, anticipating the Fat Boy, wanted to make your flesh creep, though a few preferred to elicit the tear of sensibility. Of those who stimulated the lachrymal ducts, Henry Mackenzie is perhaps the chief: his Man of Feeling appeared in 1771, and was highly esteemed, but it has disappeared now from the esteem of readers and collectors alike. Charlotte Lennox's Female Quixote (1752), with a dedication by Johnson, has shared a like fate, though Johnson rated her above Miss Burney or Miss More, and on "the birth of her first literary child " (Harriot Stuart, 1751) crowned her with a laurel wreath at a great supper in Ivy Lane. They sat up all night over the celebration, till "Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade." Mrs Lennox's more serious historical work, the Memoirs of . . . Sully, in the 1810

edition (the best) is more valuable, and may cost £10 or so. Johnson wrote a ten-page dedication for her Shakespeare Illustrated (3 vols., 1753-1754), and, because of this association, this book also is worth several pounds. A "proposal" by Johnson to publish her works is said by Boswell (1775) to have been written, but appears not to exist. Henry Brooke's Fool of Quality (5 vols., 1766-1770-they liked to prolong their lamentations!) was also a man of feeling, but the book has a good deal of varied life in it besides sentiment. Johnson vindicated (ironically) the action of the Licenser of Plays in forbidding Brooke's tragedy, Gustavus Vasa (published in 1739), in a scarce pamphlet (also 1739) "by an Impartial Hand"—A Compleat Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage. pamphlet is worth more than the play itself; it does not often appear for sale. A copy was bought in 1918 for £7 10s.

The blood-curdlers were chiefly in the "Gothick" fashion set by Horace Walpole, with whom we deal in the next chapter, in connexion with Gray. Mrs Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho (1794 — she got £500 for it) survive best in this school, but it is a second-rate life from the insurance point of view. Clara Reeve's Old English Baron (originally called The Champion of Virtue, a Gothic Story; 1777—it appeared first without the author's name), though in life it was translated into French, now

shares oblivion with Matthew Gregory Lewis's Ambrosio, or The Monk (1795). Lewis, nicknamed "Monk" from this work, was also a prolific writer for the stage - the stage of Vincent Crummles, whose famous pony acted in one of the "Monk's" plays, Timour the Tartar. His Castle Spectre (1797) was long a stock piece on the provincial boards: like The Monk, it was of the "goblin" school, as Dickens called it. Scott and Southey contributed to Lewis's Tales of Wonder (1801), and his Tales of Terror (1799) also had a considerable vogue. But for collectors and readers his books are now wraiths as thin as the ghosts he invented. However, an Irish edition of The Monk (3 vols., 1796, published at Waterford) was sold for £4 10s. in 1924. Lewis, as a literary and dramatic phenomenon, may yet be valued by collectors of this period, though he was in more senses than one eccentric -he was never of Dr Johnson's circle.

These writers were bred, so to speak, in their inheritance of elegance and sentiment—in Pope's villa at Twickenham, on the one hand, and, on the other, in respect of their flesh-creeping, at Walpole's Strawberry Hill.

Two more authors of fiction remain to be noticed, and they have a freer independence. One, indeed, William Paltock, was wholly outside the Johnson orbit—or any charted orbit, for that matter. Almost all that is known of him,

apart from his one still living work, is that he was an attorney, and was buried in the churchyard of one of the remotest and most romantically named villages in the world, Ryme Intrinseca, in Dorset. A few thatched cottages of yellow stone, a tiny church, winding lanes and a maze of thin runnels which it would be almost an exaggeration to call streams — that is the resting-place of the writer who added flying men and women-Glums and Gawries - to the discoveries of Gulliver and Crusoe, and enchanted Southey, Leigh Hunt, Scott and Lamb. The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man (Paltock is a Cornish name), was published in 1751, in two volumes, with excellent plates, and with "R.P." for its author's sole identification. It was dedicated to Elizabeth. Countess of Northumberland, in terms fairly intimate, so that Paltock must have been not entirely a snail within a legal shell. Indeed the imaginativeness of many passages in the book and the realism of others seem to prove him no hermit. A good copy of the work would now cost from £8 to £10. There is said to be an issue dated 1750 (Dictionary of National Biography), but we have not traced it. The book was translated into French and German; a play based on it was produced at Sadler's Wells, and there have been many editions since 1751. Paltock's identity was definitely ascertained by James Crossley, the antiquary and

bookseller of Manchester whom we have already mentioned. Crossley possessed the original agreement between Paltock and his publisher; he had acquired it in a collection of Robert Dodsley's papers, apparently at a cost of £2 5s. Crossley's copy is in the British Museum. Paltock (the name is also spelled Poltock) vanished into the unknown like his own Peter Wilkins, but his new-found land is still on our maps of literature, still on our library chart.

The other traveller into the realms of fantasy was William Beckford (1759-1844), whose career was almost as exotic as his chief literary creation. The son of a famous Lord Mayor of London, he inherited a huge fortune — said to be £100,000 a year. He managed to get rid of much of it, chiefly by lavish expenditure on his inherited mansion at Fonthill, and by amassing an extraordinary collection of bijouterie and articles of virtu.

The extravagant but often impressive romance which keeps his name alive, and still lives itself, *Vathek* (the original title is *An Arabian Tale*), in the English edition of 1786, is now worth £10 or so; it has cost that steadily for some years past. Large-

¹ Also William Beckford. Johnson seems to have thought Beckford senior a nigger-driver—the City Knight was born in Jamaica; but as Beckford publicly rebuked the King in connexion with the Middlesex Elections, Johnson may have been prejudiced. In *Taxation no Tyranny* he probably refers to the Lord Mayor in his angry question: "How is it that we hear the loudest *yelps* for liberty among the drivers of negroes?"

paper copies have about double that value. It was originally written in French, and, according to Beckford, at one sitting, lasting three days and two nights. Doubt has been cast upon this boast, but the book is a tumultuous and rushing work. According to the late Dr Richard Garnett the English translation (by the Rev. Samuel Henley) was published - without authority - in 1784, and the French version appeared in 1787. The British Museum has this French edition, and also the English one of 1786, but we have been unable to trace any copy of 1784. Nor can we identify a mysterious work which appears in the 1884-1885 catalogues (Sotheby's) of the James Crossley sale— Popular Tales of the Germans (2 vols., 1791). The British Museum has no copy of it, though it was apparently bought for that great library at this sale. Whatever the book was, it had some value. for you can multiply most of the sale-values of that time by three or four at least, to estimate to-day's cost. This work (the first part, two copies) was sold with this for £1 5s. and 16s. at that sale; the second part (bound up with another book) for 13s. It is catalogued as "scarce." Crossley himself probably inspired that note—Sotheby's list quotes him freely-and he was not by any means a shorn lamb in the sheepskin market of books. But the thing has vanished like a torpedoed submarine, and bibliographers, even Lowndes, knew it not,

Whether it is really by "Vathek" Beckford or not we cannot tell; and we may not live to see its discovery and possible appreciation.

One of Beckford's other works is very scarce—his *Dreams*, *Waking Thoughts and Incidents* (1783; anonymous); the first edition was destroyed but for a few copies.

There are a few grave persons to be passed before we reach the summit of the eighteenth-century Parnassus. Johnson drew upon the divines heavily for the Dictionary, but not much upon the philosophers and politicians. His opinion of Hume (history apart) was unjust to that clear thinker, and was coloured by religious and political feeling. He respected the profound scholarship of Bishop Berkeley (as well as his tar-water—a remedy used by Goldsmith, Fielding and Edward FitzGerald, among others1), but quite obviously did not realize the true importance of the man who said that only what we perceive exists. Of Adam Smith, to whose doctrines we still hold precariously, and who reviewed the Dictionary handsomely in The Edinburgh Review (1755; the first Review, not Sydney Smith's revival), Birkbeck Hill writes: "Johnson could scarcely have read Smith; if he

¹ Berkeley, of course, anticipated modern science in his appreciation of coal-tar and its by-products, and modern scientific philosophy in his theory of vision, which is very much that of (say) Dr Karl Pearson to-day. He was a great as well as an amiable man, and a master of English. We recommend a small bin of his works, notably *Siris* (1744) and *Alciphron* (1732).

did, it made no impression on him. His ignorance on many points as to what constitutes the wealth of a nation remained as deep as ever." Boswell says (Letters) the Great Cham read only thirty pages of the book. He was no philosopher in that strictest sense. Nor was he really in his politics a true philosopher. He defined a Tory (himself) as "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state—the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England." "When I mean religion, I mean the Christian religion," said Fielding's Mr Thwackum; "and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant, but the Church of England." It is attributing no insincerity to Johnson to believe that he shared Thwackum's doctrine to a great extent. But he had not quite the historical perspective to see the true political significance of Wilkes (even after they became friends) or Burke, or the philosophical value of Adam Smith and Berkeley.

Smith's Wealth of Nations (1776) is the only work by any of these notable thinkers to cost a collector of to-day more than a pound or two. A fine copy of it was recently offered for sale at £30.

We may leave the minor dramatists like Home, the Colmans and Foote on one side, though a few of their pieces are still seen on the stage occasionally, and they were of course well known in the

Johnson circle; indeed it was at a dinner given by Foote that Johnson acknowledged his authorship of Cave's *Parliamentary Debates* with the comment that "I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." There were greater dramatists than they to win the Great Cham's praise.

It is singular that after Tudor days the English stage owes more in proportion to Irishmen than to its native writers—though the Irish as a rule came to England to produce their chief work. Farquhar was Irish; Congreve, though probably born in England, spent most of his youth in Ireland, where he was educated. In our own day, Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr St John Ervine, Mr Sean O'Casey and many others have made Irish wit and Irish dialect at least as common as English in London theatres. A couple of generations before their rise Dion Boucicault and Sheridan Knowles were providing popular drama for the metropolitan public. But they are all, even the most modern of them, as nothing beside Johnson's two friends, Goldsmith's and Richard Brinsley Sheridan - least of all to book-collectors.

Goldsmith was the senior of the two: in fact he died the year before Sheridan's first great comedy, *The Rivals* (1775), was produced. And Goldsmith's fame has spread farther abroad than Sheridan's. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is an international novel. It

THE

VIICAR

O F

WAKEFIELD:

A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

Sperate miseri, cavete fælices.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY:

Printed by B. COLLINS,
For F. NEWBERY, in Pater-Noster-Row, London.
MDCCLXVI.

is also very expensive in its earliest form, which has some bibliographical peculiarities. The full title of the first edition runs:

The / Vicar / of / Wakefield: / A Tale. / Supposed to be written by Himself. / [Rule.] / Sperate miseri, cavete fælices. / [Rule.] / Vol. I. / [Vol. II.] / Salisbury: / Printed by B. Collins, / For F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, London. /

MDCCLXVI./

The imprint is curious, because as a matter of fact John Newbery was at his well-known sign of the "Bible and Sun" in St Paul's Churchyard, and "F" is the initial of both his son and his nephew. Collins had probably bought and paid for a share in the book before Johnson, in 1762, received Goldsmith's despairing message and got sixty guineas out of John Newbery for the novel. It was not published at once, however—indeed not till *The Traveller* had made Goldsmith more widely known.

The best-known typographical misprint in the work is on p. 95 in vol. ii., where Wakefield is usually misspelt "Waekcfield"—though there are other variant misspellings. Copies with these misprints and p. 159 of vol. ii. misnumbered 165 are usually deemed to be first issues of the first edition. What it costs to possess it may be seen from the

321

arithmetical progression of a famous copy. The late Mr MacGeorge bought his thirty years ago for about £60. In 1924 it was sold for £480, and has since changed hands for still more.

The first edition was published on the 27th of March 1766, in 2 vols., price 5s. A second edition appeared on the 5th of June; a third on the 25th of August of the same year; a fifth in 1773; and it reached a sixth edition in 1774, the year of its writer's death.

But there was, in the year 1766, a Dublin edition, also in two volumes, which Crossley is quoted in his 1884-1885 sale catalogue as saying: "This Dublin Edition is even of less frequent occurrence than the first English edition published the same year." It is worth less than £20.

In the Scotch editions, first published at Glasgow, 1790, in 2 vols., there is "A Speech Spoken by the Indigent Philosopher," which has not been reprinted even in the collected editions. We print it in full:

- A SPEECH, / SPOKEN BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER, /
 TO PERSUADE HIS CLUB AT CATEATON, / NOT TO
 DECLARE WAR AGAINST SPAIN. / THE AUTHOR
 DR GOLDSMITH. /
- "My honest friends, and brother-politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were 322

told, the stocks rose, and you were glad: to day they fell, and you are again miserable. But, my friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr Bellowsmender, what is all this to you or me? you must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense, then, my good friends, let the Great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars to work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An Author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes, that ' E's in præsenti perfectum format'; that is, 'Ready money makes a perfect man.' Let us then, to become perfect men, get ready money; and let them that will, spend theirs by going to war with Spain."

Goldsmith's work is full of perplexities, for much has been attributed to him without certainty, and he wrote in some obscurity as a hack before he won the higher payments which he got rid of so easily. Probably his earliest authenticated work was An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe (R. & J. Dodsley, 1759). The earlier date on The Mystery Revealed (1742; a treatise on the notorious Cock Lane Ghost) is wrong; it should be 1762—the year when a deceitful young girl in Clerkenwell made all London talk. Johnson wrote an account of the detection of the fraud for The Gentleman's Magazine, but The Mystery Revealed is usually ascribed to Goldsmith, and the internal evidence of style is persuasive: it is very scarce. The Present State of Polite Learning in original sheepskin is worth £20 or so.

The rather pedestrian works by which at first he got his living have about the same value. The Life of Richard Nash, of Bath, appeared in 1762; The History of England in 1764 (2 vols.), though a bibliographer suggests that an earlier edition, a "trade" book, may exist, since it is mentioned in advertisements. At the same time Goldsmith was contributing to magazines, and the very charming essays afterwards published as The Citizen of the World began to appear in The Public Ledger (Newbery's property) in 1760.

His first published important poem, The Traveller, 324

has a curious history. It was first called by its sub-title, A Prospect of Society, and with that title is very scarce indeed. The British Museum has a unique copy with no title page at all, and the text is paged backwards in some rare early copies. Three copies of The Traveller have been traced with the date 1764, and one was sold in 1916 for £350: these may be proof copies, not formally published. The ordinary first edition, dated 1765, "Printed for J. Newbery," is worth £80 upwards. Its successor, The Deserted Village, was first issued in small octavo $(7 \times 4\frac{1}{2} \text{ in.})$, privately printed, and there are apparently two issues, the earlier having "tyrant's head" instead of "tyrant's hand" in line 37. This octavo edition is rare, and copies have sold for £60. The first published edition, also by W. Griffin, 1770, is a quarto $(11\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{2})$ in.); uncut copies may be worth £200 or more; it is worth £70 to £80 cut and rebound. The second, third, fourth and fifth editions were also published in 1770. Retaliation: A Poem, "Printed for T. Kearsley, 1774," is worth £70 to £80; and The Haunch of Venison, "Printed for G. Kearsley and J. Ridley, 1776" (a copy is known with the publishers' names reversed, and the half-title has a variation; some carry the "price" as "one shilling" others as "one shilling and sixpence"), in uncut state sold for £205 in 1924. A Dublin edition of the same date in small octavo is in the Isham Collection. These two poems (Retaliation celebrating a dinner

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A

P O E M.

By DR GOLDSMITH



The sad historian of the pensive plain

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head, in Catharine-street, Strand.

MDCCLXX.

of the Johnson circle at St James's Coffee-house) were published posthumously.

The Vicar did not come into his world - wide parish for some years; he had reached only a ninth edition by 1779. Covent Garden saw The Good-Natur'd Man produced in 1768, with a preface by Johnson, who thought it "the best comedy that had appeared since Vanbrugh and Cibber's The Provok'd Husband. She Stoops to Conquer was dedicated to that steadfast friend, and on its appearance in 1773 (also at Covent Garden) it had an even greater success. An uncut copy was sold at the MacGeorge sale in 1924 for £78, and another has reached the century.

Noll certainly "wrote like an angel," and Johnson's splendid epitaph on his tomb is one of the wisest tributes ever paid by one great writer to another. No collector need be ashamed to spend large sums in acquiring the work of so lovable an author, and, whatever the jealous Boswell may say in his more bitter moments, so lovable a man. The collector may, on the other hand, be frightened by the way in which those sums grow from year to year. They will certainly not diminish, for really good copies of any of Oliver Goldsmith's works are not often to be found.

Sheridan was a younger man, and his youth kept him from being one of Johnson's more intimate friends—his youth and Johnson's quarrel with his

father, Tom Sheridan the actor. But Johnson applauded Richard Brinsley's decision not to let his beautiful wife sing in public after their marriage, and proposed him for membership of the Club, saying: "He who has written the two best comedies of his age is surely a considerable man."

The bibliography of that rare book the first edition of The School for Scandal is another puzzle. Two, possibly three, editions of 1781 are recorded: one with advertisements at the end and no publisher's name, another, undated, printed for J. Ewling (not Ewing, as Sheridan's chief modern biographer has it). These two changed hands in recent years for £2 2s. and \$100 respectively, and Book Prices Current states that "many collectors" consider the undated edition the real first edition: Mr Williams and Mr Crompton Rhodes apparently think this likely. These editions were printed in Dublin. Mr Sichel attributes an undated edition ("J. Ewing, Dublin") to 1778-1779, and this also has been attributed by a bibliographer to 1777 (the year in which, on 8th May, the play first appeared in London; it appeared in Dublin in 1778); but Mr Sichel mentions a newspaper statement of 1778 which seems to confirm publication in that year (not 1777). He also mentions "Six Dublin editions ... between 1778 and 1787, and three London ones pirated in 1788, 1797 and 1798." A Dublin-Ewling edition, 1778, changed hands at Sotheby's in

1918 for £48. This is said to be 8vo, but the 1780 edition seems to be 12mo, like its successors. There is also an undated edition, a copy of which, entirely uncut, was sold in 1924 for £65. There are several original MSS. of the play, the chief still remaining in the possession of the Sheridan family. Mr Crompton Rhodes (*Times Literary Supplement*, 24th September 1925) goes fully into textual discrepancies. The final word is not yet. The first text authorized by Sheridan himself was probably not issued till 1799.

Though Sheridan's works in general may not perhaps rise to Goldsmith's level in the esteem of the auction-room for some years to come, they are rapidly increasing in value, and a close study of their details is a byway worth exploration.

One of his alleged works which seldom appears for sale deserves mention—the semi-erotic poems known as The Love Epistles of Aristænetus (1771). This is the subject of an engagingly foolish comment by Mr Sichel, who seems to doubt whether Aristænetus ever existed, much less than the hypothetical Sambucus quoted in the preface. "Sambucus" printed the Editio Princeps of the Greek text in 1566; so we need not be troubled by the thought that Sheridan invented these scarce and, on the whole, dull verses. His translation—the main basis of which is by his friend Halhed—appears infrequently, and is worth from £5 to £10 at present; it will go up in value.

But the bibliography of Sheridan is at present an appalling subject. To recur to The School for Scandal for proof. Mr Williams, who confines himself in the main to "firsts," mentions four Dublin editions between (?) 1778 and 1782. Mr Sichel records ten issues (London and Dublin) before 1800. Mr Crompton Rhodes writes (Times Literary Supplement, 17th June 1925): "I know of no less than thirty editions of this play printed in Dublin alone during that period" (i.e. before 1800); and he has published particulars of a few of the bewildering textual variations. The other works are no less perplexing, and each has its particular problem. Most of the difficulties, as in politics, are derived from the activities of Dublin. We must, in this pass, be cataloguers rather than commentators or selectors.

The other great comedy, *The Rivals*, produced in 1775, was published by John Wilkie (London) in the same year, and was followed quickly by a second edition. The British Museum has two copies of the first edition which, if uncut and in fine condition, might cost from £30 to £50. This is the simplest of the Sheridan books; it will only become complicated if (as may well happen: *ex Hibernia semper aliquid novi*) an Irish edition turns up, or a copy with an epilogue after p. 100. The last signature in the extant copies has only two leaves (four pages)—a very uneconomical method of printing,

for publishers like to use up their paper as nearly as possible in even four leaves.

Before this, however, had appeared Clio's Protest; or, The Picture Varnished, issued in a volume called The Rival Beauties (W. Griffin). 1772 is the accepted date for this very rare piece, but the British Museum dates one of its copies 1771; the dedication is dated 1772. The Rival Beauties itself was by Sir R. Fitzgerald; Sheridan's portion (the Protest) bears the pseudonym "Asmodeo." Its cost cannot be estimated.

Another terror to bibliographers is *The Duenna*; or, *The Double Elopement*. The play was acted in 1775. The first known authorized English edition was published by T. N. Longman in 1794 (8vo). But a pirated edition appeared as from "London" in 1783, and Dublin put forth (in a series of plays acted at its Smoke Alley Theatre) editions in 1785 and 1786, as well as a garbled version in 1777, under the title of *The Governess*. (At least three Dublin theatres had produced the play before 1783.) The Longman edition costs at present from about £5, but as Sheridan's bibliography is being farther and eagerly explored, such prices should not be considered normal, either on the high or on the low side.

There was also a *Duenna* of 1776 (London, E. Johnson), but this is by Israel Pottinger, and the songs are parodies of Sheridan's. (Pottinger

wrote one or two other plays, and at one time ran a periodical, called *The Busy Body*, to which Goldsmith contributed.) But *The Duenna's* troubles did not begin with her full - dress appearance. *Songs, Duets, Trios, etc.*, from it were published by J. Wilkie & T. Evans in 1775. By 1783 there were twenty-nine editions of this popular and now very rare work. The British Museum has a sixth edition of 1775 (8vo). Mr Williams mentions, but has not seen, a quarto edition of 1775. It should be noted, by the way, that the chief *Duenna* sizes are—1785, Dublin, Smoke Alley edition, 16mo; 1786, similar edition, 12mo; 1794, Longman edition, 8vo; 1794, Dublin, 12mo. There is probably much more to be learned about this lady.

One of the most glorious burlesques in English, The Critic, "Printed for T. Becket, 1781"—which lives with Sheridan's two great comedies, and excites even more laughter (the late Sir Charles Stanford's conversion of it into a comic opera was outrageously funny)—presents a grisly number of typographical difficulties, to say nothing of some uncertainty as to its original appearance (it was first performed in 1779). Mr de Ricci (1921) says the British Museum has a copy dated 1780. It certainly has. It has also an entry to the effect that this is not by Sheridan at all, but is a political squib, with names borrowed from the successful play. Mr Williams, on the other hand (1924), has heard of one in New York (sold

there in 1921), but has not seen it. This is probably the copy recorded in American Book Prices Current as sold for \$65, and ascribed to Sheridan with the words "First Edition." Like the British Museum copy (unless it is the same) it is published by S. Bladon, London. Mr Williams, in Seven XVIIIth Century Bibliographies, should be consulted in regard to the various issues.

That fortunately dead play, adapted from the voluminous Kotzebue, *Pizarro*, appeared in 1799, both on the stage and between covers, with huge success. Nobody seems very anxious to buy the first edition (Ridgway, London, 1799) at present, but there were twenty editions in 1799, and the twenty-sixth was reached in 1800. Sheridan's other adaptation—*A Trip to Scarborough* (G. Wilkie, 1781)—is from Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, and is a much more expensive treasure. It will cost from £3 to £5 cut, and £20 or more uncut. The play was produced at Drury Lane in 1777, and there are so many variants in the 1781 edition as to raise a suspicion that there may well be an earlier version as yet undiscovered.

Two late and, from the literary and theatrical standpoint, not very important plays—St Patrick's Day (Dublin, 1788) and The Camp (London, 1795)—are also rare and costly. Very few copies of St Patrick's Day are known, and here too, as this 1788 edition is pirated, and the play itself had been produced thirteen years before at Covent Garden,

there may be earlier copies still in hiding. *The Camp* is not really by Sheridan at all, but by his brother-in-law, Richard Tickell. It was put on the stage in 1778. A copy lately changed hands for £20.

The other works of Sheridan are minor in size and importance, but rare in quantity and survival. The Verses to the Memory of Garrick (J. Wilkie and others, 1779) was sold (uncut) for £8 in 1923-10s. a page. The British Museum has six copies, one with Boswell's autograph. There was a second edition the same year. It differed from the first in having a misprint on p. 5 ("difference" for "deference") corrected. The posthumous Ode to Scandal (W. Wright, 1819) is scarce. The British Museum has only the second edition (1819), but there is a copy at South Kensington. The General Fast (various publishers, n.d.) seems to exist only in the British Museum, which attributes it to (?) 1775; it is "by the Author of The Duenna"; so that the date of that play's appearance is perhaps a good Of The Forty Thieves, by Sheridan and George Colman junior, no copy is recorded earlier than Duncombe's edition (1825) in his series of stock plays. For the rest, the Speeches are of no great interest to collectors. Tom Moore's Memoirs (Longman, 1825) are worth a pound or two. The plays by other writers to which Sheridan wrote prologues or epilogues have not the value of those for which Johnson performed the same office.

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., is, as we have said, the sun of all these variant stars. He can never be dissociated, it is true, from the greatest of all biographers; but his personality is stamped upon almost all contemporary literature, as enduringly as the footprint of a dinosaur in prehistoric rock. We need not labour that obvious point. But it is well to consider both how little and how much he wrote, and in what sort and in what circumstances; for to the collector, humanity apart, he is, like the lady at the Brick Lane temperance tea-party, "swellin' wisibly." The allusion (made, of course, in a purely Pickwickian sense) is not inapt, for Johnson, when he had got over his youthful addiction to drink, swallowed enormous quantities of tea. Perhaps that reformation may account for his remark (which we commend to the United States of America) on a barley brandy tested at Inveraray on his Western Islands journey: "It was strong, but not pungent, and was free from the pyreumatick taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of inquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant."

But, as has been hinted in our remarks on Savage, he found poison pleasant in his younger days. Maybe, as a result, his natural energy became attenuated; he was naturally lethargic—as evidenced in the writing of the Lobo translation already mentioned; he did much of it by dictation in bed. His versatility—

for, after all, his conversation and art were not confined to thunderous blows beginning, "Why, no, Sir"—is made evident in the progress of his minor writings, which are now deemed by collectors more precious in proportion than some of those conceived and executed on a grander scale. A chronological summary will show the truth of that.

His first appearance in print was due to his father. When he was at Oxford, his tutor, William Jorden—" a very worthy man, but a heavy man": eighteenth-century Oxford, as described by Gibbon -desired him to translate Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, "as a Christmas exercise." translation was worthy of his genuine scholarship, and "obtained great applause." The Rev. John Husbands, apparently at the suggestion or with the connivance of Michael Johnson, pirated it in A Miscellany of Poems by Several Hands (Oxford, Leon. Lichfield, 1731). The inclusion annoyed Johnson, though the translation pleased Pope. The Miscellany (see p. 286) is rare. This first appearance. however, helps to remind us that among Johnson's great qualities, apart from his character, were scholarship and knowledge; it is a natural beginning for an undergraduate. His name is mentioned in the preface. A copy was lately offered for £26 10s. Boswell prints other such exercises, but they do not seem to have appeared in any contemporary collection of fugitive pieces.

It is desirable here to insist on another feature of these lesser works (and of the greater, for that matter). The eighteenth century, the soul of neatness and elegance—we might even say the incubator of libraries other than those intended simply for learned men or students—put thought, as a wellknown Oxford tutor once said, into a strait-jacket. It liked also to clothe the vehicles of thoughtbooks-in a similar costume: a fine costume, as a rule, but different from that worn in the first state of nature—that is to say, they bound their publications, as quickly as might be, in orderly and often beautiful calf cases, usually paring the leaves— "cutting" them—for the sake of a uniformly tidy appearance. This was all very well for a countryhouse of the day, but less pleasing to a twentiethcentury collector who desires the authentic thing exactly as it first appeared. The result is that uncut copies (occasionally bound, but usually not) are at least ten times as scarce as copies cut and rebound, even though these may be very fine copies otherwise. And when it comes to an author so eagerly collected as Johnson is to-day, it makes a very considerable difference in values.

His most celebrated and ambitious work, the *Dictionary* (2 vols., folio, 1755), though it is not in a strict sense very rare, costs, in an "ordinary" state (*i.e.* "cut, and bound for library preservation"),

VOL. I.—Y 337

from £35 to £45; but an uncut copy in boards is worth £100 and more. The same qualification must be made equally about his pamphlets, about most works by other authors of the period, and about those dealt with in the preceding chapter. The increasing popularity and circulation of books under George III., together with the consequent survival of a greater number of copies, make this a fit place to insist upon a drawback which both buyers and sellers of an old book do not always realize fully.

Johnson's first independent work was the translation of Lobo's *Abyssinia*, already mentioned (see p. 297). But for a long time after that—indeed all his life, save for a few periods of concentration and contemplation—he was as much an editor and preface-writer as an original author. He was admirable, indeed, in either capacity, but in the earlier years he had to depend upon hack-work of very varied kinds.

"Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed"—that tone of autobiography appears in his first independently published poem, London (for R. Doddesley (sic), 1738, 19 pages, folio). He did not have long to wait for recognition here, however. The first edition sold out in a week, two versions of the second edition—folio and octavo—appeared in the same year, as well as a third edition. These contain Dodsley's name rightly spelt.

L O N D O N:

A

POEM,

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

----- Quis ineptæ

Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
Juv.

LONDON:

Printed for R. Doddesley, at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.

MDCCXXXVIII.

The first edition does not seem to have been offered for sale for a long time; a fine copy in the right state, when it occurs, will surprise the market.¹

It was eleven years before his second poem was published, but we may as well take it here for companionship. The Vanity of Human Wishes came out in 1749. The quarto volume of twenty-eight pages was published for a shilling: Johnson was paid £15 15s. for it—which would be not bad even to-day for an unknown poet. It is rare and valuable, and recently sold in choice uncut condition for £170 to those States whose claim to freedom Johnson could not bring himself to recognize. The British Museum possesses the first edition. The two poems were published together in 1759 as Two Satires.

But those were serious attempts by Johnson to write literature on his own account. It may be doubted whether many of his prefaces, pamphlets and anonymous or pseudonymous works can always rank as anything more than attempts (good ones) to earn a living. Yet they went on appearing throughout his life, though in his later years the weight of his name gave them more immediate value.

The early group, which begins with Lobo, is very

¹ Since this paragraph was written, two copies have "occurred"; the prices—£210 and £285, uncut—were surprising.

THE

VANITY

OF

HUMAN WISHES

THE

Tenth Satire of Juvenal,

IMITATED

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.



LONDON:

Printed for R. Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall, and Sold by M. Cooper in Pater-nofter Row.

M.DCC.XLIX.

interesting.¹ It includes Debates in Parliament—
"in the Senata of Magna Lilliputia," in the original Gentleman's Magazine form, but issued in two volumes by Stockdale in 1787. The appearance of London (see p. 338) was followed by an almost Chattertonian pretence—Marmor Norfolciense: or an Essay on an Ancient Prophetical Inscription, in Monkish Rhyme, Lately Discover'd near Lynn in Norfolk. By Probus Britanicus (sic) (J. Brett, 1739).

It was an attack on Sir Robert Walpole and the Hanoverian Succession. Boswell himself could obtain only a copy of the annotated second edition of 1775. It is of the utmost scarcity. A dealer not unknown to the present writers sold a copy a few years ago for 8s. 6d. An unbound first edition, together with the second issue of the first edition of the rare Falkland Islands pamphlet (also unbound and uncut) was sold in 1924 for £70. Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands was not published till 1771; it also was a political piece, in answer to Junius's forty-second letter. The second issue omits a fierce sentence about George Grenville; the first had been suppressed by the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards 1st Baron Grantley.

In 1739 also appeared the pamphlet on Brooke's

¹ In dealing with Johnson himself, apart from his circle, we follow in the main chronological order, as Mr W. P. Courtney does in his admirable revision of Nichol Smith's *Bibliography* (Oxford, 1925); but we have grouped a few papers on kindred subjects together, even though they are not quite successive in time.

Gustavus Vasa (see p. 312). Then, except numerous contributions to The Gentleman's Magazine, a preface to the Harleian Miscellany (with Proposals for its issue), and The Life of Savage, Johnson wrote nothing of general interest until, in 1745, he decided to deal with Shakespeare. We had better take the history of this lethargically executed enterprise in one span.

The scarce Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth: with Proposals for a New Edition of Shakespear (sic) appeared in 1745 (Cave). But the undertaking got no farther for a long time. The Proposals are sometimes found separately—when they are found at all, which is very seldom. They were repeated in a different form in 1756. Boswell does not know why the delay arose. A copy of this 1756 issue is in the collection of Colonel Isham of New York. This pamphlet is excessively rare, it is not even in the British Museum. The title reads:

Proposals / for Printing, by Subscription, / The / Dramatick Works / of/William Shakespeare, / Corrected and Illustrated / by / Samuel Johnson. /

It is dated "London, June 1, 1756," and has eight pages.

The edition of Shakespeare itself had not ended its period of incubation. It appeared in 1765, in ten volumes, as a "trade" book, no less than twelve publishers sharing in its distribution; and the first

PROPOSALS

For PRINTING, by SUBSCRIPTION,

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS *

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

CORRECTED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



Subscriptions are taken in by

J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand; J. Knapton, in Ludgate Street; C. Hitch and L. Hawes, and M. and T. Longman, in Pater-noster-Row.

Steevens edition is also in ten, though Steevens had helped Johnson by "observations" throughout. The *Preface* was issued both in and separately from the first edition, and a copy of the separate issue, uncut, cost £50 in 1924. Cut copies demand less, and it may be curious to note that perfect copies of the set may be had from ten guineas.

Probably no edition of Shakespeare, not even the compact "Globe" or the "Temple" versions of to-day, has ever enjoyed such popularity—nor so well deserved it. Johnson's wide reading, the help of his friends, and his own robust but acute critical sense combined to make it an ideal production at least for its period, and a valuable one for any period. You can seldom go wrong in reading Johnson, whether you agree with his opinions (and his prejudices) or not.

A curious and rare by-product of this time of undeveloped plans was the share Johnson had in Boulter's Monument (Cooper, 1745; a Dublin edition, with errata, a short time later). Dr Samuel Madden wasted some 2000 lines on an able semipolitical prelate who is as dim now as himself. William Boulter was Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland; Madden wrote much, and not unwisely, about the condition of education and of the poor in Ireland. He showed his poem to Johnson and gave him ten guineas for revising it. The Dublin edition is marked in Crossley's sale as

"rare." A London edition, formerly owned by a friend of Johnson, was offered in 1925 for £10 10s. Neither volume is often seen.

Better known, but much scarcer, is the *Prologue* for Garrick's opening of Drury Lane in 1747 (published with an epilogue by Garrick himself; Cooper & Dodsley, 1747). The Grolier Club cataloguer thought there was only one copy extant, in America; but the British Museum has since acquired one.

The same year saw the inception of the Great Cham's greatest work, the Plan of a Dictionary. It was published (by several firms) in 1747, and was addressed to Lord Chesterfield. The original draft for it is in existence: Mr Courtney says it was sold in 1875 for £57. Two copies of the Plan itself were sold in 1920 for \$87.50 and £16 respectively, and the British Museum has three, all quarto; another was offered in 1925 for £45, 34 pages, with an erratum on the back of the title page. An octavo edition (37 pages, with the erratum corrected) appeared the same year: according to the Grolier Club catalogue of their Johnson Exhibition this belongs to next year, but the British Museum has two copies of it dated 1747. This frequency of appearance does not in the least mean that the pamphlet is not scarce.

Before the great task was completed others of importance appeared; it was the time of the Doctor's greatest activity. But we will finish the

Dictionary's story first. It took eight years to compile, and Johnson had six amanuenses working on it. How it was ever done, and how Johnson's humour survived through and into the labour of making the definitions (the humorous ones are too well known to need quotation), it is hard to imagine. But it was finished at last, when Chesterfield's approval of it had been "delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it." It has been the quarry for many imitations; but the learning and the toil do not matter so much as the personality behind them.

An ordinary copy of the work (cut and bound, nicely) would cost to-day from £35 to £45; an uncut one, in boards, probably £100. Those who possess it and the *Plan* might desire greatly (though they would find it hard to achieve the desire) to round off their Dictionary section by acquiring the celebrated *Letter* . . . to *Philip Dormer Stanhope*, *Earl of Chesterfield*, issued by Boswell in 1790 (Henry Baldwin for Charles Dilly, quarto). It is the most dignified remonstrance ever written by a man of letters to a fine gentleman. The four-page pamphlet is rare enough to have been absent from the Grolier Club's exhibition in 1909. The MS., dictated and corrected by Johnson, was deposited by Boswell in the British Museum.

Here may be interpolated some remarks on

DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

IN WHICH

The WORDS are deduced from their ORIGINALS,

AND

ILLUSTRATED in their DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS

BY

EXAMPLES from the best WRITERS.

HISTORY of the LANGUAGE,

AND

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, A.M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Cum tabulis animum cenforis fumet honefli t Audebit quscunque parum felendoris habebunt, Et fine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur. Verba movere loca 5 quamvis invita recedant, Et verfentur adhue intra penetralia Veftæ. Obfcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque Proferet in lucem speciola vocabula rerum, Qua pricis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis, Nunc situs informis premit et defersa verullas.

Hor.

LONDON

Printed by W. STRAHAM.

For J. and P. KNAPTON; T. and T. LONGMAN; C. HITCH and L. HAWES;
A. MILLAR: and R. and J. Dodsley.

MDCCLY.

the recipient of that devastating letter. Johnson the moralist and Johnson the neglected author both had something more to say to Philip Dormer, 4th Earl of Chesterfield: one said of the famous Letters: "They teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master"; and the other thought Chesterfield "had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords." The stricture is too severe. The Letters (Dodsley, 1774) are admirably written, and taught the son at least how to behave. If they sometimes preferred good manners to absolute morals, in doing so they conveyed opinions which were, in his epoch, not those of Chesterfield alone. First editions are becoming expensive, and may cost as high as £40. The World (Dodsley, 1753-1756), in which Chesterfield's praise of the Dictionary appeared for execution, is worth half as much. It is usually in two volumes (209 numbers). Chesterfield has three lives open to him—as a chronicler of manners (a sort of converse to Hogarth), as a writer of English, and as a patron who did not know how to patronize: between them they should last long, with obsequies to future collectors.

To go back to the insulted lexicographer. While the Great Work was in process of gestation—that is to say, before the *Plan* and before the *Dictionary* proper—he produced not only *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (see p. 340), but his famous tragedy,

Irene—published in 1749 (Dodsley & Cooper), but written mainly when he was a schoolmaster. It appeared at Drury Lane in 1748-1749, and brought its author about £300. A copy might cost you £25. It is worth it rather as a sign of Johnson's early talents (he was only twenty-seven when he began it) than as a stage-play. It had a reasonable run for the period, but nobody would wish to see it acted now, and not many would wish to read it; it is more dead than Addison's Cato or Roe's Fair Penitent or Monk Lewis's Castle Spectre.

The tragedy has its humorous side. The audience would not let the heroine be killed coram populo; instead of being strangled grievously on the stage she had to be "carried off to be put to death behind the scenes. Her creator deemed the production of the play an occasion for more gaiety in his dress than usual. He therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a goldlaced hat." He had (as he realized himself) no real gift for the stage, but Irene gave him a kindly notion of the players—so kindly that after going behind the scenes with some frequency, he forced himself to withdraw from the practice, saying to Garrick that "the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities." 1

 $^{^1\,}$ In John Wilkes's copy, in Colonel Isham's collection, this sentence is not quite so politely phrased.

An uncut copy was sold in 1923 for £30; another (described as a fine copy) for £40 in 1924.

Irene was followed in publication, but not in composition, by the journal which, in a few passages (and those not always by Johnson), gave rise to the term Johnsonese, and gave its chief author his almost pontifical character, for the *Dictionary* was not yet out. It is one of the most perplexing pieces in a Johnson bibliography.

The Rambler appeared serially in 208 numbers, from 20th March 1749-1750 to 14th March 1752 (17th March in the first folio edition is a misprint). Each number was "Printed for J. Payne and J. Bouquet, in Pater-noster-row," but some of them (Nos. 1, 67-76, 78-93, 95-118) add the words "St John's Gate," showing the bookseller Cave's interest in the production. There are variations in the type of the imprint, and also in the notes occasionally added at the end of each essay.

Sets of the separate numbers, complete, and bound up at the will of the owner, are scarce, and of great value. But the standard book-form edition (i.e. produced for volume sale, not serially) is in two volumes, published by J. Payne in 1753 (though still bearing the two-name imprint at the end of each essay). Mr W. P. Courtney also records an edition of Nos. 1-136 only, of 1752 (Payne & Bouquet)—apparently published early in that year, before the twice-a-week periodical issue was complete;

while of the two "first" editions in the British Museum, one has, in the second volume, a title page of 1751, bearing both names and a different ornament from that on the 1753 title page. This volume also has no "Contents" and no list of "mottoes," and does not announce itself as "Volume Second."

It looks, therefore, as though the publishers took two courses: they prepared to publish early in volume form (even as early as 1751, as the title page quoted shows, and before serial conclusion, as the incomplete edition shows)—this was no doubt to forestall pirates, as well as to benefit those who wished to bind the loose copies; and they used again (as the presence of the *two* names at the tail-ends proves) the type, or perhaps even the sheets, of the serial issue. And it is at least possible that this discrepant second volume in the Museum copy is not really a "book-form" issue at all, but a bound-up set of parts somehow mated with a Volume I. of the book-form issue.

It is clear that the collector must face two editions, perhaps with other idiosyncrasies than those noted here: it appears likely that a true bound-up

¹ Other curious features of these two copies are: (1) one contains 104 numbers in each volume, the other 100 and 108 respectively, though in both copies the pagination is continuous (pp. 1-1244); (2) one, according to Mr Nichol Smith, has No. 1 in a reprinted form, to complete what is still a slightly imperfect set.

"serial" set should have the 1751 title page, and a true book-form set that of 1753. But there may be no two sets or copies in the world alike. It remains to be seen what bibliographers will discover, and how their discoveries will affect the cost. £20 is a usual price for a "normal" copy. Uncut is another matter and another price.

We may link two other periodicals, out of the order of time with The Rambler—The Idler and The Adventurer. In The Universal Chronicle, from 15th April 1758 onwards to 5th April 1860, there appeared weekly, under the heading "The Idler," an essay. All but twelve of these papers were by Johnson, and they contain some of his liveliest work: "My old friend Sober . . . is a man of stray desires and quick imagination, so exactly balanced by the love of ease that they can seldom stimulate him to any difficult undertaking. . . . Mr Sober's chief pleasure is conversation; there is no end of his talk or his attention: to speak or to hear is equally pleasing." There is Johnson's own portrait, from No. 31, by himself.

The papers were issued as *The Idler*, in bookform, in two volumes, by John Newbery (1761). Before that appearance they had been pirated by other publishers for their own magazines. This naturally annoyed Johnson, and he inserted an advertisement in *The Universal Chronicle* (5th January 1759) announcing the means by which he

VOL._I.—Z 353

would protect himself. It is a scathing comment on the law of copyright. He proposed to "lay hold on" the pirates' copies, "degrade them from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a narrow space, and sell them at an humble price." Any profits from such sales would be given to "the Magdalens; for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of penitent prostitutes than prostitutes in whom there yet appears neither penitence nor shame." 1 Whether hold was actually laid on any copies or not does not appear. It would be interesting to see a sheet so "degraded" — and to pay for it. It might, if one ever turned up, be worth more than The Idler volumes themselves, though they are rising in value. Ordinary copies are priced up to £15, but for an entirely uncut £50 might be asked.

The other magazine was less the concern of Johnson than of his friend Dr John Hawkesworth. *The Adventurer* ran from November 1752 to March 1754, and was published in two volumes (i., 1753; ii., 1754) by J. Payne. Johnson contributed a number of papers to it, usually signed T, and "was truly

¹ The Magdalen Hospital (appropriately housed at the Thrales', Streatham, for more than the last half-century) is sometimes said to have been founded by the unfortunate Dr Dodd: indeed *The Newgate Calendar* asserts this. But the credit is really due to Robert Dingley, one of whose chief supporters was Jonas Hanway, the inventor of that overrated instrument the umbrella, and the hater of what Mr Belloc once, in the House of Commons, called a "deleterious stimulant"—tea.

zealous for its success." Mr Courtney identifies the Johnson papers, and mentions an aberrant copy of No. LXXXIV. (serial issue) lacking the signature T which appears in normal copies. The two volumes are not often at auction and are not really costly unless in uncut state, when they are worth perhaps £80. Probably, however, as with *The Rambler*, further bibliography may reveal new virtues and new rarities.

Hawkesworth himself, independently, translated Fénelon's *Télémaque* (1768; worth a pound or so), and wrote an *Account of the Voyages for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere* (1773), which, like other travel-books, will probably increase in value. A good copy (3 vols.) costs about £3 at present.

It brings us near to Johnson's great simplicity and sheer strength of mind to recall that in the middle of this active period his wife, "my Tetty," died. Boswell reaches the height of his art, and at the same time a certain depth of jealousy in his anger, in dealing with that event. Mrs Johnson was much older than her husband; Sir John Hawkins thought Johnson could not have loved her. Boswell attacked Hawkins almost savagely, and proved by quotations from the majestic *Prayers and Meditations* how deep and lasting was Johnson's emotion. Mrs Thrale tells us that husband and wife were now and then at the usual small domestic

variance: Johnson was a fine man to listen to, but not an easy one to live with, though his kind heart made his house an asylum for life's derelicts. But the Thrale Anecdotes cannot disturb our faith in Boswell's account. Yet in this affliction Johnson steadily laboured on at the Dictionary and at his periodical essays. He composed his friend Dr Taylor's funeral sermon for his wife's burial at Bromley, where Hawkesworth lived.

Those Prayers and Meditations, we may say here—and in doing so may take the opportunity of mentioning the rest of the less ambitious works—were published posthumously in 1785 (Cadell) by Johnson's friend the Vicar of Islington, the Rev. George Strahan; the MS. is at Johnson's old college, Pembroke. A copy fetched £16 in 1924. The prayers on the death of his wife did not appear in the collection till the second edition (also Cadell, 1785), which may be obtained for about a third of that price.

The remaining small pieces which are of importance to collectors are *Taxation no Tyranny*, which is one of the rarest of the tracts, and *The Proceedings of the Committee*... for Clothing French Prisoners of War... (By order of the Committee, 1760), which is even more difficult to acquire. Two copies of this, uncut,

¹ It contains, among other interesting matter, these words, not wholly irrelevant to-day: "That charity is best of which the consequences are most extensive; the relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection."

Taxation no Tyranny;

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESS

OF THE

AMERICAN CONGRESS.



LONDON,

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXV.

in the original marbled-paper wrapper, appeared at Hodgson's early in 1920; the first sold for £30, the second, containing an inscription to Sterne, for £51. Taxation no Tyranny (Cadell, 1775) is a political pamphlet, in which Johnson let loose his most unfavourable sentiments on our fellow-subjects in America. A good but not quite perfect copy of this was sold for £13 10s. in 1924, and another, entirely uncut, was offered for £20 in 1925. There were four editions in 1775, and a number of answers to the arguments; Sheridan meant to compose a reply, but never completed it.

Three years before his wife's death Johnson lost his mother. To pay for her funeral and settle her estate he sat down every evening for a week, and wrote Rasselas in that time. He earned £100 by it, and £25 more by the second edition, which quickly followed the first. The original title was The Prince of Abissinia (sic), and the Dodsleys and W. Johnston published the "tale" in two volumes in 1759. It is less a "tale" (the sub-title) than a half-narrative philosophy worked out rather mournfully in the Abyssinia of Lobo, from whose work the name "Rasselas" itself comes. That title was apparently first used in 1783; it has ousted the original. The first edition is steadily rising in value: a good copy in

^{1 &}quot; 'Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging '": he said that in 1769 to Dr John Campbell. What would he say about Mr Adam's Johnson Collection at Buffalo to-day?

THE

PRINCE

O F

ABISSINIA.

A

T A L E.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. L

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall; and W. Johnston, in Ludgate-Street.

M DCC LIX.

original binding would probably cost a purchaser half as much as Johnson earned by writing it. There is said to be an American edition of 1771; Dr William White sent a copy to Johnson, which was acknowledged (4th March 1773) in friendly terms.

The next of the major works, in order of time, was A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland (Strahan & Cadell, 1775), which certainly deserves, but probably does not obtain, as many readers as Boswell's corresponding Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (Dilly, 1785). Mr R. W. Chapman has engagingly published an edition of both together, through the Clarendon Press (1924), so that the cheerful pastime of making odious comparisons can be indulged between two covers. This collocation, it should be said, makes the reader respect both parties the more. Boswell, that capable Scot (to borrow another Scot's phrase), is exhibiting his lion, but at the same time dreadfully anxious that Scotland should not appear too deeply sunk in barbarism, or that the nobility of its chieftains should be underrated. Johnson is a sort of Gulliver in Lilliput, but at the same time a fair and magnanimous observer, respecting and admiring his hosts and their simple customs. Anyone who wishes to know both Johnson and Boswell without soaking in the Life should take these works side by side, page by page, and be happy.

His Gracious Majesty King George the Third 360

read Johnson's own book in manuscript. Mr Chapman reproduces a page of the work which inspired the journey - Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland (1703), with Boswell's holograph note on it. Both the expedition and the Journal are an astonishing performance for a large and none too healthy man of sixty-four. It is right that collectors should have to pay well for fine copies of the book. A large-paper copy, uncut, sold for £20 in 1924; another, uncut, for £14: and even in that one year there was a steady rise in the price of ordinary copies. There were two issues in 1775. The first has eleven errata (on twelve lines) and two cancels, at D8 and U4. The second has only six errata (five having been corrected in the text) and no cancels: all its signatures, except B, E, S and U, are starred, and D8 has no signature. These points are important to collectors of a book likely to become scarcer and more valuable every year.

Boswell's account of the journey is also expensive, and will cost £10 and upwards in good condition. It should contain errata and an advertisement of the *Life*. Johnson, it should be remembered, had died in 1784, the year before the *Journal* appeared; but the *Life* did not appear till 1791. The advertisement is perhaps a small sidelight on Boswell's immediate and firm annexation of all Johnson as his province.¹

¹ Pages 167-168 were cancelled. For a copy with this leaf any reasonable price might be asked—and obtained.

The Political Tracts (Strahan & Cadell, 1776), which included some of those already mentioned, the rescue of Dr Dodd, pamphlets, some prefaces and dedications, intervened before The Lives of the Poets appeared. This spacious work is pure Johnson -Johnson with all his faults and all his greatness. It was a "trade" book, undertaken by the London booksellers in opposition to an Edinburgh firm. As the Lives start with Cowley, Johnson had the advantage of personal knowledge or authentic tradition in respect of a majority of his subjects; but it is not our place to enter into literary criticism beyond saying that (even in the essay on Milton, and even in spite of very obvious personal and political prejudices elsewhere) the wealth of common sense, fact and acute insight in these finely but simply written essays will not let them perish, whether, from time to time, collectors neglect them or not.

The Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the Works of the English Poets (many publishers, 1779) were issued under that title in ten volumes, between 1779 and 1781. The title The Lives of the English Poets seems to have been first used in a Dublin edition (3 vols. of 1779-1781), and first in England in 1781. The Works of the English Poets (including the Prefaces) appeared in 1779-1781 in sixty-eight volumes. A separate printing of The Principal Additions and Corrections was supplied for the third

edition of the *Lives* (1783). Roughly speaking, the value of the *Prefaces* (first edition) is £5 5s., but it rarely appears; of the *Lives* (London, 1781), uncut, from £10 to £25—rebound, from £4 to £5; of the Dublin edition (1779-1781), £4 to £5. The *Works*, being so numerous, cost more, but not in proportion—the sixty-eight volumes were offered in 1925 for £35.

It is the personality of Johnson which matters in this great compilation. You can find all about Milton, Dryden, Cowley and the rest in the Dictionary of National Biography, or (and much the better course) by reading their poems. You may also (and should) frame opinions of your own. But you can never fail to enjoy what Johnson said about them. His own poems (Poetical Works, Kearsley, 1785), which include of course those already separately issued, are not so highly esteemed by collectors as what he said about his fellows; in fact it is hard to say whether they have any appreciable marketvalue. The collected Works (also posthumous eleven volumes, several publishers, 1787; edited by Sir John Hawkins) vary greatly in cost, according to condition; and it is possible that an edition of 1788 (Stockdale & Robinson), containing a scarce extra volume, may prove more expensive. Stockdale had published a thirteen-volume edition in 1787, but this fourteenth volume was issued separately.

Many later editions of most of Johnson's works

separately, or as a whole, down to our own day, have now for the collector a value much higher than their published price—those edited by Dr Birkbeck Hill, for instance (the standard library and reference edition of all the works), or Mr R. W. Chapman, or some Oxford facsimiles (both Oxford and the zealous Cambridge have specialized in Johnson). Mr W. P. Courtney's masterly revision of Nichol Smith's bibliography itself (reissue 1924) already costs more than it did on its second birthday. Johnsoniana are almost a dictionary in themselves.

He died in 1784, of a complication of infirmities, of which the last were a paralytic stroke and dropsy. "Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in His merits, and Thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance. . . ."

So passes one of the greatest figures in all our literature: great, it may well be, not because he fired in any wonderful degree the imaginations of younger (as well as older) men, as Shakespeare and Marlowe, as Scott and Shelley and Wordsworth fired them (or if they were too old, made them angry); nor yet as Gray and Collins; nor even, as, doubtless, in the last days of Victoria, Mr Yeats and Mr Bernard Shaw brought an alien inspiration

into what we fear we must now call youth. Johnson had the other side of the English character; he was "this old struggler," the man who gives "tonic and bark for the mind," as Mr Augustine Birrell has called him in one of the happiest of all his happy essays. He never beat against Heaven's gates like a skylark, nor made you hear nightingales sing with Milton and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats and Matthew Arnold. "Why, no, sir," he might have said, "the bird emits those tuneful sounds because the sun is bright or the air warm, and it happens to be the breeding season "-for his common sense often anticipated very closely the study by modern scientists of automatic reaction to stimulus. We love Johnson because of it; because he is half one of all our common selves would wish to be, not "a pard-like spirit," but simply a wise, kind, learned, devout, afflicted and brave manall those adjectives are necessary; because he was Samuel Johnson, in fact, not because a man nearly as remarkable wrote his wonderful life. Collect him for his own sake.

But if we say this of Johnson, what are we to say of the inseparable Boswell? James Boswell of Auchinleck was not a good man; indeed the recent full edition of his *Letters*, edited by Professor Tinker of Yale, proves him (it was known before) to have been much given to a man's worst social frailties. But he was a born biographer—perhaps it would be

wiser to say a born historian—exalted by vanity and infinite patience. He wrote an easy good English, he never concealed his opinions; he tried to be just even against his more violent prejudices; he had sometimes a lack of humour as good as the possession of that quality. His character is full of contradictions, but indubitably he knew life, and his quick brain appraised men shrewdly. It must not be forgotten (in spite of his and Johnson's insistence on the fact) that he really was a Scot.

His Life of Samuel Johnson (2 vols., Dilly, 1791) is a very costly work, especially when The Principal Corrections and Additions, dated 1793, is bound up with it; the Appendix is rarer than the Life itself. A copy in the original boards has cost £100 and may well be worth much more now. Even in a "bound" state an "Appendix set" may fetch that price.

He worked over the book with meticulous zeal. His final proof-sheets are in Mr R. B. Adam's collection, and it is clear that he achieved his style by taking pains. One small point—a misprint on p. 135 of vol. i.—has been sometimes used as a test of an edition's priority; but the misprint is not in the proofs. However, the book has been pretty fully explored by bibliographers, and for collectors it can but be regarded a treasure perilously increasing in cost and scarcity.

Here, while we are on biography, may be men¹ A portion was privately printed by Mr Adam in 1924.

366

tioned Johnson's own Account of his younger days (up to his eleventh year), published in 1805 (Nichols & Son). Francis Barber, the faithful black, who settled in Lichfield after Johnson's death, rescued this from a holocaust of papers ordered by Johnson during his last few days, and gave the MS. to Dr Richard Wright of Lichfield, who caused it to be published. It is an interesting production. Like the Welsh Diary, it was not known to Boswell.

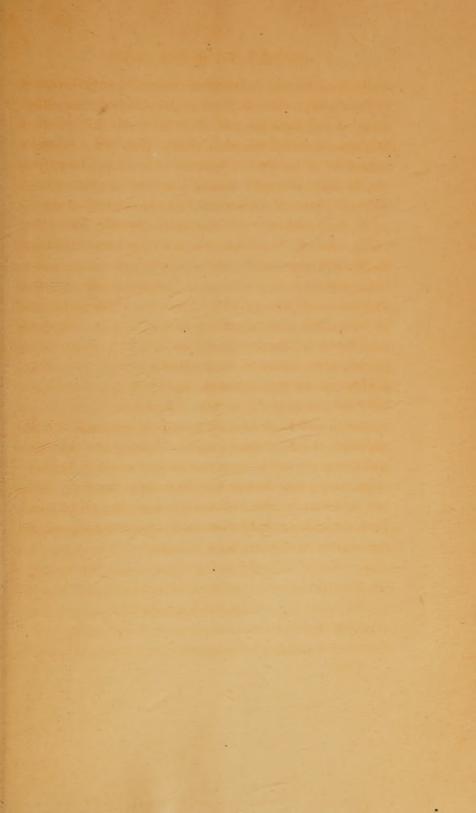
The Hebrides Journal we have already dealt with. Boswell adventured outside his own northern isles—and indeed desired to be known as "Corsican Boswell." After his visit to Napoleon's island (1765) he became a kind of publicity agent for his friend Paoli, and visited Chatham in Corsican costume to plead his cause. The fruit of his visit is the successful An Account of Corsica (Dilly, 1768), for which he got one hundred guineas. It was not always taken seriously in his own lifetime—not even by Johnson —but it has not lost interest yet from any point of view. A good copy will cost £10 or more. Boswell was a lively observer, apart from his hero. But his preoccupation with the endless Douglas case had not touched Dr Johnson nearly till (one may conjecture) the biographer made himself a bore over it; nor have collectors shown much interest in Boswell's works on the subject.

The plain truth is that one must read Boswell in order to covet him. In private life he was a sort

of Pepys—the unexpurgated Pepys: omnivorous as a chronicler, a sort of Herodotus; and he had something of Johnson himself in it when he sat down to arrange his material and write. But (like Johnson again) he was always himself. It is as foolish to say he lives through Johnson as that Johnson lives through him. Both live on their exceeding merits.

It is perhaps not an unreasonable fancy to think that in the ideal Englishman there is much of Dr Johnson, conservative though he always was, independent (even to many rebellious) though the English have always been. There is much of Boswell in the more cosmopolitan Englishman. There is very little of Shelley in us-in our average, that is, for his spirit, maybe, is re-entering us in the newer moods of to-day, though our young lions might hate to be told they are not original. In what is most solid, good-tempered, humorous, in the pageant of life that Boswell displays for us, with the Great Cham as pageant-emperor, most Englishmen would like to see the best they hope of themselves, both in the melancholy and in the courage. Those qualities enter curiously into the poets of the age, to whom we are now to turn.

END OF VOLUME I.



D . D				
Date Due				
			-	
			*	
	- 7			
%	PRINTED	IN U. S. A.		

	8 7040 00100
V OF MOUTHDRAW	
OF MACH	
1411	
8	5783
016.82-S27le	
AUTHOR C I	
Sawyer, C.J.	
	(7.1)
TITLE Tich books 1475-1900	() • = /
English books	E
DATE DUE	
DA	
V I	
	2510-
016.82-5271e	85783

